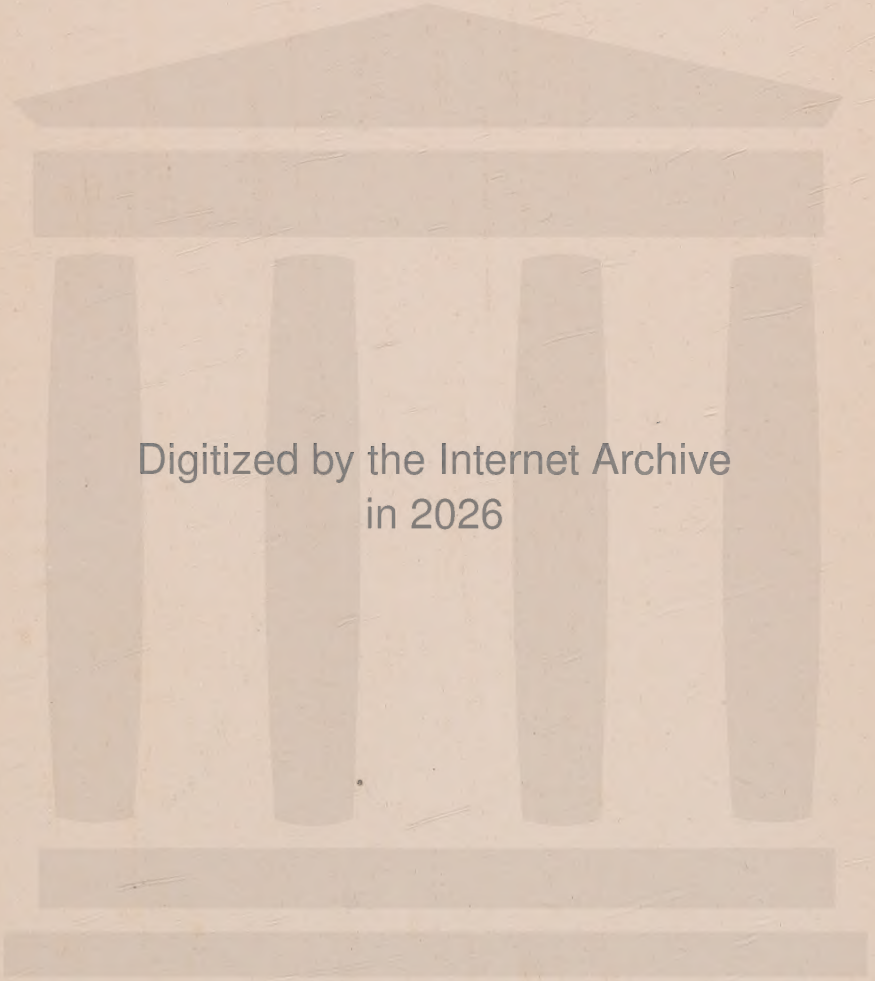
CHARMING STORIES OF TRAVEL

AT HOME AND ABROAD

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE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TRAVEL IN THE DAYS OF THE NORSEMEN—THEIR LANDING IN AMERICA.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Charming Stories OF Travel

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Circling the Globe in Stories of Travel

WITH CHARMING DESCRIPTIONS AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS OF ALL COUNTRIES,
WRITTEN BY EMINENT AUTHORS WHO HAVE VISITED THE PLACES

COVERING THE WHOLE EARTH

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, NORTH AMERICA, SOUTH AMERICA,
AUSTRALIA, AND THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 150 FINE ENGRAVINGS

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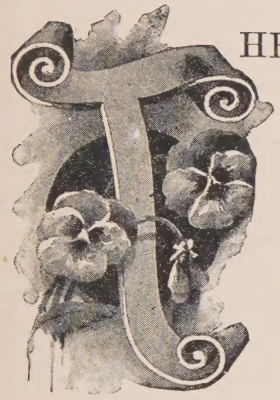
INTRODUCTION.



HERE was a time when a man could hope to see for himself all the world. When all the civilized countries were grouped along the coasts of the Mediterranean, a noble Roman might set out in his chariot, and in the course of a year or two see the world, and if he journeyed continuously in any given direction he soon reached the borders of civilization, and dared go little farther.

All this has long since changed. The world is bigger than it seemed to the Ancients. We travel more, we travel many times more rapidly, but, except for the icy barriers which nature has erected about the poles, the inhospitable laws and customs of two or three half-civilized peoples, and excepting a constantly contracting area of unexplored savage country, the direction and the extent of one's journey are matters which he may decide for himself. But if one spent his life in travel he would still be able to see but a small part of the whole world; the area is too great, the places and objects of interest are too many, to be explored within the space of a single life. If one would see the world he must see most of it through the eyes of other people; he must come to know that which it is physically impossible for him to behold, through what others have written about it, or through the pictures they have made.

The world is full of interest. In the older civilized lands we see with delight what has been accomplished by generation after generation; the records they have left in libraries, in pictures, in statues, in buildings and in cities; records which tell us how they lived, in what they succeeded, in what they failed; records which enable us to compare ourselves and our own time with the people and the time of the past. In newer

countries, we see with admiration and astonishment what men are achieving; how they are building new cities, tunneling mountains, causing the desert to blossom as the rose; how in every country and under every circumstance a new difficulty only brings a new increase of zeal, and the harder the task, the more eager are men to accomplish it. In savage lands the strange and the grotesque excite our wonder, and the ignorance, the superstition and the misery of the people give rise to emotions of pity, of philanthropic sympathy or of missionary zeal. And in all the corners of the earth, the works of God in Nature exceed in beauty and in interest all the works of man.

It is the purpose of this book to gather from all over the world pictures of whatever is interesting, or curious, or beautiful, or strange, and to present with each picture such a description as shall put the reader in possession of the facts and give him a thorough acquaintance with the subject. The engravings are by well-known artists, most of them drawn from photographs taken on the spot, and the text has been prepared by writers who are personally familiar with the scenes and objects and places described, and who, in many cases, have spent years in the study of the localities, their history, archæology, and all pertaining to them that can interest or instruct. The descriptions are therefore accurate, and the pictures true to life.

In Paris, Queen City of Civilization, with which the book very naturally begins, material was at hand which might well fill volumes, and the selection was indeed a matter of difficulty. It is believed, however, that such choice has been made as will give to those who have never traveled some idea of the magnificence of the great French capital, while those who have had that privilege will welcome the admirable pictures of those places in Paris which most pleased them, and the delightful word pictures by *Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare* will increase the pleasure and profit to be derived.

The views of Egypt will take the reader to that land of mystery, will show him the Country of the Nile, the ruins of temples and cities under whose walls the Children of Israel toiled at making bricks without straw, while in Alexandria he will be astonished and delighted to see a thriving, bustling, beautiful modern city. We are fortunate in having a chapter on this most interesting country, written for us by *Henry Harts-*

horne, M. D., LL. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, who recently visited this land of the Nile.

Not only has due space been given to these well-known countries; not only have busy England, picturesque Scotland, unhappy Ireland, the countries and cities of modern Europe, been presented in characteristic pictures and appreciative descriptive matter, Germany in particular being most happily described by *Charles F. Bréde*, A. M., recently of Johns Hopkins University, whose extensive travel and long residence in that country have so specially fitted him for the task; not only have the wonders of the Land of the Midnight Sun been pointed out by *Professor Lönnkvist*, with the grace and completeness which can only be attained by residence in the scenes described; not only have Russia, and Austria, and France, and Spain contributed their share, but care has been taken to include the results of the most recent discovery, and the reader will be delighted to turn even from the pictures of semi-civilized countries of Asia, from the wonders of Persia or China, to the description of Thibet and the views from photographs taken by *Prince Henry of Orleans* during a journey through absolutely unexplored portions of that Land of Lamas, that Roof of the World.

While Darkest Africa is adequately represented and a proper place is found for those portions of that continent where the white man's face has been seen but once or twice, prominence has been given to civilized Africa, in the belief that the results of the latest explorations have become very widely known through the many books and lectures upon that subject.

An example of the interest to be found in the most remote parts of the world will appear in the picture of the Harbor of Apia, in the Samoan Islands, and the account of the heroic conduct of American sailors in the hour of peril in that far-off place, as well as in the review of the relations of our government with those islands.

Neither care nor expense has been spared to fulfill the purpose of this volume in a manner at once generous and complete. The engravings speak for themselves, while the variety, as well as the high character of the collection, the exceptionally complete and graphic descriptive matter, no less than the elegant manner in which the typography, presswork, and binding have been done, will be apparent to every reader.

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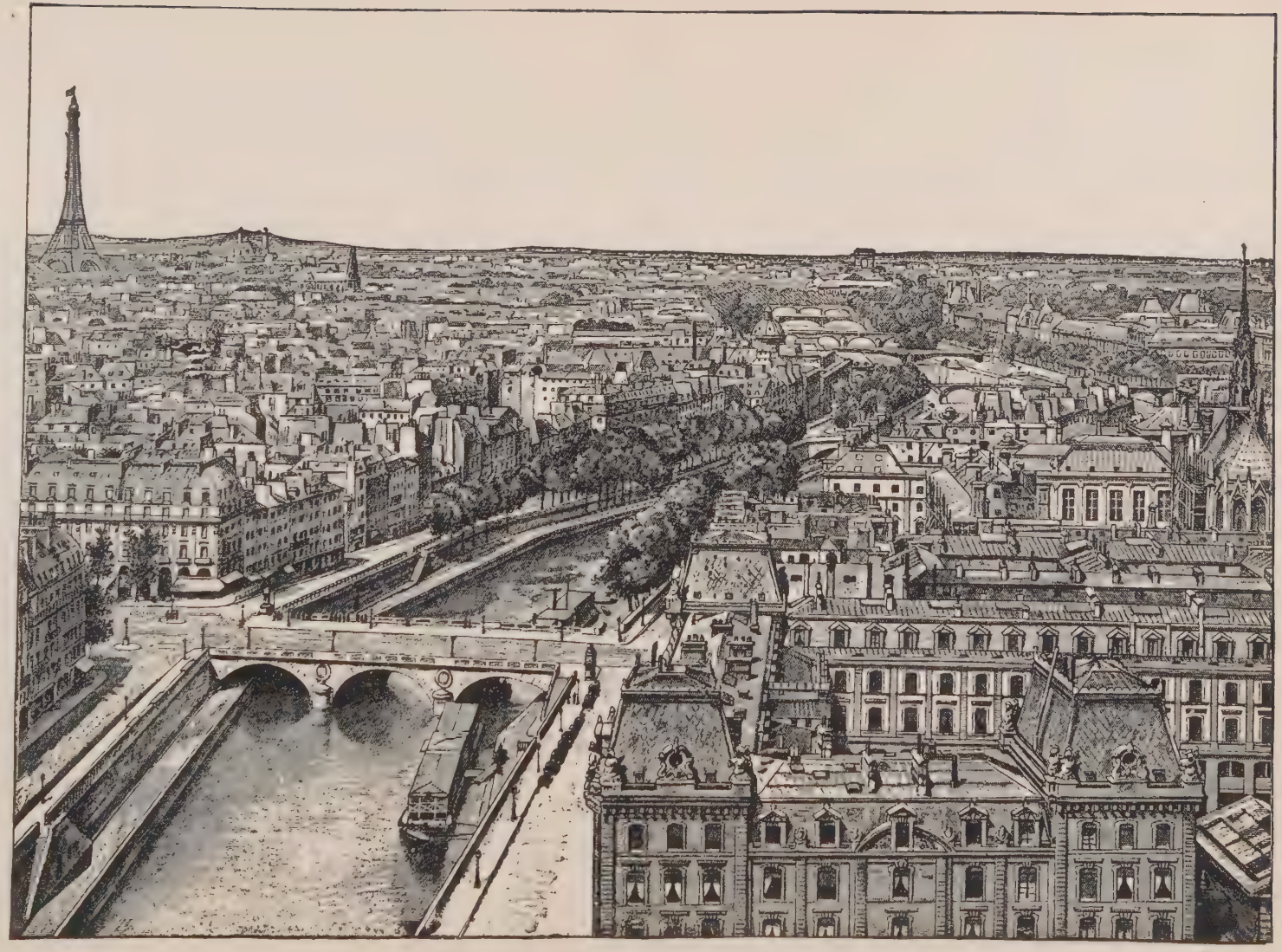


VIEW OF PARIS FROM NOTRE DAME.

I.

QUEEN PARIS.

ALMOST all travelers visit Paris, yet few really see it. They stay at the great capital to enjoy its shops and theatres and to drive in the great park, the Bois de Boulogne, and they describe it as a charming modern city, from which the picturesqueness of an historic past has been utterly obliterated. But, whilst it is true that much has perished, those who take the trouble to examine will be surprised to find how many remnants of past times still exist, more interesting than those in any provincial town, because the history of France, more especially of modern France, is so completely centred in its capital.

Peter the Great said of Paris that if he possessed such a town he should be tempted to burn it down, for fear it should absorb the rest of his empire; and the hearts of all Frenchmen, and still more of all French women, turn to their capital as the wished-for, the most desirable of residences, the most beautiful of cities, the intellectual, commercial, and political centre of their country.

Long ago Charles V declared that Paris was not a city, but a world, and now it covers an area of thirty square miles, and is the most cosmopolitan town in Europe, the city to which members of every nationality are most wont to resort, for interest, instruction, and most of all for pleasure. Every day brings throngs of strangers to its walls. To most of these the change from their ordinary life, which is to be found in the "distraction" of Paris, forms its chief charm, and foreigners delight in the excess of its contrast to all they are accustomed to. But to Frenchmen Paris is far more than this: the whole country looks to it as the

mother city, whilst those who are native there can seldom endure a long separation from it.

However long a stay may be made in Paris, there will always remain something to be discovered. All tastes may be satisfied, all pleasures satiated, and to the lovers of historic reminiscence its interest is absolutely inexhaustible.

Those who visit Paris now, and look down the avenues of the Champs Elysées and gardens which lead to nothing at all, or mourn over the unmeaning desolate space once occupied by the central façade of the Tuileries, can scarcely realize the scene as it was before the Revolution of 1871. Then, between the beautiful chestnut avenues, across the brilliant flowers and quaint orange trees of the gardens, beyond the sparkling glory of the fountains, rose the majestic façade of a palace, infinitely harmonious in color, indescribably picturesque and noble in form, interesting beyond description from its associations, appealing to the noblest and most touching recollections. All its surroundings led up to it, and were glorified by it; it was the centre and soul of Paris, the first spot to be visited by strangers, the one point in the capital which attracted the sympathies of the world.

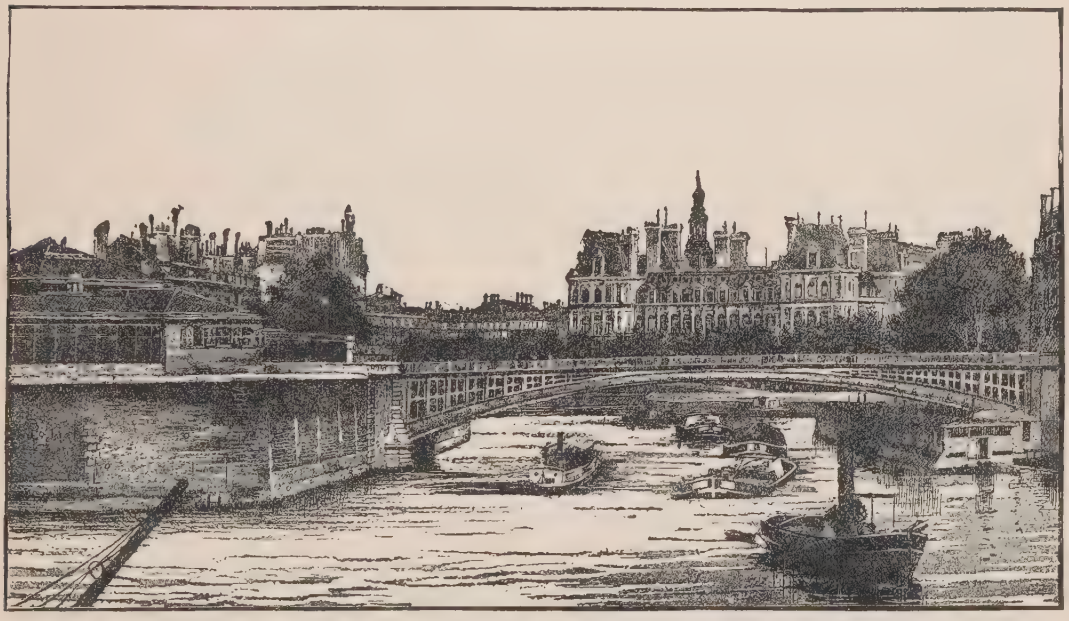
It is all gone now. Malignant folly ruined it; apathetic and narrow-minded policy declined to restore and preserve it.

But the Louvre still remains to us. On the site of a hunting lodge which Dagobert had built in the woods which then extended to the Seine, Philippe Auguste, in 1200, erected a fortress, to which St. Louis added a great hall which was called by his name. As the Louvre stands to-day, it is the joint achievement of all the great monarchs and great architects of France. Charles V added towers and a moat; Francis I in part demolished and rebuilt it; Henry IV united it to the Tuileries. The great Cardinal Richelieu planned to double its dimensions, and Louis XIV built the east façade, adorned with twenty-eight Corinthian pillars, called the Colonnade du Louvre. The first Napoleon shared in the work, but it remained for Napoleon III to bring it to its present perfection.

The collections of the Louvre are of various kinds—paintings, drawings, engravings, ancient sculpture, sculpture of the middle ages and renaissance, modern French sculpture, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek and Etruscan antiquities, Algerine museum, marine, ethnographical museum,

collections of enamels and jewels, everything that is beautiful, everything of historic or artistic interest.

The principal island in the Seine, which in early times bore the name of Lutece, was the cradle of Paris. The city began to spread beyond the boundaries of Lutece from Roman times onward. The rays emerging from this centre have absorbed all the villages in the neighborhood, and for many miles in every direction all is now one vast and crowded city. But the island, where the first palaces were grouped around the fishermen's huts, has ever been, as it were, the axis of the kingdom, the point



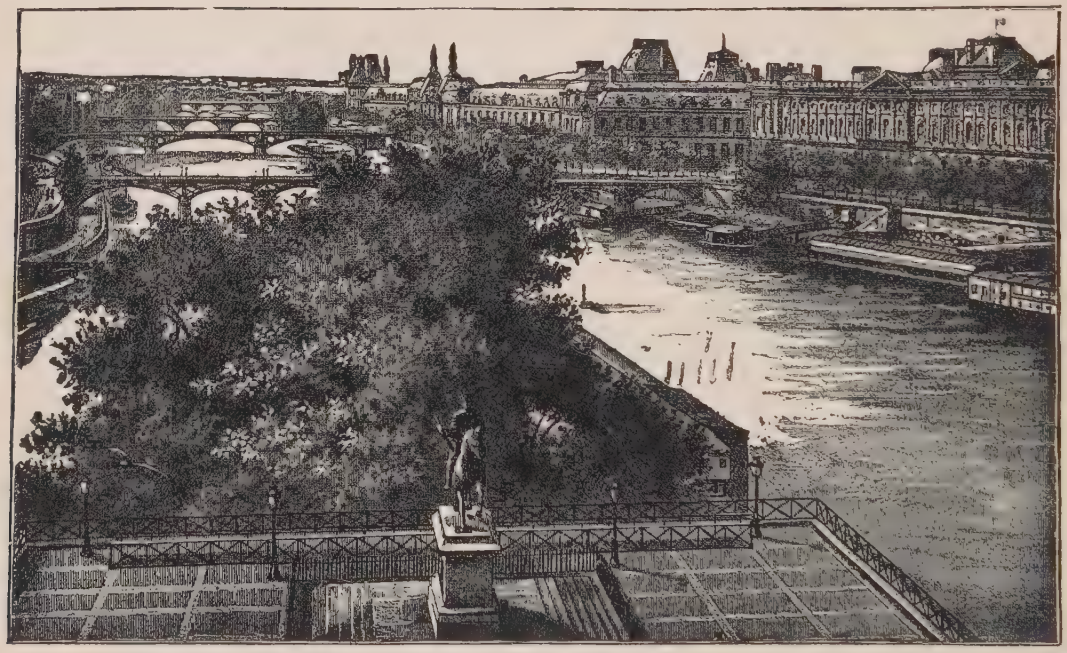
EASTERN POINT OF THE ISLE OF THE CITY, WITH CITY HALL, PARIS.

whence the laws were disseminated, and where the metropolitan cathedral has existed for fifteen centuries. In early times two islets broke the force of the river beyond the point of the Ile de la Cité; they were artificially united to it, when Androuet du Cerceau was employed to build the Pont-Neuf, in the reign of Henry III.

The bridge, with its twelve round-headed arches and massive cornice, is most picturesque, and with the varied outline of tall houses and the gray cathedral behind it, and the feathery green of its island trees glittering against the purple shadows in the more distant windings of the river, it forms the most beautiful scene in the capital. So central

an artery is the Pont-Neuf, that it used to be a saying with the Parisian police, that if, after watching three days, they did not see a man cross the bridge, he must have left Paris.

After the bridge was finished, when Henry IV was at the height of his popularity, it was decided to erect his statue on the central platform, which was formed by the islets recently united to the mainland. Franqueville, first sculptor to the king, was employed to make a model to be sent to Florence for casting by John of Bologna; but when the great sculptor received the model he began with the horse and died in



Statue of Henry IV. *The Louvre.*

WESTERN POINT OF THE ISLE OF THE CITY.

1608, before he had proceeded farther. It was not till 1635 that the whole was placed on a magnificent pedestal, guarded at the corners by four chained slaves.

The feeling about Henry IV was such that, from the death of the Grand Dauphin, the people used to carry petitions of complaint to the foot of the king's statue, and leave them there. In 1789 the people forced those who passed in carriages to descend and kneel before Henry IV; this genuflection was inflicted on the Duke of Orleans.

But the great Revolution of 1789 melted down horse and rider alike.

to make cannon. The existing statue, by Lemot, only dates from the Restoration in 1818, and is made from the bronze of the destroyed statues of Napoleon in the Place Vendome at Boulogne-sur-mer, together with that of General Sesaix which stood in the Place des Victoires. One of the inscriptions on the pedestal is a copy of that belonging to the original statue. The reliefs represent Henry IV entering Paris, and his passing bread over the walls to the besieged citizens.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame.

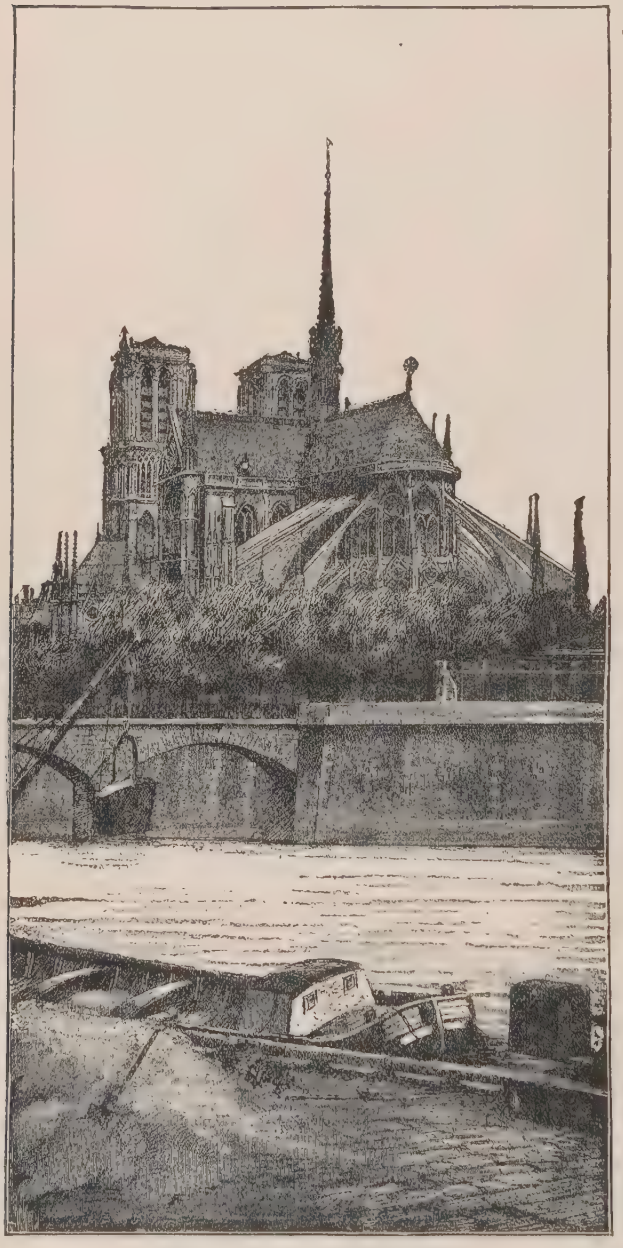
Of all the noble structures upon the Island of the City, the first in importance is the cathedral church of Notre Dame, one of the finest Gothic monuments in existence. The date of this church is variously given, or rather it has been achieved, like most ancient cathedrals, at different epochs, beginning in the eleventh century. The high altar was consecrated in 1082, and the western front built by Bishop Maurice de Sully in 1223, the name of the architect being preserved on the walls as Maître Jehan de Chelles.

The plan of the church is that of a regular cross, with double aisles surrounding both the choir and the nave, and an octagonal apse east of the choir. At the western extremity are two fine and perfectly similar towers, which form conspicuous objects from most parts of the city, and were evidently intended to support spires.

By the gradual demolition of the buildings with which it was originally surrounded—the adjoining palace of the Archbishop of Paris having been destroyed by the revolutionary mob so lately as 1831—the cathedral now stands perfectly detached, and may be viewed to advantage on all sides, the area caused by the latter event having been recently levelled and planted with trees as far as the river. The space in front of the cathedral, called the Parvis de Notre Dame, formed on the demolition of many mean houses by Maurice de Sully, was, till the year 1748, so much elevated above the pavement of the church, that a flight of thirteen steps was necessary to descend into it. But the ground has since been lowered to its present gentle slope.

The length of Notre Dame is nearly 400 feet, and the height of the towers 204 feet, the western side being 128 feet wide. The architecture is of the purest pointed order, and executed with the greatest care and

delicacy. The three retiring arches of the magnificent portals in the western front are singularly beautiful in design and rich in statuary. The rose-windows, retaining their ancient stained glass, are also specimens of exquisite art; but perhaps the most striking feature of the exterior of Notre Dame, except the western front, is to be found in the vast flying buttresses, fronted by crocketed pinnacles which spring from the outward walls of the chapels.



NOTRE DAME, EASTERN SIDE.

To enter minutely into the history and description of Notre Dame would fill a volume. Michelet, the historian of France, and Gibert, author of the history of Napoleon, have done much to illustrate the metropolitan church; but of late years the attention of the public has been drawn towards it in a far more interesting manner, by the fine romance of Victor Hugo, "Notre Dame de Paris," the descriptions contained in which are as accurate as they are striking and picturesque.

It was the reception of the Crown of Thorns from Jean de Brienne, Emperor of Constantinople, and a great portion of the True Cross from his successor, Baudou, which made St. Louis determine to build a shrine worthy to contain them. Pierre de Montereau

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

was employed as an architect, and the Sainte Chapelle, begun in 1242, was finished in 1247.

The great height of the building, without visible aisles or transept, is very striking. The lower part of the north side and part of the chevet are hidden by modern buildings. The buttresses, which sustain all the weight of the vaults, rise to the full height of the building between the windows, and terminate in rich foliated pinnacles. Between them, gables, richly sculptured, surmount the windows of the upper chapel. Beneath the fourth window is an oratory, constructed by Louis XI, that he might hear mass without being seen, and beneath this an oratory formerly dedicated to St. Louis. The steeple is a modern restoration of one erected by Charles VIII, and burnt in 1630. The portal is on the west, facing the buildings of the Hôtel du Préfet de Police. Above the platform over the porch is the great flamboyant rose-window which was added by Charles VIII, in 1495, surmounted by a balustrade of fleurs-de-lis and by turrets on either side of the gable, which contains a smaller rose-window. On the balustrade two angels crown the chiffre of King Charles. On the pinnacles hangs the Crown of Thorns.

The chapel is a nave with narrow aisles. Forty pillars sustain the vaulting, of which the keys, in sculptured chestnut-wood, are very remarkable. The windows are curved triangles. The wall decorations are restorations from traces of ancient work. The floor is paved with thirty-four curious gravestones, chiefly of Canons of the Sainte Chapelle. Boileau was buried amongst them. The tombstone of his brother Jacques still remains here, but the remains of the poet were removed, after the Revolution, to St. Germain des Pres.

No external stair leads to the upper chapel, because it was the royal oratory opening from the palace. We ascend, by an inner staircase, to the platform of the upper porch, a vast, covered balcony, forming the real approach, by which the royal family entered, and communicating on the north with the palace galleries.

Place de la Concorde.

Where the Rue Royale opens towards the Madeleine, we pass the Department of the Marine and of the Colonies, built (1760–68) by Gabriel, and reach the Place de la Concorde, stately and beautiful with its

obelisk, fountains and statues, its delightful views down green avenues to the Louvre on the east and the Arch of Triumph on the west, and towards the magnificent church of the Madeleine on the north, and the Chamber of Deputies on the south. The square was made under Louis XV, and was decorated with his equestrian statue by Bouchardon, placed on a pedestal surrounded by bas-reliefs and allegorical figures of the Virtues by Pigalle.

The Legislative Assembly demolished the statue in the Place Louis XV (1792), and replaced it by a statue of Liberty. Soon, however, the

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

square took the name of Place de la Revolution, and, under the Reign of Terror, the scaffold was permanently established there. Thus the most terrible memories of the great Revolution are concentrated on this spot, where 2,800 persons perished between January 21, 1793, and May 3, 1795. The fountain on the south side, decorated with figures emblematic of Marine Navigation, marks the exact spot where Louis XVI died, January 21, 1793.

The king was taken to death in a carriage, the queen in a cart. On October 31, 1793, the weird death procession of the Girondins reached the Place. Even in that cruel time, sympathy was aroused by the

death of Madame Roland, on November 10, 1793. May 9, 1794, saw the execution of Madame Elizabeth. On July 28, 1794, Robespierre paid the penalty of his crimes.

The Obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, brought from Luxor, Egypt, and given to France by Mehemet Ali, was erected here by Louis Philippe, in 1836. It is covered with hieroglyphics celebrating Rameses II, or Sesostris, who reigned in the Fourteenth Century before Christ. The history of its transport from Egypt is represented upon the pedestal.

It was at the foot of this Obelisk, on the spot where Louis XVI died, that Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie, flying on foot by the gardens

CHAMPS ELYSÉES, PARIS.

before the popular invasion of the Tuileries, on February 24, 1848, waited in agony for their carriages.

Two groups of sculpture by Guillaume Coustou, known as Les Chevaux de Marly, decorate the entrance to the noble promenade originally called "Le Grand Cours," but which has been known as Les Champs Elysées since the time of Louis XV. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch of Triumph, and is the favorite afternoon walk of the fashionable world of Paris, where the *badaud*, or French cockney, is seen in perfection.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

Behind the principal avenues are ranges of exhibition booths, and café-concerts, which attract an humbler crowd. Here idolizing parents will stand for hours to watch their *petits bons hommes* caracoling on wooden horses, while the maid in a snowy cap holds the babies.

THE GENIUS OF WAR SUMMONING THE NATIONS TO ARMS.

On the left of the Champs Elysées is the Palais d'Industrie, built (1852–55) for the great Exhibition, and used since for the annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture.

The Largest Triumphal Arch in the World.

The Champs Elysées are closed by the huge Arch of Triumph, one of the four triumphal arches which Napoleon I intended to erect in commemoration of his victories, and which he began from designs of Chalgrin, in 1806, though the work was not completed till 1836, long after founder and architect had passed away. It is the largest triumphal arch in the world, the arch itself being 90 feet high and 45 feet wide. The groups of sculpture which adorn it are by Rude, Cortot, and Etex: that by Rude, of the Genius of War summoning the nations to arms, is the best. There is, however, nothing fine about the arch except its size. It is far too narrow for its height, and the frippery ornament along the top of the structure destroys all grandness of outline. The hugeness of

the building is in itself a disfigurement, and like the giant statues in St. Peter's at Rome, it puts all its surroundings out of proportion.

There are many points in Paris, many facts and phases of Parisian life, which interest strangers, whilst they pass unnoticed by those who live amongst them, for differences always excite more attention than similitudes, and no one thinks it worth while to describe what he sees every day—manners, customs, or appearances, with which he has been familiar from childhood. To a foreigner, especially to one who has never

"1814." NAPOLEON.
From a Painting by J. L. E. Meissonier.

left his own country before, half an hour spent on the boulevards or on one of the chairs in the Tuileries gardens has the effect of an infinitely diverting theatrical performance, whilst, even to a customary observer, it will seem as if the great object of French men and women in every class were to make life as easy and pleasant as possible—to ignore its present and to forget its past troubles as much as they can.

An old proverb says that "Paris is the paradise of women, the pur-

gatory of men, and the hell of horses." But however true the first of these dictums may be, its bad reputation in the last instance has long been a tale of the past.

Nowhere is existence cheaper than at Paris for those who know how to manage. A bachelor who does not mind mounting five pairs of stairs may have a charming little apartment for about five dollars a week. At the smaller private hotels an admirably furnished room, with breakfast, lights, and attendance, seldom comes to more than seven or eight dollars. At the admirable restaurants which are scattered everywhere over the town, an excellent dinner with coffee costs from forty to fifty cents. Carriages are reasonable, omnibuses ply in all directions, upon the most admirable and equitable of systems, and a complete circle of railways connects the city with its environs, containing a thousand charming spots, which the Parisian of the middle classes can choose for the point of the Sunday excursion which he almost invariably makes into the country.

But if one would see the rest of the world he must not linger too long in Paris.

A visit to the Opera House, to climb its magnificent marble staircase, and loiter in its stately vestibule; an excursion to Versailles; and yet a few intoxicating days, that ever tend to grow to weeks, in exploring the historic or modern city; and so—Farewell, Queen Paris.

II.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN COASTS.

THE "Pillars of Hercules!" The portals of the Ancient World! To how many a traveler just beginning to tire of his few days' journey from England, or but slowly recovering, it may be, in his tranquil voyage along the coasts of Portugal and Southern Spain, from the effects of thirty unquiet hours in the Bay of Biscay, has the nearing view of this mighty landmark of history brought a passage of new life! That distant point ahead, at which the narrowing waters of the Strait that bear him disappear entirely within the clasp of the embracing shores, is for many such a traveler the beginning of romance. He gazes upon it from the westward with some dim reflection of that mysterious awe with which antiquity looked upon it from the East. The progress of the ages has, in fact, transposed the centre of human interest and the human point of view. Now, as in the Homeric era, the Pillars of Hercules form the gateway of a world of wonder; but for us of to-day it is within, and not without, those portals that that world of wonder lies. To the eye of modern poetry the Atlantic and Mediterranean have changed places. It is to the basin of the Mediterranean, fringed with storied cities and venerable ruins, with the crumbling sanctuaries of a creed which has passed away, and the monuments of an art which is imperishable, that man turns to-day. The genius of civilization has journeyed far to the westward, and has passed through strange experiences; it returns with new reverence and a deeper awe to those shores in mid-Europe which are its birthplace,

and which are hallowed with the memories of its glorious youth. Let us enter the historic gateway! let us delight in the choicest beauties of the Mediterranean coasts!

A Nook of Sweet Tranquillity.

There are few more enchanting sights than that of the Bay of Tangier, as it appears at sunrise to the traveler whose steamer has dropped down the Straits of Gibraltar in the afternoon and evening hours of the previous day, and cast anchor after nightfall at the nearest point off shore to which a vessel of any draught can approach. No-

TANGIER, AFRICA.

where in the world does a nook of such sweet tranquillity receive, and for a season quiet, the hurrying waters of so restless a sea. The blue waters of the bay, now softly flushing at the approach of sunrise, break lazily in mimic waves and "tender, curving lines of creamy spray" upon the shining beach. To the right lies the city, spectral in the dawn, save where the delicate pale ivory of some of its higher houses is warming into faintest rose; while over all, over sea and shore and city, is the immersing crystal atmosphere of Africa, in which every rock, every ripple, every housetop, stands out as sharp and clear as the filigree work of winter on a frosted pane.

Nothing in Tangier, it must be honestly admitted, will compare with the approach to it by its incomparable bay. In another sense, too, there is nothing here or elsewhere which exactly resembles this "approach," since its last stage of all has to be performed alike, for man and woman, unless man is prepared to wade knee-deep in the clear, blue water, on the back of a sturdy Moor. The traveler will find that the picturesqueness of Tangier diminishes rather than increases on a nearer view. The point to which every visitor directs his steps is the Bab-el-Sok, the gate of the market place, where the scene to be witnessed at early morning presents an unequaled picture of Oriental life. Crouching camels with their loads of dates, chaffering traders, chattering women, sly and servile-looking Jews from the city, fierce-eyed, heavily armed children of the desert, rough-coated horses and lank-sided mules, withered crones squatting in groups by the wayside, tripping damsels ogling the "yashmak" as they pass, and the whole enveloped in a blinding, bewildering, choking cloud of such dust as only Africa can produce. Let the reader picture to himself such a scene with such accessories, and he will know what spectacle awaits him at early morning at the Bab-el-Sok of Tangier.

A Place of Fabulous Antiquity.

Malaga as a seaport and place of settlement can claim almost fabulous antiquity. It was first founded by the Phœnicians, three thousand years ago, and a continuous existence of thirty centuries fully proves the wisdom of their choice. Its name is said to be Phœnician, and is differently derived from a word meaning salt, and another which would distinguish it as "the king's town." From the earliest ages Malaga did a thriving business in salt fish; its chief product and export were the same anchovies and the small boquerones, not unlike an English white-bait, which are still the most highly prized delicacies of the Malaga fish market. Southern Spain was among the richest and most valued of Phœnician possessions. It was a mine of wealth to them, probably the Tarshish of Biblical history, from which they drew such vast supplies of the precious metals that their ships carried silver anchors. Hiram, King of Tyre, was a sort of goldsmith to Solomon, furnishing the wise man's house with such stores of gold and silver utensils that silver was "accounted nothing therein," as we read in the

First Book of Kings. When the star of Tyre and Sidon waned, and Carthage became the great commercial centre of the Mediterranean, it controlled the mineral wealth of Spain and traded largely with Malaga. Later, when Spain passed entirely into Roman hands, this southern province of Boetica grew more and more valuable, and the wealth of the country passed through its ports eastward to the great marts of the world. Malaga, however, was never the equal either in wealth or commercial importance of its more eastern and more happily placed neighbor, Almeria. The latter was the once famous "Portus Magnus" or Great

MALAGA, SOUTHERN COAST OF SPAIN.

Port, which monopolized most of the maritime traffic with Italy and the more distant East. But Malaga rose in prosperity as Roman settlers crowded into Boetica, and Roman remains excavated in and around the town attest the size and importance of the place under the Romans. It was a municipium, had a fine amphitheatre, the foundations of which were laid bare long afterwards in building a convent, while many bronzes, fragments of statuary, and Roman coins found from time to time prove the intimate relations between Malaga and the then Mistress of the World.

MARSEILLES, THE DOCKS.

At the First Seaport of France.

Except the view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence Rapids from Mont Royal, hardly a town view in the world equals, for beauty and variety, that of Marseilles from Notre Dame de la Garde, on a clear spring morning.

Close at our feet lies the city itself, filling up the whole wide valley with its mass, and spreading out long arms of faubourg, or roadway, up the lateral openings. Beyond rise the great white limestone hills, dotted about like mushrooms, with their glittering bastides. In front lies the sea, the blue Mediterranean, with that treacherous smile which has so often deceived us all the day before we trusted ourselves too rashly, with ill-deserved confidence, upon its heaving bosom. Near the shore the waves chafe the islets and the Chateau d'If; then comes the Old Port and the busy basins; and beyond them all, the Chain of Estaques, rising, grim and gray, in serrated outline, against the western horizon. A beautiful prospect, though barren and treeless, for nowhere in the world are mountains barer than those great white guardians of the Provençal seaboard.

In every town, however, the best of all sights is the town itself: and nowhere on earth is this truism truer than at Marseilles. After one has climbed Notre Dame, and explored the Prado, and smiled at the Chateau d'Eau, and stood beneath the frowning towers of St. Victor, one returns once more with real pleasure and interest to the crowded Cannebiere, and sees the full tide of human life flow eagerly on down that picturesque boulevard. That, after all, is the main picture that Marseilles always leaves photographed on the visitor's memory. How eager, how keen, how vivacious is the talk; how fiery the eyes; how emphatic the gesture! With what teeming energy, with what feverish haste, the great city pours forth its hurrying thousands! With what endless spirit they move up and down in unceasing march upon its clattering pavements! There is something of Greek quickness and Greek intelligence left even now about the old Phocæan colony. A Marseillais crowd has to this very day something of the sharp Hellenic wit.

Seen from the sea, Marseilles is indeed superb. The whole Mediterranean has hardly a finer approach to a great town to display before the eyes of the artistic traveler.

TUNNY FISHING, THE SLAUGHTER, SARDINIA.

Unlike many of the old Mediterranean towns, Marseilles has not only a past, but a future. She lives and will live. In the middle of this century, indeed, it might almost have seemed to a careless observer as if the Mediterranean were "played out." And so in part, no doubt, it really is; the tracks of commerce and international intercourse have shifted to wider seas and vaster waterways.

We shall never again find that inland basin ringed round by a girdle of the great merchant cities that do the carrying trade and finance of the world. Our area has widened, so that New York, Rio, San Francisco, Yokohama, Shanghai, Calcutta, Bombay, and Melbourne have taken the place of Syracuse, Alexandria, Tyre and Carthage, of Florence, Genoa, Venice and Constantinople. But in spite of this cramping change a certain number of Mediterranean ports have lived on uninterruptedly, by force of position, from one epoch to the other. Venice has had its faint revival of recent years; Trieste has had its rise; Barcelona, Algiers, Smyrna, Odessa, have grown into great harbors for cosmopolitan traffic.

Of this new and rejuvenescent Mediterranean, girt round by the fresh young nationalities of Italy and the Orient, and itself no longer an inland sea, but linked by the Suez canal with the Indian Ocean, and so turned into the main highway of the nations between East and West, Marseilles is still the key and the capital. That proud position the Phocæan city is not likely to lose.

And as the world is wider now than ever, the new Marseilles is perforce a greater and a wealthier town than was the old one in its proudest days. Where tribute came once from North African, Levantine, and Italian coasts alone, it comes now from every shore of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, with Australia and the Pacific isles thrown in as an afterthought. Regions Cæsar never knew enrich the good Greeks of the Quai de la Fraternité: brown, black, and yellow men whom his legions never saw, send tea and silk, cotton, corn, and tobacco to the crowded warehouses of the Cannebiere and the Rue de la République. Here they crowd and jostle and push each other, each contributing his portion to the growing prosperity, each one a link between the old Greek city and the new world.

The Toilers of the Sea.

One of the most important of the few industries of Sardinia is the tunny fishery. When Spain ruled in the island it was worth much more that it is at present. Since then it has been grievously neglected, though in the last few decades its value has begun again to be recognized.

From first to last the taking and potting of the tunny is an affair of much tact and patience. The net or snare into which the wandering herds of fish are enticed has to be of immense size, dexterous construction, and irreproachable strength. It is of two parts: the one an outer framework of palmetto or esparto grass, made fast by cables and a tether of hugh stones; and the other an inner drag net, by means of which the fish are eventually brought near to the surface. This is the slaughterers' moment, and a wild enough scene it is, when the great fish are thus at the mercy of the men who have been nominated to stand on two of the sides of the great boats which pen the fish, waiting the word of command from the "rais," or superintendent, to drive their iron hooks into the glittering bodies of their victims.

At last the supreme moment arrives. There are the tunny lashing each other with their powerful tails as they try to move freely in their restricted quarters. The water within the square is all in a boil. The spray is shot right and left so vigorously that the spectators are soon drenched, and it rises high in the air like the spouting from a hundred fountains.

The slaughterers have dressed themselves in cotton from head to foot. Well they may, for in a few moments they are red all over with the blood of the dead and dying fish. These they stab with their "crocchi," or hooked poles, and draw from the water into the roomy holds of the barges, which cut off all chance of escape for the fish, It is not child's play, though of actual danger there is none, save that of a blow from the tail of the fish as it is being urged into the boat. And so the work proceeds until the gory sea within the enclosure is divested of its tenants. Then the men leap into the water upon the other side, and swim about until they and their cottons are a more presentable color.

In Genova La Superba.

Genoa the Proud is an epithet not inappropriate for this city of merchant princes of olden days, which was once the emporium of the Tyrrhenian as was Venice of the Adriatic sea, and the rival of the latter for the commerce of the Eastern Mediterranean. No two cities, adapted to play a similar part in history, could be more unlike in their natural environments. Venice clustered on a series of mud banks, parted by an expanse of water from a low coast-line, beyond which the far-away mountains rise dimly in the distance, a fleet, as it were, of houses anchored in the shadows of the Adriatic; Genoa stretching along the shore by the deepening water, at the very feet of the Apennines, climbing up their slopes, and crowning their lower summits with its watch-towers. No seaport in Italy possesses a site so rich in natural beauty, not even Spezzia in its bay, for though the scenery in the neighborhood certainly surpasses that around Genoa, the town is built upon an almost level plain; not even Naples itself, notwithstanding the magnificent sweep of its bay, dominated by the volcanic cone of Vesuvius, and bounded by the limestone crags of the range of Monte St. Angelo.

In Genoa, except for a narrow space along the shore, one can hardly find a plot of level ground. Now that the old enclosed limits have been passed, it is still growing upward; but beyond and above the farthest houses the hills are still crowned by fortresses, keeping watch and ward over the merchant city. For a season, indeed, there was more to be protected than merchandise, for, till lately, Genoa was the principal arsenal of the Italian kingdom; but this has now been removed to Spezzia. Italy, however, does not seem to feel much confidence in that immunity from plunder which has been sometimes accorded to "open towns," or in the principles of the peacemongers, and appears to take ample precautions that an enemy in command of the sea shall not thrust his hand into a full purse without a good chance of getting nothing better than crushed fingers. Its semicircular harbor is defended by two converging moles. Viewed from the harbor the city rises like an amphitheatre, with its churches, palaces, promenades and gardens, encircled by fortifications, the summits of the Apennines crowning a picture all of which is beautiful.

GENOA, ITALY, THE SHIPPING.

A Glance at the Capital of Sicily.

To the traveler fresh from Girgenti and its venerable ruins, or from Syracuse, with its classic charm, the first impressions of Palermo may very likely prove disappointing. Espècially will they be so if he has come with a mind full of historic enthusiasm, and a memory laden with the records of Greek colonization, Saracen dominion, and Norman conquest, and expecting to find himself face to face with the relics and remainder of, at any rate, the modern period of the three. For Palermo is emphatically what the guide-books are accustomed to

ON THE COAST OF PALERMO, SICILY.

describe as "a handsome modern city," which means, as most people familiar with Latin countries are but too well aware, a city as like any number of other Continental cities, built and inhabited by Latin admirers and devotees of Parisian "civilization," as "two peas in pod."

But the environs of the city, which are of peculiar interest and attraction, invite us, and first among these is Monreale, at a few miles' distance, a suburb to which the traveler ascends by a road commanding at every turn some new and striking prospect of the bay. On one hand, as he leaves the town, lies the Capuchin Monastery, attractive, with its catacombs of mummified ex-citizens of Palermo, to the lover of the grue-

some rather than the picturesque. Farther on is the pretty Villa Tasca, then Le Rocca, whence by a winding road of very ancient construction we climb the royal mount crowned by the famous Cathedral and Benedictine Abbey of Monreale. Here are mosaics, as fine in quality and in even greater abundance than those which decorate the interior of Cappella Palatina. From the Cathedral we pass into the beautiful cloisters, and thence into the fragrant orange garden, from which another delightful view of the valley toward Palermo is obtained. A steep path branching off to the right from Monreale leads to a deserted fort, named Il Castellaccio, from which the road descends as far as San Martino, whence a pleasant journey back to Palermo is made through the picturesque valley of Bocca di Falco.

The Phœnicians founded at Palermo their first colony in Sicily. Its inhabitants were the first Sicilians attacked by the Carthaginians, whom they held at bay for nearly a century. Its varying fortunes since passing into Roman hands, 254 B. C., form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Europe.

The Most Important Naval Station of Austria.

Pola is a place of great antiquity. No one knows when it was founded or by whom. A legend attributes it to colonists from Colchis who were in pursuit of Jason; but this will not avail with modern skeptics. It was at any rate founded before the Romans conquered Istria, two centuries before the Christian era. Even then it was a town of importance, but later it was almost destroyed by Julius Cæsar, as a penalty for having taken the side of Pompey. Prosperity, however, returned with Augustus, who made it a Roman colony, and gave it the name of Pietas Julia, in honor of his daughter. It was a place of gloomy memories to the Constantine family. To Pola, Crispus, eldest son of Constantine the Great, was brought a captive, and there he perished by an unknown mode of death, one thing only being clear, that it was not a natural one. At Pola, also some years later, Gallus, the nephew of the emperor, was executed by the order of his cousin, Constantine. In later times we read of the fleet of Belisarius lying at anchor in the harbor, waiting to carry the imperial army to Italy to do battle with the Goth. But in the middle ages its history is, like that of the other

THE AMPHITHEATRE, POLA, AUSTRIA.

seaports on the Eastern Adriatic, by no means one of uninterrupted peace, though without episodes of general interest, till at last, in the present century, it passed finally into the hands of Austria. It is now a comparatively large town, but as it is near some tracts of marshy land, it is said to be a rather unhealthy one.

The glory of Pola is its amphitheatre, which is situated on the northern side of the town, and recalls the savage sports of its Roman builders. This is remarkable in more than one respect. It is a massive oval wall, pierced, as usual, with openings. This is only the shell of the ancient building. In the amphitheatres at Rome and at Verona much of the interior still remains, though part of the exterior has been quarried away. At Nismes and at Arles both the one and the other are still fairly perfect; at Pola, corridors, staircases, seats, have all disappeared, with the exception of a few shapeless masses of masonry which protrude from the sward, and only this enormous ring of arches still remains in solitary grandeur.

In the City of the Doges.

So long as Venice is unvisited, a new sensation is among the possibilities of life. There is no town like it in Europe. Amsterdam has its canals, but Venice is all canals; Genoa has its palaces, but in Venice they are more numerous and more beautiful. Its situation is unique, on a group of islands in the calm lagoon. But the Venice of to-day is not the Venice of thirty years ago. Even then a little of the old romance had gone, for a long railway viaduct had linked it to the mainland. In early days it could be reached only by a boat, for a couple of miles of salt water lay between the city and the marshy border of the Paduan delta.

The death of Rome was indirectly the birth of Venice. Here in the great days of the Empire there was not, so far as we know, even a village. Invaders came, Aquileia went up in flames, the cities of the Paduan delta trembled before the hordes of savage Huns, but the islands of its coast held out a hope of safety. What in those days these camps of refuge must have been can be inferred from the islands which now border the mainland, low, marshy, overgrown by thickets, and fringed by reeds; they were unhealthy, but only accessible by intricate and difficult chan-

IN VENICE.

nels, with little to tempt the spoiler, and therefore supplied a place of security from the savage invaders.

It was some time before Venice took the lead among these scattered settlements. It became the centre of government in the year 810, but it was well-nigh two centuries before the Venetian State attained to any real eminence. Toward this, the first and perhaps the most important step was crushing the Istrian and Dalmatian pirates. This enabled the Republic to become a great "Adriatic and Oriental Company," and to get into its hands the carrying trade to the East. She did battle with Genoa for commercial supremacy, with the Turk for existence. She was too strong for the former, but the latter at last wore her out, and Lepanto was one of her latest and least fruitful triumphs. Still, it was not till the end of the sixteenth century that a watchful eye could detect the symptoms of senile decay. Then Venice tottered gradually to her grave.

A Motley Collection of All Nations.

The great thoroughfare of Alexandria, a fine street running in a straight line from the western gate of the city to the Place Mehemet Ali, is within a few minutes of the quay. A sudden turn and this strange mingling of Eastern and Western life bursts upon the spectator's astonished gaze. This living diorama, formed by the brilliant and ever-shifting crowd, is in its way unique. A greater variety of nationalities is collected here than even in Constantinople or cosmopolitan Algiers. Let us stand aside and watch this motley collection of all nations, kindreds, and races pouring along this busy highway. The kaleidoscopic variety of brilliant color and fantastic costume seems at first a little bewildering. Solemn and impassive-looking Turks gently ambling past on gaily caparisoned asses, grinning negroes from the Nubian hills, melancholy-looking fellahs in their scanty blue kaftans, cunning-featured Levantines, green-turbaned Shereefs, and picturesque Bedouins from the desert stalking along in their flowing bernouses, make up the mass of this restless throng. Interspersed, and giving variety of color to this living kaleidoscope, are gorgeously arrayed Jews, fierce-looking Albanians, their many-colored sashes bristling with weapons, petticoated Greeks, and then a group of Egyptian ladies, their faces as well as their rich attire, concealed under the inevitable yashmak

surmounting the balloon-like trousers. And now we may proceed to visit the orthodox sights, but we have seen the greatest sight Alexandria has to show us.

The Place Mehemet Ali, usually called, for the sake of brevity, the Grand Square, is close at hand. This is the centre of the European quarter, and round it are collected the banks, consular offices, and principal shops. This square, the focus of the life of modern Alexandria, is appropriately named after the founder of the present dynasty, and the creator of the Egypt of to-day. In the middle of the square stands a handsome equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali, which is, in one respect, probably unique. The Mohammedan religion demands the strictest interpretation of the injunction in the decalogue against making "to thyself any graven image," and consequently a statue to a follower of the creed of Mahomet is rarely seen in a Mohammedan country.

On Holy Ground.

To the Israelite, "the forest of his Carmel," "the excellency of Carmel," expressed his highest idea of woodland beauty and mountain grandeur; to those who recall the Alps or the Pyrenees it is insignificant; but for ordinary hill scenery it is undoubtedly fine. Alas! the forests that partially covered it thirty years ago are now utterly destroyed by the reckless axe, to supply charcoal for the silk factories of Lebanon. Still the plains on either side remain the same, and they are truly vast; and the tiers of distant hills are so numerous and varied in outline, that, bare as Carmel now is, the scenery can never be called tame. The highest point of the ridge is 1750 feet above the sea, but the monastery on the western bluff is only 500 feet up. Yet from its roof we gain one of the finest views in Palestine. To the south the whole coast-line can be traced, a fertile fringe to Carmel's mantle, with a hem of sand, and a lace-edging of spray, dotted by the lonely fragment of the ruins at Athlit, and beyond it by the mounds of Tantura, with the dislocated remains of Cæsarea in the dim distance. At our feet, to the northward, is spread the broad Bay of Acre, and the dark-green plain beyond, with the white city of Acre looking like the farther horn of the crescent. Beyond it, the white headland of Ras-en-Nakura, the ladder of Tyre, closes the sea-view northward. But

above it rises the distant snow-clad Lebanon, almost lost in the clouds; while to the east, Tabor and Hermon, with the dark hills of Galilee in a confused and crowded mass, bound the half-hidden plain of Esdraelon. The heights of Carmel behind us shut out the hill region of Samaria and Central Palestine.

We descend again into the monastery, a cheerful and welcome hospice, entirely modern, raised by the indomitable energy of Fra Battista, fifty years ago, after the Turks had swept away every vestige of the old monastery, on the spot where Pythagoras is said to have sojourned and meditated. But the worthy friars are firmly convinced that this is also the very spot where Elijah sacrificed, and where the Godhead of Jehovah was proved before assembled Israel.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS, GENOA.

THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

III.

THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY HENRY HARTSHORNE, M.D., LL.D.

HAT is there great in history that does not touch or approach Egypt? As a modern writer says: "The Bible, Homer, Philosophy, the Sciences; Greece, Rome, Christianity; the monks, Islamism; the Crusades, the French Revolution; Abraham, Socrates, Moses, Helen, Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Origen, Athanasius, Saladin, Napoleon! What names! what contrasts! Moses issues from Egypt; Pythagoras, Plato, Lycurgus, Solon, Herodotus, Strabo and Tacitus enter into her bosom to be initiated into her laws."

Crossing the Mediterranean, the moment one sees the light-house of Alexandria (on the site of the ancient Pharos), it is felt that we are in a new world. America and Europe have disappeared from our view. As we anchor in the harbor a dozen boats at once surround us, peopled with nearly all the races and colors of the world. What a Babel in miniature! Brown, yellow, red, black and white; turban, fez, hat, pantaloons, Turkish trousers, rags and bare legs; all shouting, jabbering, scolding, begging *backshish*, pushing and fighting, over and around us and our baggage. Sticks are used as freely as tongues; a club, a chain, and a pipe might be taken for the symbols of modern Egypt.

Alexandria is the most dismal city in the world; curious and inter-

esting only at the first glance. Houses jutting out, each story farther than the one below; almost meeting above, across the narrow streets. Strings of camels, and countless donkeys, bestrode by turbaned, or unturbaned, long-faced, long-bearded men, or led in waiting for riders; above all, screaming, scolding, braying, and barking of dogs, all day long;—but hushed for a time with the falling of night. Near midnight, again come shouts or yells, not easily distinguished from the howling of dogs and the long-drawn see-saw of the braying of asses. The donkey is the nightingale of Egypt.

With dawn comes the tolling and chiming of bells, and the renewal of all the noises of the daytime. One should see in Alexandria Pompey's Pillar, with which Pompey had nothing to do; and (formerly, not now, as it has gone to England) Cleopatra's Needle, a thousand or two years older than Cleopatra; the Catacombs, and the Palace of the Khedive, with halls and gardens like the Arabian Nights, and filled with furniture fresh from Paris.

Along the Nile.

Leaving Alexandria, and traveling along the Nile on an English-built railroad, we pass thousands of clay-built villages and Arab and Turkish towns, thronged with population, before we reach Cairo; *El Kahirah*, the magnificent, which is, except Damascus, the most Oriental city in the world. It, too, has narrow streets, with houses whose upper stories approach each other; they are thronged with people from all the continents; with camels, donkeys, and now and then a carriage of some wealthy people. Before these run Arab men, calling out "O, ah, mareglek, shemaluk, O, ah!" "Get out of the way, right, left, out of the way!" Horses are much less used for riding in Egypt than donkeys. Every donkey has a boy to attend it; and those donkey-boys are as wide-awake to fun and mischief as the *gamins* of Paris or the newsboys and bootblacks of New York or Philadelphia.

All travelers visit the Tombs of the Kings, and those of the Caliphs; they are much more imposing than the modern cemeteries.

The bazaars of Cairo display a great variety of merchandise; but are amazingly slow in purchasing, unless you would pay five prices for everything.

The mosques of this Mohammedan city are four hundred in number.

One must visit at least the finest, that of Sultan Hassan, and the alabaster mosque of Mehemet Ali. The Citadel, too, must be seen; it was the fortress of Saladin, the Moslem hero of the Crusades; the place, also, later, of the treacherous massacre of the Mameluke Chiefs, and the romantic escape of Emin Bey, by leaping his horse over the brow of a parapet. Wanting horrors, such at least to people who have nerves, you may go to see the howling and whirling dervishes.

At the Pyramids.

The Pyramids may be visited from Cairo, or as a digression from the Nile journey. What shall we say of them? They are older than Abraham, who looked upon them when in Egypt; their erection was the work of more than 100,000 men through twenty years; they were meant to be tombs of kings; but Cheops and Cephrenes were detested by their people so much that they were never buried in them. In a land without mountains, they express the aspiration of men for something higher than themselves; and, most of all when seen from a distance, they have an aspect almost of sublimity. This is mingled with a sense of reflective wonder, when, near the Great Pyramid, we gaze on the stony face of the gigantic, more than half sand-buried, Sphinx.

The traveler's pleasure in visiting the Pyramids is lessened much by the annoyance of the Bedouin Arabs; who beset one constantly, offering services, needed or not, and begging *backshish*. This begging is the pest of the *howadji* (traveler) everywhere. One is not, indeed, greatly impressed with the character of the population of Egypt. A facetious writer classifies them thus: the camels are the higher class; next come the donkeys; then the Turks and Arabs, the Coptic (so-called) Christians, and, lowest, the Fellaheen, or native Egyptian common people; except that, lower yet are the dogs of the country; the meanest brutes in all creation. Yet the Arab men, at least, in their Oriental costume, are often very noble-looking. The women, when their faces are now and then uncovered by their veils, show beauty so very rarely, that one is content to bear resignedly the custom which makes it more immodest for them to exhibit the face than the knees. Their figures are tall and straight, made more so by carrying jars of water or other burdens on their heads.

A Trip Up the Nile.

At Cairo we choose our dragoman, and engage our *dahabeeyeh*, the native boat, to enjoy to the full a trip up the river Nile. One may do it much more quickly on a steamer, but that is only prose; the dahabeeyeh trip is poetry. The writer's dahabeeyeh was 70 feet long and 16 feet wide, with a cabin and small staterooms, accommodating a party of five. It was manned by 14 men, including the "reis," or captain, a mate or pilot, a cook, and an Arab waiter. There were half a dozen shades of color among these; some were Nubians, other Arabs, but not a genuine negro in the number. They were lazy fellows, and now and then our captain had to whip one of them for refusing to work. When the wind filled our lateen sail, we moved briskly up the river; otherwise the men went ashore and dragged the boat very slowly along. The sky is always cloudless over Egypt; but the Nile gives enough moisture to make the winter climate that of Paradise. Buchanan Read's poem, "Drifting," is charming; it was written in remembrance of the Bay of Naples. But not Naples, Capri, and Ischia, nor even the gondolas of Venice, can give such a sense of gliding luxury; since they have no such sky and atmosphere as one has while sitting on the deck of a Nile boat, sipping, it may be, Mocha coffee, and listening to crocodile stories told by a reis or dragoman. Sometimes a storm may come, but only one of wind. Native fishermen's boats are often capsized; but the journey is free from danger to life. Coming back from the upper Nile, descending the cataract between two long walls of rock, it has a terrific look, and boats are sometimes injured; but there is, with skilful navigation, little real peril.

Serpents once abounded in this country. They were, as shown by the monuments, at least the horned snake, sacred in ancient Egypt. Snake charmers were once numerous, performing especially on the day celebrated as the birthday of Mohammed. They, like the serpents, even the asp of Cleopatra, are, with the crocodiles, disappearing from the country.

The Animals of Egypt.

The animals of Egypt are mostly ugly. Every one knows the camel's profile; it has little beauty, although picturesque at a distance on a level desert land. Instead of the ox there is the buffalo; a long-necked,

SNAKE-CHARMERS IN THE SECOND COURT OF MEDINET HABOO.

long-legged, awkward animal, whose chief talent is for swimming. The Egyptian goats, sheep and dogs are all of the color of the mud of the river banks. Even the birds of Egypt are without brilliant colors; white, as the sacred ibis, or black, gray, brown, and dull yellow, are their hues. Birds are very numerous in the Nile region. Hundreds of flocks of wild ducks, geese and brant are seen flying overhead, northward, constantly in February, to meet the coming Spring. Other birds are the eagles, vultures, cormorants, hawks, owls, ravens, pelicans, herons, cranes, curlews, snipe; sparrows, even, in the towns, as tame almost as flies; and pigeons everywhere, encouraged to occupy nests, sometimes nest-houses, built for them on the houses of the people.

The horses which we saw were rather small. The famous Arab breed was represented here and there, ridden by Bedouins coming in from the desert, or sometimes covered with trappings of the rich, in or near Cairo.

As we passed along the windings of the river, we were constantly delighted with the vivid greenness and luxuriance of the crops upon its banks. They were of rice, wheat, cotton, corn (our maize), sugar cane, buckwheat, lentils, lucerne and tobacco. Here and there a palm grove varied most attractively the scene, and gave it character. Often, under the palms, were low, clay-built hovels of the villages, among which rose occasionally a tall, straight minaret, with the companion dome of a mosque.

Mountains, properly so called, Egypt has not. But, along the river here and there, are rocky elevations, three or four hundred feet in height, and sometimes very steep. Gebel Aboofaydah is one of the most picturesque of these.

Our Nile boatmen seemed to us like grown-up, lazy children. They never worked when they could eat, and never ate when they could sleep or smoke. Their food was bread dried for two weeks in the sun, and dipped, as they sat cross-legged on the deck around a great bowl, in lentil soup or gruel. Sugar cane, stolen along the banks, or clover, was their luxury. Yet they had elegant white teeth, such as most Americans might envy.

Their amusement was thrumming monotonously on a sort of tambourine, and singing dolorously, with scarcely the semblance of a tune, while they sat on the forward deck of the boat, while the wind blew favorably.

At other times they had to go ashore and drag the boat along with a rope, at a rate which would make the "rapid transit" American boil over with impatience.

One might imagine these lazy children happy, with so easy a life, in this charming climate. But their faces are sad and downcast; their voices are plaintive in every tone. All signs tell of a people who are the slaves of a despot who owns themselves and their property. Nearly half of our crew had sacrificed their fore-fingers, others their right eyes, to escape conscription into the Khedive's army. The cunning of the latter had, at last, met this device by establishing a one-eyed regiment.

SEKHET STATUES NEAR THE TEMPLE OF MUT, KARNAK.

Wonderful Remnants of an Ancient Civilization.

Most interesting of all objects of study for the traveler are the ancient monuments of Egypt. They reach back in antiquity three, four, some authorities say five thousand years. Their vastness of proportion and design, as seen in their ruins, is stupendous. Most of them are written all over, even their roofs, with hieroglyphic inscriptions, giving records of the public and private life of many centuries and dynasties. Their preservation, often buried out of sight through long periods under the sand, has been promoted by the dryness of the climate. The obelisk

taken by Napoleon I to Paris, and one afterwards conveyed to New York city, in a year or two showed signs of beginning decay, while their fellows at Luxor and Heliopolis, have still smooth, polished sides, and hieroglyphics as clear as when cut in honor of Rameses or his gods, three or four thousand years ago. The colors of the paintings on the walls of the tombs near the site of Thebes are as fresh almost as if the work of yesterday.

No more imposing ruins are anywhere to be seen than those of Karnak. In the age of their erection these temples must have been magnificent. Think of an avenue of two miles of Sphinxes, of which a a number are still left; of 360 columns, some of twelve feet in diameter, and sixty-six feet high; of stones lifted to a roof, each stone forty feet in length, and five-and-a-half feet square at the ends. There are in Egypt monuments of still vaster proportions. The statue of Rameses the Great at the Memnonium, a single piece of granite, is believed to weigh 887 tons; and it was brought from Syene, 138 miles. How it was brought, no one can now say. A stone at a shrine in Lower Egypt is estimated to weigh 5000 tons. The Sphinx's head, near the great Pyramid of Ghizeh, measures around its forehead 102 feet.

Many days may be well occupied in visiting the ruins of ancient Thebes, the city once "of a hundred gates:" Luxor, Karnak, the Memnonium, Medinet Haboo, Gournoo, the Vocal Memnon, and the Tombs.

A History in Stone and Colors.

The tombs alone, Bebzoni's (so named after its discoverer), and the rest, would be worth a journey to Egypt to explore. On their walls you may read, in colors unfaded and sculpture as clearly cut as Canova's, though far less beautiful, the record of the everyday life of the ancient Egyptian people; their agriculture, domestic doings, civic solemnities, battles and triumphal processions; their ideas of a future state, the accountability of each soul, and the justice, tempered by mercy, of the Supreme Being. There are representations of many gods on their monuments; but there is reason for concluding that they held, vaguely it may be, a belief in one God over all; this belief being lost only in the days of their greatest degeneration.

It would take long to tell of others of these wonderful remnants of an

TEMPLE OF KOM OMBO.

ancient civilization, the oldest of the world. Kom Ombo is one of the most remarkable of these. It was a double temple, dedicated to the Egyptian gods, Horus and Zebek; typified by the hawk and the crocodile. Only some immense columns remain, now buried, except a few feet, but once grand, even beautiful; and some other scattered fragments. A great doorway, a hall of columns and a double sanctuary, are said by Miss A. B. Edwards (the best of authorities) to be probably yet perfect, but not now accessible. An ancient city and a mediæval hamlet must have been slowly engulfed, and an early Temple once stood within the enclosure. Over these the sand has been accumulating for 2000 years.

Thus the sand from the desert, on both sides of the Nile, is warring year by year with the river—the Nile is Egypt. It is a truly great river, though hardly as long as the Mississippi, including the Missouri. Beginning near the Equator, in vast elevated lakes, it flows northward to the Mediterranean, having, in Nubia and Egypt, scarcely a single tributary stream; and, in those countries, no rain falls into it, not three inches in ten years. The annual swell of the Nile from the tropical rains and snow melting on the mountains in Central Africa is, in upper Egypt, thirty to thirty-five feet. At Cairo it is not much over twenty feet; at the Delta, near the Mediterranean, about four feet. The rise begins near the 21st of June. In a month it overflows its banks, beginning to subside again about the 22d of September.

This overflow is the wealth of the land; the irrigation being extended by the simplest methods to a distance beyond its natural range, to give and maintain the fertility of the soil. Egypt is a belt of paradise laid out by the river across the midst of the Libyan and Arabian desert. It has always been one of the most populous regions of the globe.

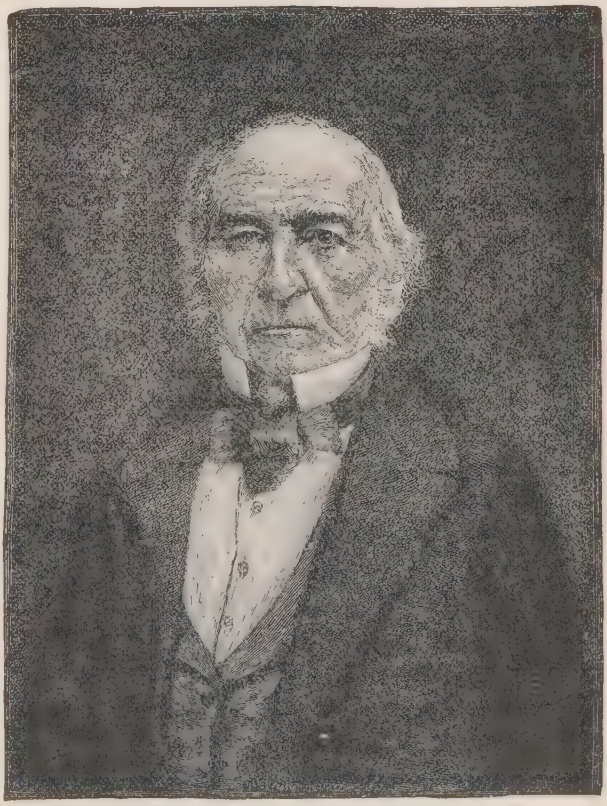
Amid such scenes, we may recall the lines of an English poet:

"Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lull'd on his mother's breast the fair child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes.
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo, the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Royal and still as everlasting things."

IV.

A TRIP THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN all the world no land possesses greater interest to Americans than that which to them is still the mother country. No matter how proud we may be of the land which is our own; no matter how we may boast of its mighty lakes and rivers, its wide prairies, its prosperous cities, we will turn with a peculiar delight to the shores from which the Puritan, the Quaker and the Cavalier alike put forth, to try their fortunes and to find new freedom across the sea.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Instead of a single chapter, volumes might well be written of the cities and the rivers of Great Britain; quiet rivers, flowing between low banks, through rich meadows, ready to carry the war ship of the Northman or the coal barge of his descendant; rivers which formed deep, quiet harbors, inviting the building of wharves and shipping, harbors without which England could never have been mistress of the sea.

On the banks of these rivers our Anglo-Saxon race grew to manhood; here are the cities which grew with its growth; in these streets and churches and castles is written the story of how it grew. It is the story of a hardy race, of the growth of a mighty people. Let us study some of its chapters, and as we gaze upon the old castle, whose ponderous walls tell of the days of warlike knights and barons, or upon the crowded streets and market places where their successors buy and sell, or, as we

GLADSTONE'S STUDY.

follow the worthy Briton to some gay modern watering place, let us learn lessons of respect for the old, as well as pride in the new. Our patriotism, our love for our land, will be all the greater, the more we know of our country and the people from whom we sprang.

Triumphs of Engineering Skill.

From the old Bartizan Tower of the Abbey Church in Dunfermline one can survey a dozen shires, and—contrast as strange as the light and shadow in the churches below—a glimpse is caught, beyond North Queensferry Point, of the limbs of the new Forth Bridge. The whole space spanned is over a mile and a half, but fully a third

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,

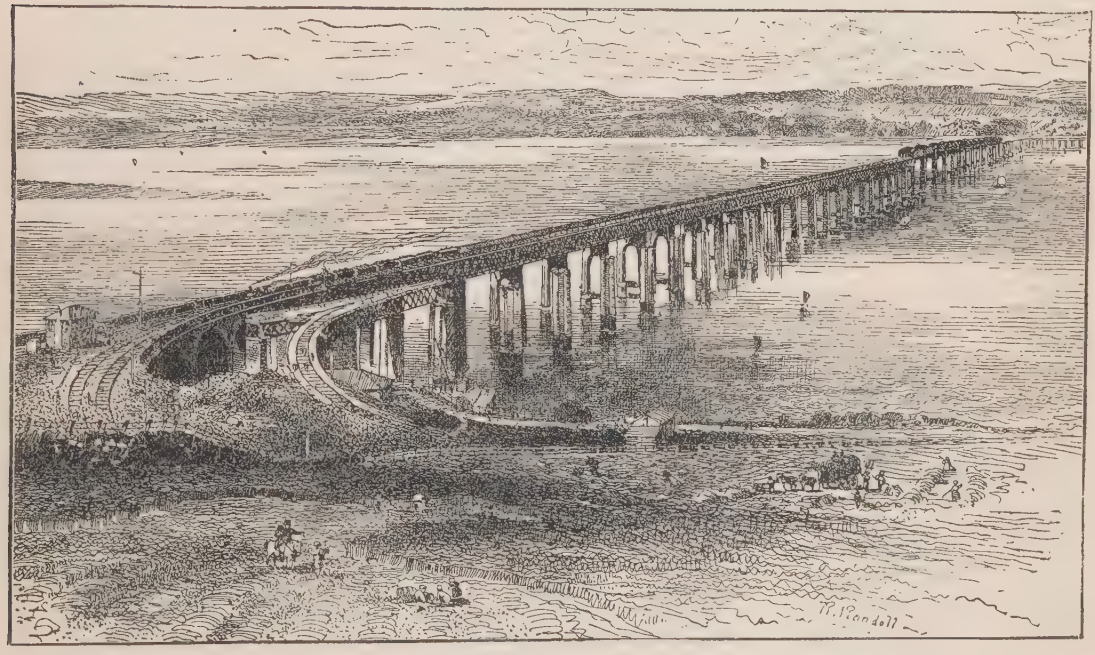
Colonial Secretary of England.

of this distance is occupied by the viaduct approaches to what may be termed the bridge proper, supported at a height of 165 feet above mean sea-level, upon a series of stone piers. At this elevation the line is carried across the Firth, which reaches from thirty to thirty-five fathoms in depth in the channels between Inch Garvie and the north and south shores. Except the supporting bases of stone, the whole central structure is of steel, wrought and fitted in the works on the southern side; and it is estimated that not less than 50,000 tons of metal have been used in the work.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

From the three main piers, columned "towers of steel" rise to a height of 630 feet above the high-water mark, that on Inch Garvie being higher than the two others. They are formed of tubes of three-fourths inch steel, 12 feet in diameter at the base, inclining inward and toward each other, and united by cross members, in the shape of the letter "X," for purposes of strength, and from these the intricate bracket work of upper and lower members, with their connecting struts and ties, stretch out over the Firth, and approach each other near enough to be united by the two 350 feet lattice girders over the fairways. The two great centre

spans are each 1700 feet in width, and the half-spans that join them to the great north and south viaduct piers are 680 feet each. All the strains are concentrated upon the bases of the cantilever piers, and the whole structure gives a remarkable impression of combined lightness and strength, as well as of colossal size. From 3000 to 4500 men have been employed for several years upon the bridge, of which it may almost be said that half the work is under water and out of sight. Its estimated cost is between two and three millions sterling, and, connected with it,



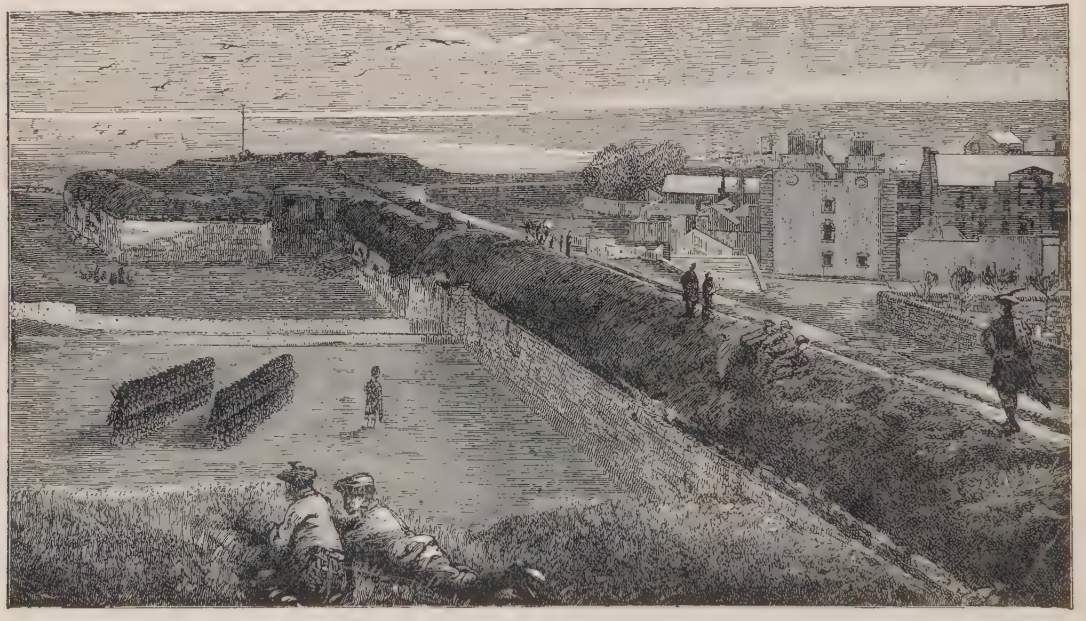
THE NEW TAY VIADUCT.

new lines are being constructed, by which passengers and goods will, henceforth, be carried by the shortest available route from south to north, in despite of the obstacles interposed by the Forth, the Ochils, and the Tay.

Berwick-on-Tweed.

Berwick-on-Tweed is certainly not happy in having no history. Its beginnings are not clearly ascertainable; but it was for long a Saxon settlement, until the Danes, attracted by the rich nerselands through which the Tweed flows, helped themselves to it. Then came the turn of the Scots, who held it off and on from about the time

of Alfred the Great, until John Baliol renounced the authority of his liege Lord, to whom he had sworn fealty at Norham. When an English army approached, the citizens were by no means alarmed, although it was led by Edward himself. "Kynge Edward," they cried, from behind their wooden stockade, "waune thou havest Berwick, pike thee; waune thou havest get en, dike thee." But the place was stormed with the most trivial loss, and nearly eight thousand of the citizens were massacred. Some brave Flemings who held the Town Hall were burnt to cinders in it, and the carnage only ceased when the



A VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS, BERWICK.

sad and solemn priests bore the host into Edward's presence, and implored mercy. When Edward sat down before it, it was not only the great Merchant City of the North, but ranked second to London among English towns; he left it little more than a ruin, and it has never since been anything but "a pretty seaport." Two and twenty years later there came another turn of the wheel. When Robert Bruce wrested his native land from the feeble hands of the second Edward, Berwick shared in the emancipation.

Its capture was held to be an achievement of the first order, and after it, as Leland tells us, "The Scottes became so proud that they nothing

esteemed the Englishmen." But presently a weaker Bruce reigned in the North, and a stronger Edward in the South. In due course the town was again beleaguered by an English force. A Scottish army under the Regent, Archibald Douglas, came to its relief; but the English held a strong position on Halidon Hill, and, met by their terrible showers of clothyard shafts, the Scots turned and fled, leaving Berwick to its fate.

Thus it again became English, and never again did it change masters.

In these latter days, however, it has had to part with another of its peculiarities, and now, instead of constituting a separate municipality, it is substantially a part of the county of Northumberland.

LORD TENNYSON.

From Newcastle to the sea, twelve miles by water, the Tyne is a vast tidal dock. It stands second among the rivers of the kingdom for the extent of its commerce. The Thames takes precedence in the number of vessels which enter and leave, and the Mersey stands before it in respect of the total tonnage of the ships by which it is frequented; but the Tyne ranks second to the Thames in the number of vessels which

enter the port, and second to the Mersey in the bulk of its trade. But more remarkable even than the commerce of the river are its great industries. From Gateshead to the sea, on one hand, and from Newcastle to the sea, on the other, there is a constant succession of shipyards, chemical factories, engineering establishments, glass-works, docks, and coal-shutes.

Newcastle, it has been said, owes its rise to war, its maintenance to piety, and its increase to trade—a very neat and true saying. But trade has done more for the Tyne than for Newcastle. It has, since the beginning of the century, increased the population of the chief Northumbrian town from 30,000 to 160,000; but it has increased the population of Tyneside to half a million or more.

Milton did the river a huge injustice when he called this "the coaly Tyne." His intention was innocent enough, no doubt, since he meant only to acknowledge its celebrity in connection with coal. When there are floods in the upper reaches, so much brown soil is carried down by the impetuous water that the current of the river can be traced far out to sea; but at ordinary seasons, the local color of the Tyne approaches that of the sea itself, and is, in fact, a deep, clear, olive-green. What is not sufficiently understood, however, is that the local color of the stream is that which is most seldom disclosed. Water takes its hue from the sky above it, and from the light which plays about its face. Hence, Spenser's beautiful and much-assailed phrase, "The silver-streaming Thames." Hence, also, the Tyneside poet's eulogy of his native stream:—

"Of all the rivers, north or south,
There's none like coaly Tyne."

A Place of Great Historical Events.

"Barnard Castle standeth stately upon Tees," says Leland. Stately it is, to this day, though it is no more than a group of ruined towers and crumbling walls; and though where the Tees must have flowed, deep and wide from below the castle rock, there is now at ordinary seasons only a thin stream, threading its way through what might very well he mistaken for a stone-yard. Before the castle is reached, we have, in fact, come to the first salmon weir, which, besides its other

purpose, is employed to divert the river to the service of industry. From Barnard Castle, these weirs become very frequent, and are, in all cases but this, an addition to the attractions of the stream. It was the weir just below Barnard Castle that supplied Croswick with a subject for one of his most famous and successful pictures.

The castle, which enclosed a circuit of six acres or more, was built by Bernard Baliol. A descendant of Bernard climbed to the Scottish throne, doing homage for the crown, at Newcastle, to the first Edward. Edward Baliol did the like to Edward III. for the crown and kingdom of Scotland.

BARNARD CASTLE, THE TOWN.

It was a short and unfortunate dynasty which the Baliols founded, brought to an end by the battle of Bannockburn. John Baliol presumed too much on his independence as a king, wherefore his patron, Edward II, seized upon his castle and his English estates, and the stately building on the banks of the Tees was given to Beauchamps of Warwick. Thence it passed by marriage into the hands of the Nevilles, and was part of the dower of Annie Neville, the daughter of the King-maker, when she married the scheming politician who was to become Richard III. Gloucester not only dwelt here for some time, but left decided marks of

his tenancy, the latest portions of the building being held by antiquarians to have been erected under his superintendence.

Since 1592 Barnard Castle has been a ruin, the survey of that year exhibiting it as tenantless, mouldering, and weather-worn, "the doors without locks, the windows without glass." Dwellings which were clearly built for persons of wealth and position are let as tenements, and there is, consequently, an odd contrast between their stateliness and the dress and appearance of those who lounge about their doors.

VIEW OF BOURTON-UPON-TRENT.

A glance at that part of the map where Yorkshire is separated from Lincolnshire reveals the full extent of the Humber, but while it shows a wide estuary, it conveys a poor idea of the national importance of this arm of the sea. Nor is the value of the estuary in this respect much increased by the mere statement that the Humber is formed by the confluence of the Trent and the Ouse.

A Flourishing River-port.

Hull boasts not only of being the chief port on the Humber, but claims to be the third port in the kingdom, giving precedence only to London and Liverpool. There was a time when it was a mere hamlet; but it has not only outgrown the towns near it that once did a greater

business—such as Hedon and Beverly—but has seen what was a much larger commercial centre than either of these places, literally pass from the map. What anciently was the chief port on the Humber lay snugly enough, to all seeming, just within the bend at Spurn Head. It was known as Ravenser. It had much shipping, and in the time of Edward I sent members to Parliament. Unfortunately, Ravenser, with neighboring towns, was built on unstable ground. A process of denudation is continually going on at this, the extreme point of Yorkshire, and from this cause, the sea had left only a fragment of Ravenser in Bolingbroke's

GREEN'S DOCK, HULL.

day. In no long time after this, the town was wholly absorbed by the encroaching waters. Hull began to flourish as Ravenser began to decay. Another circumstance that led to the development of this great Humber port was the difficulty the Beverly merchants had in getting their supplies by river. Hull was originally one of many wykes (the Norse name for a small creek or bay). It got the name of the river (the Hull) on which it stood in the time of Richard I, and by this name it is known everywhere, its corporate title of Kingston-upon-Hull seldom being given to it in print, and still more seldom being applied to it in speech. The royal title was conferred by Edward I, who is said to have noticed

the value of the site for commercial purposes while hunting here, in 1256. An interesting feature of the town is the statue of the famous anti-slavery advocate, William Wilberforce.

A Home of Prehistoric Ages.

To write of many of the now greatest cities of the world is a task of light moment; their history began yesterday, and their present greatness alone has to be described; but not so of Bristol, for here within its borders, and around its heights lie evident signs that it was a home of many dwellers in pre-historic ages. Only a few years ago, three great camps spoke of these past ages; one has been destroyed to make way for modern villas in Leigh Woods; but two, fairly perfect, yet remain; one on Observatory Hill on Clifton Down, and another hidden amid a wealth of trees and rich undergrowth in Leigh Woods. The former is highly interesting, with Roman work added to the British earthworks, and with traces of lesser work in and around the camp that will give many a pleasant moment to the antiquary in examining it.

The town of Bristol, in the days of the Normans, stood upon a little peak of land that rose upon an islet formed by two rivers, the Avon and Frome; and beyond these rivers, far enough away in those early days to be free from danger to the city, rose up yet greater hills and peaks, forming a circle of hill-land all around this clustering home of gates, and walls, and crowded houses, and churches. The centre of the old town still forms the centre of the city, and the stranger who takes his stand on the top of the rising ground, from whence diverge the four ways of High Street, Broad Street, Wine Street, and Corn Street, will be standing upon the spot around which, for nearly a thousand years, has swirled and rippled the life of Bristol citizens.

In the Scottish Capital.

The late Mr. George Ticknor, who had seen many men and many cities, writing in his diary, in 1819, not only says that "Edinburgh is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in the world," but, "It is hardly necessary to be nice in the selection of particular points about Edinburgh. It is all beautiful, and it is enough to get upon a height or a steeple anywhere, and you are sure to be rewarded with a rich and

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

various prospect." And the Rev. T. C. Clark, in a singularly suggestive work, pleasantly dealing, among other subjects, with certain of the associations of the Scottish capital, quotes the criticism which a lady of repute as a sculptor passed on the town. "The perfection of Edinburgh," she said, "is the perfection of a Venus, which requires that it be beautiful from all points, and that those be many."

The city of Edinburgh consists of two towns, the Old and the New, presenting contrasts as striking as those which the old English poets drew between the crabbed age and golden youth when linked together. The old town covers a high hog-back ridge of basalt, which slopes from the Castle Rock at its western extremity to the foot of three hills at the east, namely, the Calton Hill, the hill called "Arthur's Seat," and the hill crowned with the beetling precipices of Salisbury Craigs.

The new town is handsome, but not picturesque. It is built on a plain which slopes gently northward to the sea, and a long, straight street, Leith Walk, running northeastward, connects it with the thriving port of Leith. In old times, this plain was a waste, cut off from the city by a valley which was originally a royal garden and pleasure ground, where tournaments were held, but was formed into a moat (called the North Loch) in 1450, for the defence of the city. Boating, skating, and even fishing, were often indulged in here; and it was also used as a ducking-pond for persons of loose life, and in its turbid waters the Reformers, in 1538, carried away by their excess of zeal, soused the effigy of St. Giles. Latterly it became a dark swamp when the weather was dry, and an offensive, half-stagnant lake when the weather was wet. After it was drained and bridged, the better class gradually migrated northward, and built, on the open plain there, handsome houses of Craigleth stone.

The Gateway of the Nation's Commerce.

Though Liverpool may, in a commercial sense, be described as a modern city, it is in reality one of the oldest boroughs in England. Of its very early history comparatively little is known. There is certainly no reference to such a place in the Domestic Book, but there is there a historical record that the land on which it stands was part of the fief granted by William the Conqueror to Roger of Poitou. Of the ancient Liverpool there is now little or no trace. There are no historical build-

VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL.

ings worthy of the name. The frowning castle where lived the Lords Molyneux, and the castellated tower, once the residence of the Earls of Derby, and subsequently a felon's prison, have long since disappeared.

The narrow alleys and wretched hovels which formed the old town were all swept away when Liverpool became a gateway of the nation's commerce, and the site is now covered with palatial marts, vying in splendor and extent with those of any other city in the world. The old Pool—the one sheltering-place where, in the olden times, the small craft frequenting the port found scanty accommodations—is now the site of a stately Custom House, and for miles on both sides is a range of vast docks, the more modern of which are triumphs of engineering skill. The transformation has been so rapid, and is so complete, that it is quite pardonable to speak of Liverpool as a modern city.

The Liverpool of to-day is a city of spacious thoroughfares and splendid structures. Among its public edifices, St. George's Hall, Town Hall, Municipal Buildings, Custom House, Free Library, Museum, Walker Art Gallery, and Picton Reading Room, form a group of which the citizens are justly proud. St. George's Hall is incomparably the finest structure in the city. It was built by the corporation at a cost of 320,000 pounds, for the joint purposes of courts, concert rooms, and public gatherings, and was formally opened in 1854. The hall is suggestive of the noblest period of Grecian art. The site on which it stands is open on all sides, so that the building shows well from every point of view. The northern end of the hall is semicircular, while the west façade is distinguished by its square detached pilasters. The principal law courts are situated at each end of the building, the great hall being in the centre.

The Capital of the British Empire.

London—the word is sufficient to awaken admiration, to arouse interest, and to stimulate curiosity. It is the name of the largest city in the world—greatest, that is to say, in its importance, its commerce, its wealth, its provision for the comfort and health of its inhabitants, its vast extent, its enormous and increasing population.

It has been said that an adequate impression of what London really is can only be gained by first approaching it by river, and that its vastness will be best appreciated by the visitor who embarks on a steamboat

ST. GEORGE'S HALL AND LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.

at Shadwell, Blackwell, or Greenwich, and so makes a voyage through the Pool, past the Tower, the Custom House, and Billingsgate Market, to London Bridge. Thence the journey by "the silent highway" of the

CLOCK TOWER, WESTMINSTER.

Thames may be continued under the series of noble bridges, beyond the great commercial centre.

The dome of the vast Cathedral of St. Paul remains ever in view as the centre of London, while the stately towers of the Houses of Parlia-

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

ment, standing high above the river bank, and close to the grand old Abbey, mark the sister city of Westminster, which is practically included in the comprehensive title of the metropolis. We may thus endeavor to see something of London; but of its churches, schools, colleges, guilds, newspapers, theatres, halls, museums, public institutions, hospitals, refuges, almshouses and charities, we shall be unable to form any adequate estimate. It must still suffice us to say, in the eloquent words of Mr. John Morley, "If you will go on a penny steamer from Blackwell, by the time you arrive at Westminster, or better still, Chelsea, you will have been brought within three or four or half a dozen of the greatest, the most stirring and touching historical monuments on the face of the habitable globe. I know that at Rome you see—you have—a crowd of pathetic and august associations flowing in upon you; but Rome, as one of our great poets has said, is the 'lone mother of dead Empires.' London is still alive, pulsing through every vein. London sits enthroned at the gates of the sea, the mighty centre—commercial, financial, political, social and intellectual—of a vast realm, where English laws, English institutions, the English tongue, and all the treasures of English literature, reign, govern, and enrich the lives and minds of millions of men, generation after generation, all over the globe, with a sovereignty that seems imperishable, and destined never to pass away."

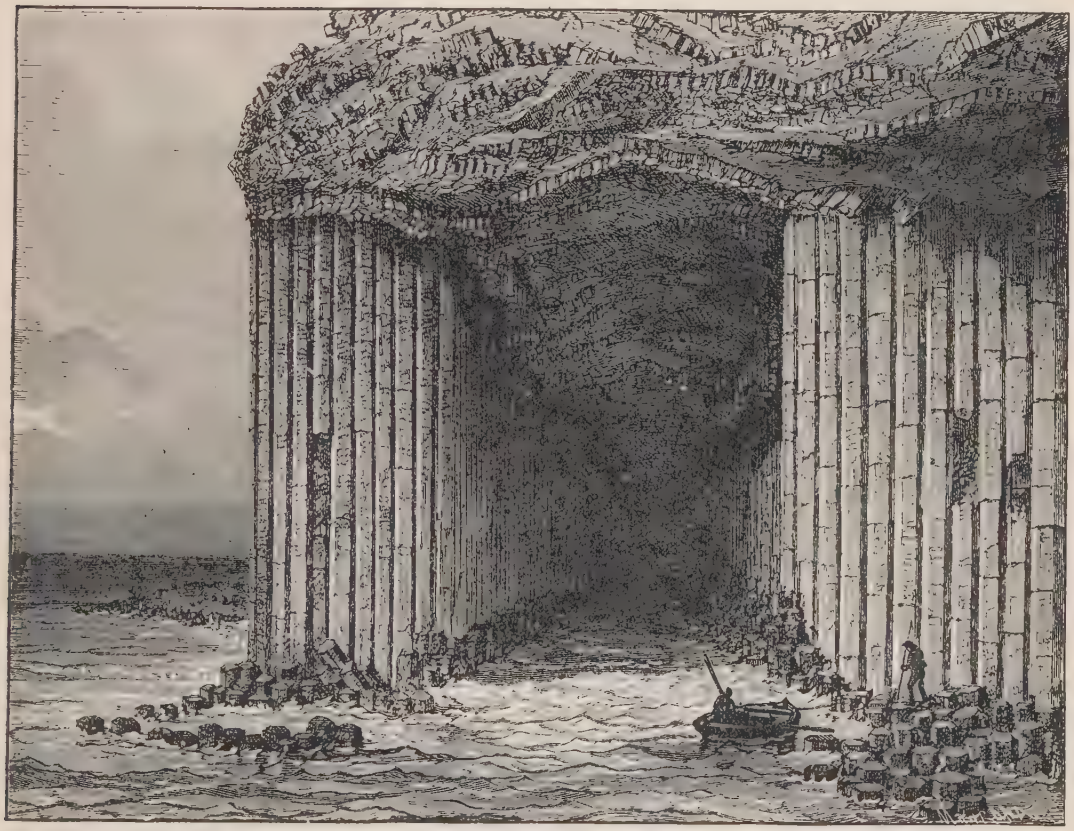
In a different way, but with the same justice, it might be said of London, as of Paris, that it is a world, rather than a city. Its government is a puzzle to those who are familiar with the organization of more modern cities, and it is only within the last few years that the "greater London," comprising all the districts whose names so confuse the traveler, has been brought into the same municipality. But if London is an old city, it is also, and in a very special sense, a modern city. Its growth within the past century has been such as to rival in rapidity, and vastly to surpass in steadiness, that of our American cities. In few, if any, other cities has the problem of rapid transit been so intelligently or so boldly attacked, and in no place in the world does the bustling life of our century throb with greater force or earnestness.

Along with the memories of the historic buildings and localities of the commercial centre of the world, the visitor will carry with him, should

he be so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to experience it, an abiding recollection of the darkness and confusion, the ludicrous incidents and the serious accidents, inseparable from a London fog.

Fingal's Cave.

This cave is a natural grotto, situated in the Island of Staffa, on the southwest coast of Scotland. The ocean forms the floor, and is at low



THE MIGHTY FINGAL'S CAVE.

water twenty feet in depth. The entrance describes an almost perfect Gothic arch. The formation consists of lofty basaltic columns, and the cavity extends about 225 feet from its mouth inward, with a width at the entrance of 42 feet, diminishing to 22 feet at the extreme end.

V.

THROUGH THE EMERALD ISLE.

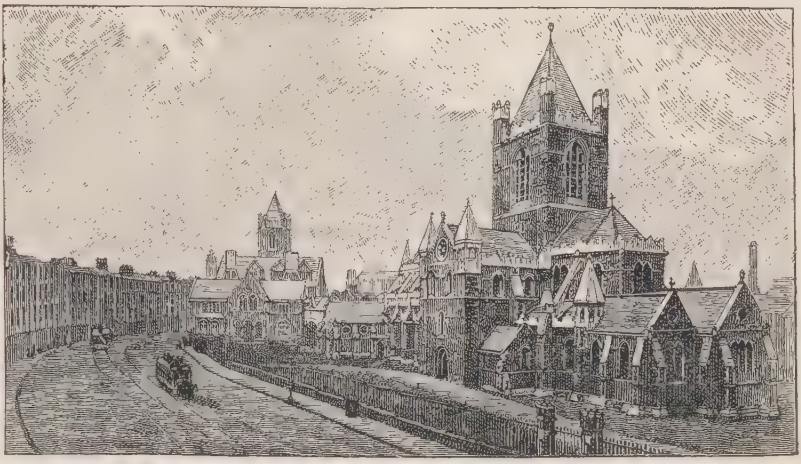
A JOURNEY through Ireland is a wonderful experience. The beauty of much of the scenery, the fertility of the land, and the misery of the people, will leave upon the mind a succession of pictures which would be delightful if they were not infinitely sad. Could one see only the lakes and rivers, and some streets of Dublin or Belfast, he would remember only the picturesque, and Ireland would be to him only a land of beauty; but handsome streets or wild scenery cannot shut from view the presence of a despairing people, and the sight of humanity in distress must destroy one's enjoyment of the most attractive aspects of nature. The history of Ireland has hardly its equal for sadness among all the peoples of the world. So far as we know it, it is almost entirely the story of the dealings of England with a people never wholly conquered, or submissive; never willing to be really at one with their conquerors; constantly trying, frequently in a most mistaken and disastrous manner, to right old wrongs; never ready, and probably never able, to let by-gones be by-gones and face the present needs with patience and with courage.

But let us forget, for a time, these sorrowful and perplexing questions, and enjoy some of the more pleasant views of Ireland and the Irish.

In the Capital of Ireland.

The visitor who approaches Dublin by sea will probably think that those Norsemen who came "spying out the country" long ago, showed a nice æsthetic sense when they selected the mouth of the Liffey for their anchorage. The bay of Dublin, viewed from the sea in fine weather,

offers a rarely beautiful sight. On the left, as one enters the river, is discernible the irregular outline of the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow, peak succeeding peak from far inland to the very edge of the sea, where the bold contour of Bray Head cuts off the line of the Wicklow Coast.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

From this rough promontory, which seems to stand sentinel over the bay, a succession of watering-places occupy the coast. Bray nestles at the foot of its peak, the rallying point for tourists meditating a descent on the scenery of Wicklow; next to it is Ballybrack, and then succeed Killiny, Dalkey, Kingstown (a flourishing town, happy in "one of the most splendid artificial ports in the United Kingdom," and the station for the dispatch and arrival of the mail boats from England), Monkstown, Blackrock, and Sandymount, which closely adjoins the south-eastern boundary of the city.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

The white villas of which this fringe of buildings along the coast is mainly composed, show to advantage in their leafy setting, ornamental plantations and natural clumps of trees frequently breaking the monotony of the lines of houses,

and the charm of the picture is heightened by the dark background of mountains in the distance. On the right hand an effective contrast to this peaceful prettiness is furnished by the rough grandeur of the promontory of Howth, of which the steep sides, clothed with scanty heather, slope down abruptly to the sea.

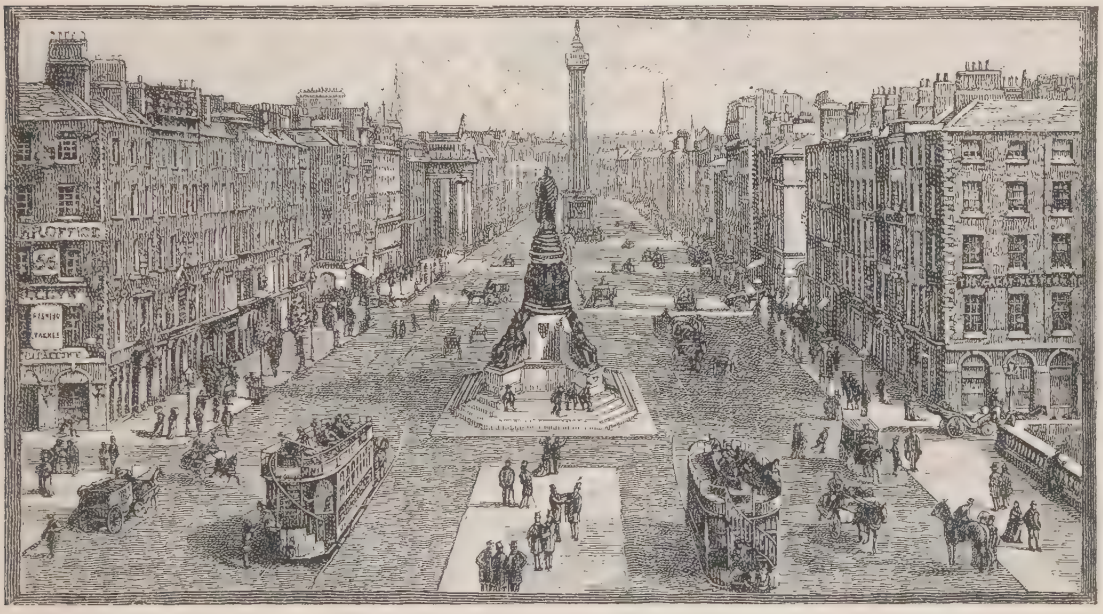
The port is well provided with docks, and great improvements have been made by the Port and Docks Board. The depth of water on the bar has been doubled, the north and south walls have been extended, the system of dredging has been improved; the channel has been deepened and straightened, shoals have been removed and buoys put down; timber wharves, graving slips, and graving docks have been constructed. Vessels are now built and repaired in port, and vessels from other ports put in for repairs.

A Fine Thoroughfare.

Sackville street, which runs due south from the Rotunda to the Liffey, has long been the pride and boast of the citizens of Dublin. It is a fine thoroughfare, exceptionally wide, and flanked by lofty houses, fairly uniform in size and architecture. The only public building of any importance which it contains is the General Post Office, the entrance to which is from a side street, though its principal front faces on Sackville street, and is adorned with an imposing portico supported by six fluted Ionic columns. Over the portico are three allegorical statues representing Hibernia, Mercury, and Fidelity, which have formed a peg on which to hang one of the numerous anecdotes told of the Dublin "jarvey," or hackney-car driver. "What are the statues, Pat?" asked a tourist. "Shure, sir, thim's the twelve apostles." "Twelve apostles! but there are only three of them. Where are the other nine?" "Arrah, an' where would they be," Pat replies indignantly, "but inside, countin' the letthers? Shure you wouldn't have thim all out o' the place at wan time?"

Almost directly in front of the Post Office, and right in the centre of the street, rises Nelson's Pillar, a tall fluted column of the Doric order, erected, in 1808, by the Irish admirers of Lord Nelson. The column is one hundred and twenty-one feet high, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of the hero of Trafalgar; inside there is a spiral staircase by which an ascent can be made to its summit, from which a capital view of the city can be obtained. In Prince's street, an insignificant thoroughfare

running westward from Sackville street, are the offices of the *Freeman's Journal*, a largely circulated and well-managed daily paper, with evening and weekly editions. At the southern end of the street, facing toward O'Connell Bridge, stands Foley's noble statue of Daniel O'Connell, one of the few artistic monuments the city possesses. Sackville street does not present many other features of interest. The houses composing it, though substantial and roomy edifices, are unpretentious from an architectural point of view, and are chiefly occupied by shops, hotels, and offices. Some time ago, the municipal authorities endeavored to improve the street by planting trees along each side, which it was anticipated



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

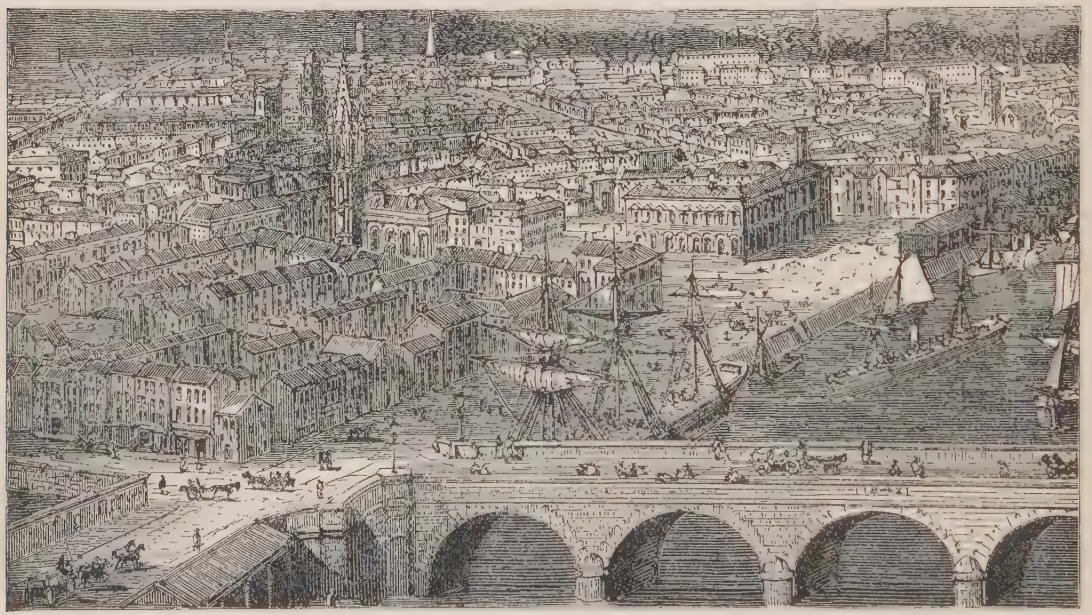
would, when grown to a decent size, materially add to its beauty. The trees, however, would not grow, and after languishing through a limp and leafless career of a year or two, died one by one, having served no useful purpose save the provision of material for the comic writers of the city, and the "patter" of the Christmas pantomimes.

The Commercial Capital of Ireland.

Belfast is nominally the second city in Ireland; in reality it is the commercial capital of the country. In Customs revenue it is the third city in the United Kingdom, London and Liverpool alone being ahead

of it. Linen first made it conspicuous, and for long the city seemed content with this single mark of pre-eminence; but within the last half century it has struck out into other paths. It has assumed a leading position as a ship-building port. The manufacture of machinery is rapidly becoming a great industry in the town; while Belfast has made for itself an unique position in the concoction of aerated waters. Impartial, however, in everything relating to trade, at least, this young city—it was only a "town" until the end of 1888—has also taken to the manufacture of spirits.

In itself, Belfast is essentially a modern town. There is nothing



VIEW OF BELFAST, IRELAND.

ancient or venerable in its appearance, unless we except the ponderous Cave-hill, lowering over the northern side of the place, with the quaint resemblance to the face of the First Napoleon outlined in the queerly-contorted edge of the topmost ridge. The impression which Belfast most vividly produces on the minds of visitors, is that of newness; the general aspect of the town is modern. There are in it no quaint, venerable buildings, suggestive of an older civilization. The last thatched roof disappeared many years ago, and there is very little in the city itself to arrest the enthusiastic antiquary. In the surrounding country, however, there is much to interest. From the top of the Cave-hill, one

may not only have a magnificent view of the noble Belfast Lough, with its wide sweep of water, and prominent, occasionally rugged banks, the city extending far to the right and left, but may inspect an interesting series of caves, which were used, no doubt, in ancient days, as dwellings, or refuges in time of need, or, as in more recent times, were the resort of holiday roysterers; for Cave-hill was for long the scene of Easter Monday revels, which became a scandal, and had forcibly to be stopped. Or, taking another direction from the town, one may enjoy an examination of the well-preserved "Giant's Ring," with its central cromlech, and the surrounding Rath, or fort, now a grassy mound, round which, in the far-off centuries, many a vigorous battle must have raged between rival Irish chieftains and their clansmen.

A Prosperous City.

Limerick is situated about a hundred miles from Dublin, in a direction slightly west of south. It is the capital of the exceedingly fertile county of the same name, and contains more than fifty thousand inhabitants. The county is particularly interesting to the archæologist, on account of the numerous remains of Cyclopean masonry, military earthworks, ancient castles, and ruins of religious houses.

The city fought nobly in the bad cause of Charles I, and surrendered to the parliamentary army only after a gallant defence, in 1651, and it was the last place in Ireland to submit to William III, in 1691. On this latter occasion the inhabitants secured a treaty guaranteeing to Irish Roman Catholics certain religious rights, and granting amnesty to all who took the oath of allegiance.

The city consists of the "English town," on an island in the Shannon, and the "Irish town" and "Newton Perry," on the left bank of the river. These different portions are connected by several bridges. Newton Perry is the most attractive portion of the city, being filled with handsome modern dwellings. The houses on the island are principally in the Flemish style.

The cathedral, with several other places of worship, belong to the established church, or Church of England; but there are fully as many Catholic churches in the city. The cathedral is noted for its remarkably fine bells.

The streets of the city, except in the older portions, are regular and spacious. There is communication by railway or canal with all the principal cities of Ireland, while its spacious harbor admits of extensive shipping. Altogether, Limerick is one of the most prosperous and attractive of Irish cities.

During all the prolonged conflict between the King of England and the Parliament, the Irish people took the side of the King. The fugitive heir of Charles I could rely upon finding in this Catholic country sympathy and such assistance as the weak and ignorant and needy people could supply. But, weak as the people were, it seemed by no means

BRIDGE OF CROMWELL, AT GLENGARIFF, IRELAND.

easy for the English to reduce them to subjection, and it was not until Cromwell personally took charge of the conduct of the war that the country was finally brought to submission. He conducted a short, a cruel, but a decisive campaign. He hanged his own soldiers for stealing chickens and issued bibles regularly as part of the necessary provision for his army.

Cromwell's Bridge.

It is said that when he came to Glengariff, in the south of Ireland, he was disappointed at not finding a bridge, and was thus put to considerable and vexatious delay. He thereupon gave public notice that

CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARY, LIMERICK.

on his return he would expect to find a bridge in that place, and that if it was not completed by that time, he would hang a native for each hour's delay. It seems needless to say that the bridge was punctually erected.

But Cromwell knew how to govern, as well as to conquer, and Macaulay describes his civil policy as "able, straightforward, and cruel." Forty thousand Irishmen found service in foreign armies during his administration. The Irish Catholic gentry were removed to other districts, and their property confiscated and divided between adventurers who had advanced money and soldiers who had fought in Ireland. The majority of Irish laborers remained to work under the new masters of the soil, and the country became quiet, peaceful, and prosperous. Some of the fighting Catholics betook themselves to the woods and hills and bequeathed their name of Tories to a great political party. Measures of the greatest severity were taken against the priests, but all classes of Protestants were tolerated, and their preachers unmolested.

Beautiful Scenery.

No portion of the world is more famous for its beautiful scenery than the neighborhood of Killarney, about fifty miles north of Cork. The noted lakes are about a mile-and-a-half from the town, and are situated in a basin between several lofty mountain groups, some rising abruptly from the water's edge, and all clothed with trees and shrubbery almost to their summits. The lower lake, Lough Leane, with an area of five thousand acres, is studded with finely-wooded islands, on the largest of which are the ruins of Ross castle, the old fortress of the O'Donoghues; and on another are the picturesque ruins of an abbey founded by St. Finian, at the close of the sixth century. Between this lake and the next, stands Muckrose Abbey, built by the Franciscans, about 1440. The upper lake, also studded with islands and closely shut in by mountains, is connected with the others by the Long Range, a winding channel two-and-a-half miles long, and commanding magnificent views of the mountains. Midway in its course is a lofty pyramidal rock, called the Eagles' Nest, which gives rise to a famous echo.

A journey to this district will bring very prominently into view the single disagreeable feature of a visit to these lakes, and, indeed, of all

travel in Ireland, the poverty of the people. They will run for miles by the tourist's jaunting-car, hoping at last to beg a few pennies, or possibly to earn them, and their constant presence fills the traveler's heart with sorrow when his beautiful surroundings would otherwise bring him nothing but delight.

Sorrowful and Perplexing Troubles.

A great Scotchman has devised a very simple method by which all the woes of unhappy Ireland may be relieved. "To cease, generally, from following the Devil," was the suggestion in which, as in a nutshell, Thomas Carlyle believed a solution could be found for the questions which British legislators have vainly tried for generations to answer. The soundness of the doctrine cannot be doubted, but it amounts to saying that if every man would but do what he ought, all difficulty between man and man would cease. But the land question in Ireland refuses to wait for the time when all men will do right, and, unfortunately, all men are not agreed as to just what is right. To most Americans the questions arising between landlord and tenant seem easy of solution; if the tenant is not suited, or if the rent is too high, let him look elsewhere; and if he does not pay the rent agreed upon, let the owner of the property turn him out and seize upon his goods in sufficient amount to pay what is due. And so a widespread organization to resist the payment of rent seems contrary to all right and justice. So, too, a supposition that the government fix the rent of property, or that State aid be extended to tenants who wish to become owners, and that the price of the land be fixed by the courts, is so contrary to our customs as to seem unnatural and unjust. There is probably no better example of the truth of the old saying, that circumstances alter cases.

Where the people have absolutely no means of living except from the land; where to refuse to rent land is to invite starvation; where rents, for generations, have left so small a margin to the tenant as almost to destroy the possibility of a livelihood; where improvements made by the tenant become the property of the landlord, and the basis of an increased rent, and where the tenant has a deep and ever-present feeling that he is himself the rightful heir to the land of which his ancestors were despoiled, the question ceases to be a simple one. Under these circum-

AN EVICTION, IRELAND.

stances one no longer wonders that Irishmen resist eviction, and the troubles in Ireland, while no less sorrowful or perplexing, become at least intelligible.

This complicated question has, for generations, been the despair of English governments. Perhaps the emigration to America has made the problem less simple, for as the Irishman grows independent in his adopted country, he craves like independence for the people at home, and is ever ready to contribute of his hard earnings to relieve their condition, and to assist in their political battles. The growth of a feeling of independence in Ireland intensified the feeling of hardship and wrong under which the people suffered, and their excitable natures led them, in too many cases, to express their opposition to the existing laws by acts of violence, which sometimes extended to murder and arson. The difficulty of suppressing the agrarian crimes was the occasion for the passage of stringent laws, defining offences, and regulating their punishment, the enforcement of which has often been so harsh and unfeeling, as to justify intelligent people in sympathizing with the law-breakers. Evictions became, in many sections, practically impossible, for, whenever the officers prepared to eject the delinquent tenant, they found him barricaded in his dwelling, and the house surrounded by a constantly increasing crowd of neighbors and friends who were prepared to overwhelm the attacking party, first with a flood of wordy abuse, and then with showers of all kinds of missiles. Not only was it an offence against the law thus to resist the officers, but it was manifestly as great an offence to incite the people to resistance, and as resistance to the paying of rent was a part of the political plan of the Irish leaders, it followed that political meetings were "proclaimed" or forbidden, and the party leaders were engaged in a constant effort to evade the law. This resulted in the arrest and imprisonment of the most prominent Irishmen, and this, again, in the eyes of the common people, invested them with the character of martyrs; and thus strife begat strife, and there seemed no end. Wiser counsels, however, gradually prevailed. Under the lead of cool, clear-headed men, the Irish gradually learned to oppose the system which is hateful to them, and to which they attribute much, if not all, of their suffering, without committing crimes against the law. They have been fortunate in enlisting the sympathy of

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY (PECULIAR FORMATION OF BASALT), COAST OF IRELAND.

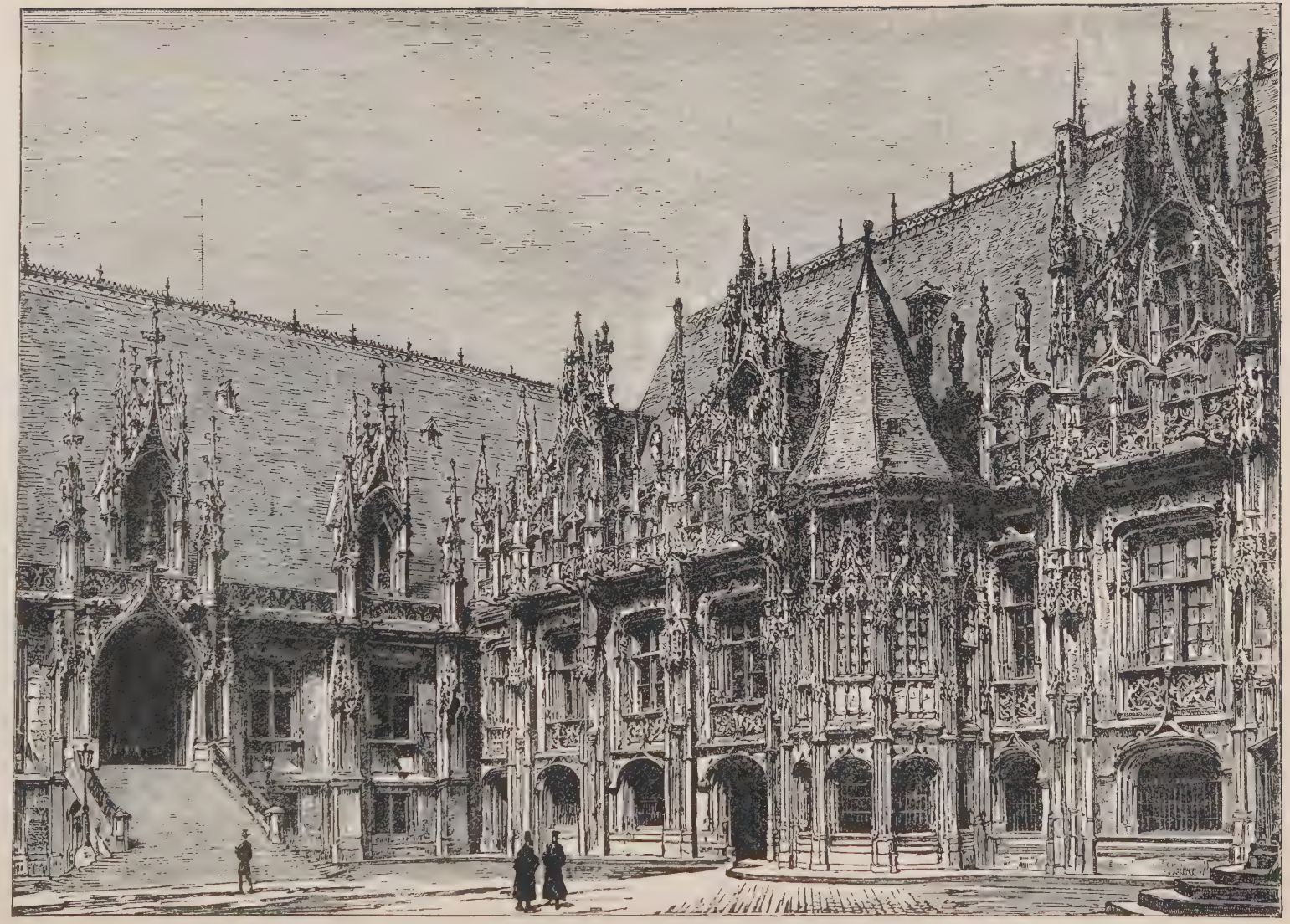
some of the ablest English statesmen of our time, and their chief sources of discouragement, of late, have not been in the attitude of the English government or people, but in the indiscretions, quarrels and excesses of their own leaders.

A Celebrated and Peculiar Locality.

But let us turn again to a more pleasant subject. There is no locality in the British Islands more celebrated, none certainly more peculiar, than the Giants' Causeway. England presents nothing like it; Staffa, in Scotland, has its basaltic columns to claim a sisterhood in its geological origin—but that is all. This wonderful congregation of fantastic headlands, majestic columns, beautiful bays, and picturesque caves along the winding shore, is unequaled. This is the glory of the north, as Killarney is of the south, and Connemara of the west of Ireland.

The Giants' Causeway is the low, rocky mole, composed of columnar basalt, separating Port Ganniay from Port Noffer. Its outline is very irregular: the greatest length seven hundred feet, the greatest breadth three hundred and fifty, the greatest height thirty-three feet, and the area about three acres. Agreeably to natural formation, it is divided into the Little, the Middle, and the large or Grand Causeway. Here we see some 40,000 basaltic polygonal pillars—shaved, as it were, on the surfaces, and set like mosaics—in diameter varying from fifteen inches to twenty-six inches, and sinking down to an unascertained depth, "fitted as close and compact as if each stone had been dressed and laid by art."

The ancient legend, devoutly believed by the people, is this: "The great warrior of Irish annals, Finn McCoul, the popular corruption of the name of Fingal, the son of Comhal, 'the king of heroes,' and whose exploits are the theme of many of the epics of his son Ossian—magnified, like many another hero, into grotesque proportions when seen through the mists of antiquity—desired to establish a highway between his own country and Scotland, with which he maintained constant intercourse; and so he wrought this wondrous road all across to the opposite mainland, so that the giants in both countries might pass to and fro."



THE LAW COURTS AT ROUEN, FRANCE.

VI.

NORTHERN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

A TOUR of Europe would be particularly incomplete without a visit to the low countries, the *Niederlande*, so called because many portions of them are below the level of the sea.

Art, History and Legend on Every Hand.

But before we introduce the reader to the great cities of Belgium, we shall visit, as though on our way from Paris, one of the most interesting cities of northern France, renowned for its architectural monuments, the beauty of its situation, and its historical associations, beginning with the raids of the Northmen, who gave to this district the name of Normandy. In whatever part of Normandy the visitor begins his journey, he will very soon make his way to its former capital, Rouen. The Seine, much broader here than at Paris, is crowded with shipping, and gives this inland city a maritime appearance; the boulevards taking the place of leveled fortifications remind one of Paris, while near almost any part of them the visitor may find himself in quaint and narrow streets, among gabled houses with strange carvings. Here are two of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in the world—the Church of St. Ouen, and the Palais de Justice, that is, the Law Courts. The latter building is situated nearly in the centre of the city, but as it faces on a narrow street, its best portions cannot be seen to advantage; the interior view from the court is, however, very fine. Airiness, grace, and good taste are the qualities of this rich ornamentation, anything finer than which it is

difficult to imagine. Not only the octagonal towers in the centre, but the niches with their numerous statues, the beautifully sculptured windows, the arcades which form a gallery, the dormer windows with their mass of turrets and pillars, hold the attention, not only of the architect or artist, but of every intelligent traveler. If we go from the boulevards or from the railway station into the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, we notice to our left a tower called La Tour de Jeanne d'Arc. This is, however, not the identical tower in which Jeanne d'Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, was imprisoned; the latter formed one of the seven towers surrounding the still existing castle, and was destroyed in 1809. A little farther on we come to the Place de la Paille, or the Maid of Orleans Square, where Jeanne d'Arc was burnt to death, a victim to the stupid and revengeful bigotry of her time. But we must not linger too long with historic details. We need only to go on a few steps to find ourselves before another interesting monument of earlier centuries—less important than others, no doubt, but not less characteristic of this strange city, where art, history, and legend are on every side—the great clock "*le Gros Horloge.*" A triumphal arch supports the enormous dial plate, under which passes one of the most busy streets of the city. The mechanism of the clock itself dates from 1389, and precedes the construction of the tower which encloses it, the arch which spans the street, and the ancient city hall. No true citizen of Rouen neglects to set his watch, when, in the evening, it strikes on its silver bell the hour of nine —the "*couvre-feu*" (that is, the "*cover-the-fire signal*," the English *curfew*), prescribed by the ancient Duke William of Normandy.

One Vast Continuous Village.

From Rouen we go to Amiens, whence, following the French coast, we may reach the lowlands of Belgium, or, keeping to the right, enter it by its industrial section. The northern and eastern provinces of Belgium, in their flatness, fertility, and the number of their canals and dykes, can be geographically regarded only as a continuation of Holland, and this portion teems with population, so that, in traversing it, it has the appearance of one vast continuous village. The southern provinces, on the contrary, consist, in a great degree, of rugged mountains covered with dense forests, intersected by rapid streams, and

abounding in really picturesque scenery, the effect of which is increased by the frequent occurrence of old, feudal castles. It is especially along the river Meuse that the interesting scenery is found, and although the part below the city of Namur is most frequented by travelers, yet all the upper district is well worth a visit. For a considerable distance the river is hemmed in by magnificent bluffs of limestone. Below Dinant rises the castle of Porlvache, and quite near the town stands the ruined castle of Bonvigne. During the siege of this place by the French, under the Duke de Nevers (1554), three beautiful women retired with their

THE RIVER MEUSE, AT FREYR, BELGIUM.

husbands into one of the towers, hoping to assist and encourage the garrison by their presence. The defence was obstinate, but at last they were all slain but the three heroines, who, unwilling to submit to the brutality of the conquerors, threw themselves from the top of the tower, in sight of the French, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks. About half a mile above Dinant, the road goes through a kind of natural portal, a long, narrow ridge or wall of rock, projecting from the precipitous cliffs on the right, and on the left a pointed and bold isolated mass of rock, called the Roche Bayard (Bayard Rock). The finest point on the Meuse is about three miles above the Bayard Rock, at the castle of Fuyr, of

which our picture shows one tower, a country seat with beautiful gardens situated on the left bank of the river, at the base of cliffs and richly wooded hills, furrowed by ravines. Within the grounds is a pretty, natural grotto, abounding in stalactites, and singularly lighted by an aperture in the rocks. Opposite to Fuyr the stupendous cliffs of limestone rise directly from the Meuse, presenting many striking forms and outlines, sometimes jutting out in ledges, at other times separated into isolated fragments; sometimes the upper part projects and overhangs the river.

The Battle at Sedan.

It is but a few miles from this point to French territory, the border town being Givet, and it may not be amiss to remind the reader that about forty miles to the south, at Sedan, one of the most important battles of the Franco-Prussian war was fought. Napoleon with the French army was practically surrounded in the fortress of Sedan. The pride of Napoleon III gave way; the city and the army surrendered, and the emperor, himself, wrote to King William: "Having failed to find death in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to lay my sword at your majesty's feet. I remain, your majesty's good brother, Napoleon." And, on September 2, 1870, Napoleon, a fugitive from his own troops and from France, left Sedan. He became a prisoner of war, and the king assigned for his abode, until the end of the conflict, the Wilhelmshohe at Cassel, one of the finest residences in Germany. Following the Meuse downward we come to Namur, the Belgian Sheffield, renowned for its cutlery. Only about fifteen miles away to the west, we should reach a part of Belgium which has been called the "Cock-pit" of Europe, because it has been for ages the ground upon which the powers of Europe have decided their quarrels. The fields of Ligny, Fleurus, Quatre Bras, and best known of all, Waterloo, confirm this statement. It was on the road from Waterloo, near the town of Genape, that the Prussians captured the carriage of Napoleon I, on the night after the battle, and nearly took him prisoner. From this place to Sedan, where Napoleon III surrendered, is but about sixty miles.

The Belgian Birmingham.

As Namur has been called the Belgian Sheffield, so Liege, still farther down the picturesque Meuse, has been styled the Belgian Birmingham,

THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES, BELGIUM.

and the clouds of smoke, usually seen from a distance hanging over it, proclaim the manufacturing city. It is noted for its firearms, and leaves the impression of one great armory. As in Pittsburg, coal is conveniently at hand; in fact, some of the mines are situated so near the town that their galleries are carried under the streets, so that many of the houses, and even, in some places, the bed of the river, are undermined. With all this air of a modern manufacturing city there are many architectual monuments of former times to attract the visitor, the best worthy of notice being the interior court of the Palais de Justice.

We have now almost reached the border of Germany, and turn our steps westward and northward into the Flemish section, where on every side we shall see the witnesses of a past glory. Our first stop shall be at Louvain, in Flemish written Loven, and in German Löwen. In the fourteenth century the capital of the Duchy of Brabant, it had more inhabitants than at present, and contained no less than 2000 manufactories; and what we shall say of Ypres and Bruges applies in part to Louvain. In our hurried visit we pass by many points of interest; the Town Hall, one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world; the Guild Hall, erected by the weavers in 1317, and stop to take a glance at the beautiful interior of the Cathedral of St. Peter. What attracts our attention most is the highly ornamented rood-loft, dividing the choir from the nave, and surmounted by a lofty cross. In this piece of work of the fifteenth century, the artist has given free rein to his caprice in the wonderful intertwining of foliage and the numerous statuettes above the three arches. We might linger longer and admire the great altars, the beautifully carved pulpit, and the numerous chapels.

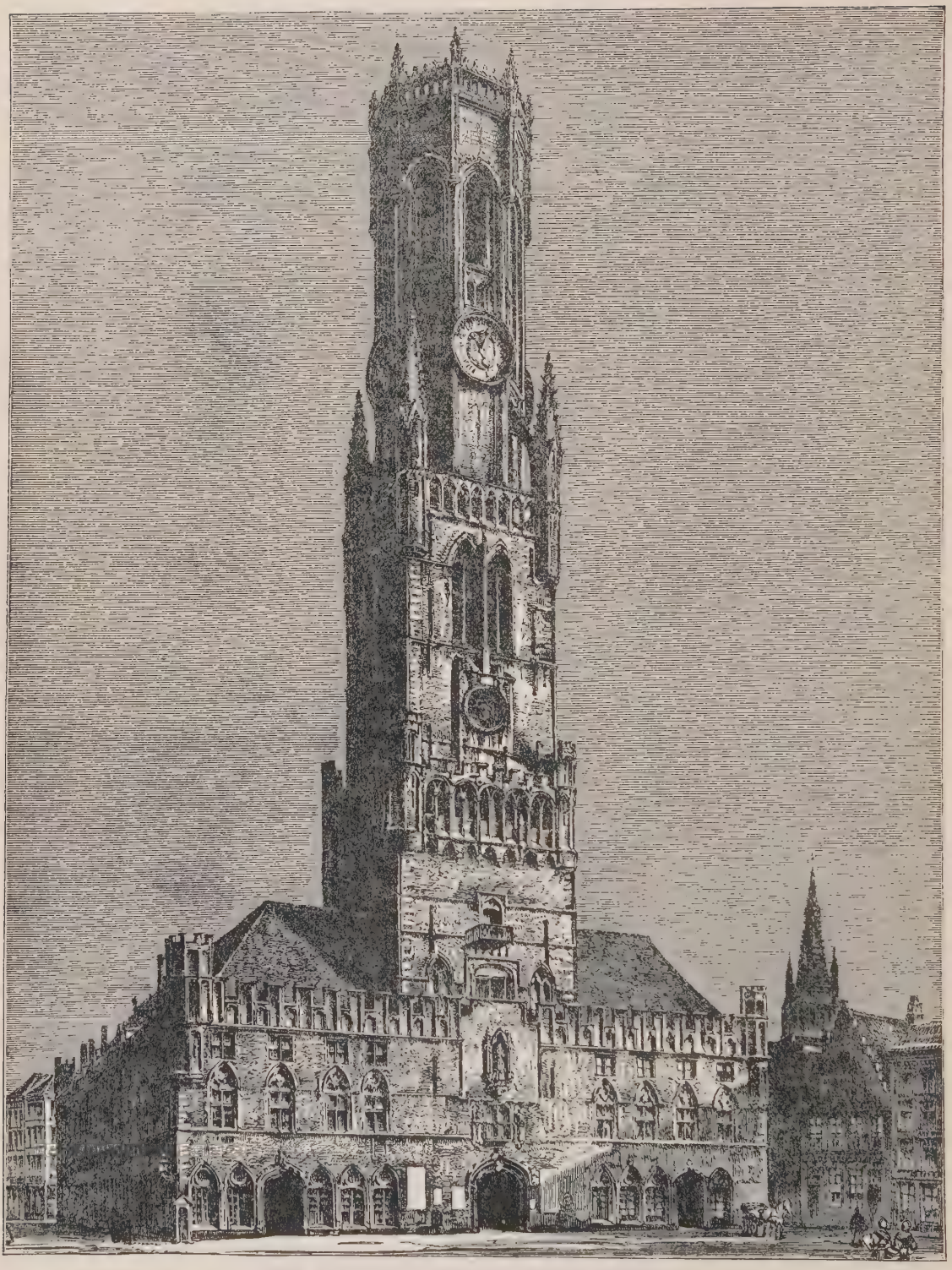
A Horrible Tragedy.

As we pass before the Town Hall we recall a horrible tragedy which blots the history of Louvain. The weavers throughout Flanders were a turbulent class and jealous of their rights as against the nobles, and many tragic scenes were enacted in consequence. During an insurrection, thirteen magistrates, of noble families, were thrown from a window in this Town Hall and received by the populace below on the points of their spears. But no sooner had the people in many sections secured equal rights with the nobles than dissensions began to undermine the

political victories they had won. They aroused the jealousy of other nations, especially of the Spaniards. Siege after siege follows, their life's blood is drawn by Alvarez de Toledo, and the saddest hour in the history of Flanders has come. The cities are destroyed, not allowed to be rebuilt, the artisans in crowds emigrate to France, Holland, and England, and enrich those countries with their skill. In the sixteenth century Ypres, which, in the fourteenth century, has boasted 200,000 inhabitants and 4000 looms, has a population of only 5000, and the grass grows in the streets. Within the last century there has been a slight revival, yet Ypres possesses to-day but a shadow of its former greatness. The only relic which remains to prove its former greatness is the Cloth Hall, called Les Halles, in the great market place, a building of prodigious size, and in a rich style of Gothic architecture, surmounted by a tower 230 feet high in the centre. A feeling of sadness takes possession of us; the whole city is like a vast graveyard, where everything speaks of death, and where life, the pale melancholy life that it is, is only a contrast to render more apparent the general decadence. In the gloom of night the Hall rises like a mountain of stone, and its immensity, increased by confusing darkness, serves still better to impress on the visitor the feeling of irremediable decay. Those who built these monuments thought, however, that their work would continue to symbolize the liberties they had gained, and would be an enduring reminder to their descendants, as well as to themselves, of the splendor of the task accomplished.

Fantastic Houses.

At Ypres, as at Bruges and Ghent, the picturesqueness of the houses, the fantastic variety of gable ends rising stepwise, or ornamented with scrolls and carving, arrest the stranger's eye at every turn, as the reader may judge for himself by taking a closer look at the houses adjoining the great Hall. In many of the Belgian cities we find huge belfry towers, and the most noted are those of Bruges and Ghent. One of the earliest privileges which the citizens obtained from their feudal lords was to be allowed to build belfries, and they long regarded them as a kind of monument of their power and wealth. These structures originally served as watch towers, from which the approach of an enemy might be descried, and they contained the tocsin bell, by the tolling of



THE BELFRY AT BRUGES, BELGIUM.

which the citizens were called to arms or to debate. One of the bells in Ghent still bears the following inscription: "Mynen naem ist Roelant: als ick clippe dan ist brandt; als ick luyde, dan ist Storm in Vlaenderlandt," which translated is: "My name is Roland: when I toll there is fire; when I ring, then there is storm (*i. e.*, war) in Flanders." The tower at Bruges, an elegant Gothic structure, rising to the height of 325 feet, fills the visitor with admiration. The building from which it rises was in olden days a Trade Hall, but part of it is now occupied as a meat market. The view from the top is most extensive, but brings to mind, as at Ypres, the great contrast of the dead city of to-day and the metropolis of former times. For Bruges was rich and powerful, when Antwerp and Ghent were only in their infancy; it now has only 51,000 inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are said to be paupers. We can follow the two canals, which connect it with the North Sea, and the other canals which connect it with Ghent, Ypres, and other cities. Before us are broad streets and numerous old houses which recall its ancient glory, for of all the cities of Belgium, Bruges has best preserved its mediæval characteristics. In this tower are the finest chimes in Europe, ringing almost incessantly. The Netherlanders seem to have a great fondness for chimes, for they are in every city.

In the fourteenth century the commerce of the world may be said to have been concentrated in Bruges. Companies of merchants from seventeen kingdoms were settled here as agents; twenty foreign ministers had palaces within its walls. Bruges had become the metropolis of the cities of the great Hanseatic league, the centre of the English wool trade, and the resort of Lombard and Venetian traders. Richly laden argosies from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople, might, at the same time, be seen unloading in her harbor; and her warehouses groaned with bales of wool from England, linen from Belgium, and silk from the east.

VII.

A GLANCE AT HOLLAND.

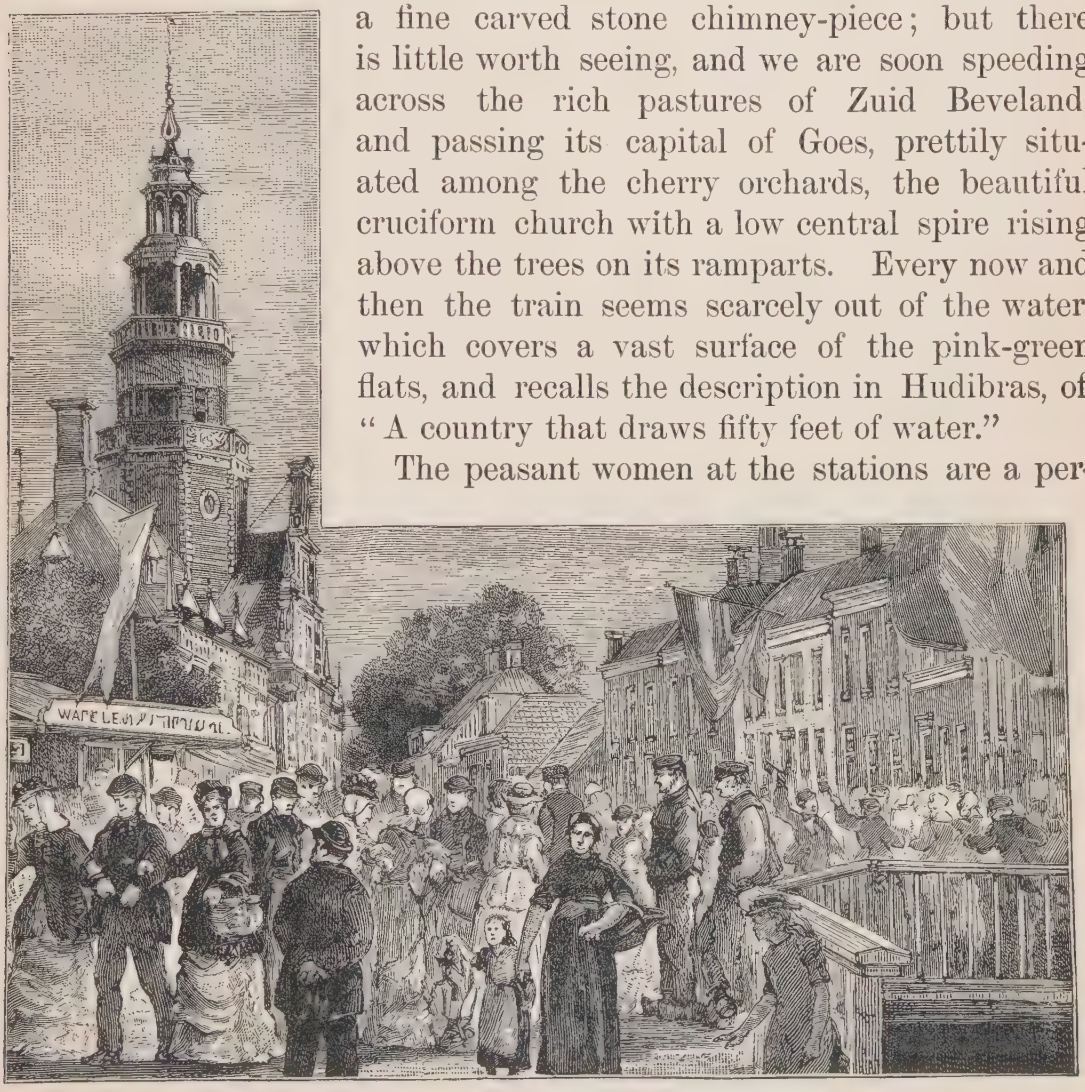
DE AMICIS says that the Dutch have three enemies—the sea, the lakes, and the rivers; they repel the sea, they dry the lakes, and they imprison the rivers; but with the sea it is a combat which never ceases.

In some parts of the country, as in Zealand, the land is all cut up into vast polders, as the huge meadows are called, which are recovered from the sea and protected by embankments. Here, if human care was withdrawn for six months, the whole country would be under the sea again. A corps of engineers, called "water-staat," are continually employed to watch the waters, and to keep in constant repair the dykes, which are formed of clay at the bottom, as that is more water-proof than anything else, and thatched with willows, which are grown here extensively for the purpose. If the sea passes a dyke, ruin is imminent, an alarm bell rings, and the whole population rushes to the rescue. The moment one dyke is even menaced, the people begin to build another inside it, and they rely upon the double defence, whilst they fortify the old one. But all their care has not preserved the islands of Zealand. Three centuries ago Schouwen was entirely submerged, and very living creature was drowned. Soon after, Noordt Beveland was submerged, and remained for several years entirely under water, only the points of the church spires being visible. Zuid Beveland had been submerged in the fourteenth century. Walchreen was submerged as late as 1808, and Tholen even in 1825.

"A Country that Draws Fifty Feet of Water."

The story of the famous siege of 1749 makes us linger at Bergen-op-Zoom, a clean, dull little town with bright white houses surrounding an irregular market-place, and surmounted by the heavy tower of the Church of St. Gertrude. In the Stadhuis is a fine carved stone chimney-piece; but there is little worth seeing, and we are soon speeding across the rich pastures of Zuid Beveland, and passing its capital of Goes, prettily situated among the cherry orchards, the beautiful cruciform church with a low central spire rising above the trees on its ramparts. Every now and then the train seems scarcely out of the water, which covers a vast surface of the pink-green flats, and recalls the description in Hudibras, of "A country that draws fifty feet of water."

The peasant women at the stations are a per-



BOLSWARD, A VILLAGE IN HOLLAND.

petual amusement, for there is far more costume here than in most parts of Holland, and peculiar, square, handsome gold ornaments, something like closed golden books, are universally worn on each side of the face.

The Largest Village in Europe.

It is a brief journey to the Hague—La Haye, Gravenhage—most delightful of little capitals, with its comfortable hotels and pleasant surroundings. The town is still so small that it seems to merit the name of "the largest village in Europe" which was given to it because the jealousy of other towns prevented its having any vote in the States General till the time of Louis Bonaparte, who gave it the privilege of a city. It is said that the Hague, more than any other place, may recall what Versailles was just before the great revolution. It has thoroughly the aspect of a little royal city. Without any of the crowd and bustle of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, it is not dead like the smaller towns of Holland; indeed, it even seems to have a quiet gaiety, without dissipation, of its own. All around are parks and gardens, whence wide streets lead speedily through the new town of the rich bourgeoise to the old central town, where a beautiful lake, the Vijver, or fish pond, comes as a surprise, with the eccentric old palace of the Binnenhof rising straight out of its waters. We have been told it is picturesque, but we are prepared for nothing so charming as the variety of steep roofs and towers, the clear reflections, the tufted islet and the beautiful coloring of the whole scene of the Vijver. Skirting the lake, we enter the precincts of the palace, through the picturesque Gudevangen Poort, where Cornelius de Witte, Burgomaster of Dort, was imprisoned in 1672, on a false accusation of having suborned the surgeon William Tichelaur to murder the Prince of Orange. He was dragged out hence and torn to pieces by the people, together with his brother Jean de Witte, Grand Pensioner, whose house remains hard by in the Kneuterdijk.

The court of the Binnenhof is exceedingly handsome, and contains the ancient Gothic Hall of the Knights, where Johann van Olden Barneveld, Grand Pensioner, or Prime Minister, was condemned to death "for having conspired to dismember the States of the Netherlands, and greatly troubled God's Church," and in the front of which (May 24, 1619) he was beheaded.

Many Works of Great Masters.

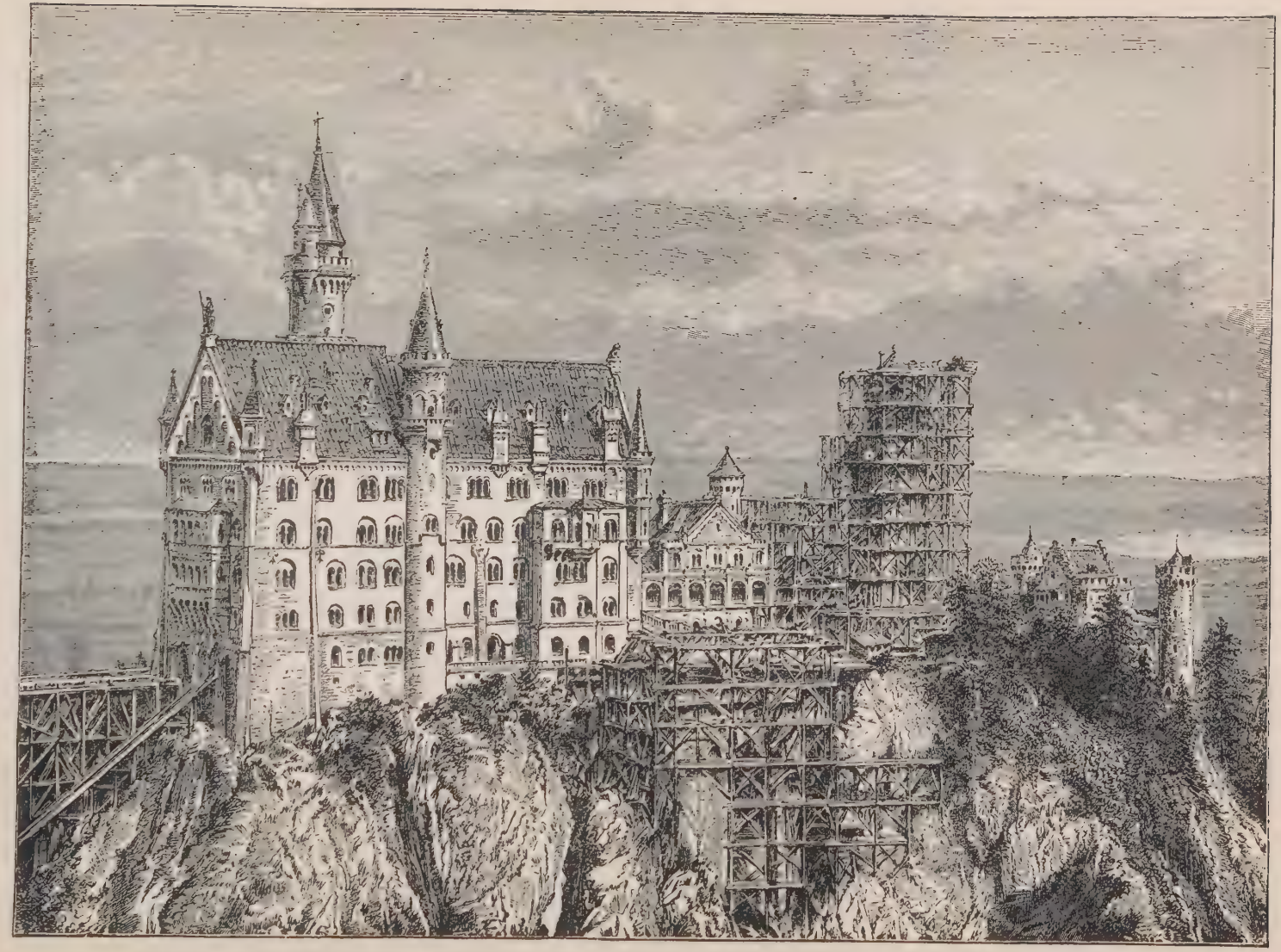
Close to the northeast gate of the Binnenhof is the handsome house called Mauritshuis, containing the inestimable Picture Gallery of the Hague, which will bear many visits, and has the charm of not being

huge beyond the powers of endurance. On the ground floor are chiefly portraits, amongst which a simple dignified priest by Philippe de Champaigne, with a far-away expression, will certainly arrest attention. Deeply interesting is the portrait by Ravesteyn of William the Silent, in his ruff and steel armor embossed with gold—a deeply lined face, with a slight peaked beard. His widow, Louise de Coligny, is also represented. There is a fine portrait, by Schalcken, of William the Third, of England. Noble likenesses of Sir George Sheffield and his wife, Anna

A TYPICAL DUTCH SCENE, WITH WINDMILL AND CANALS, NEAR DRACHTEN, HOLLAND.

Wake, by Vandyke, are a pleasing contrast to the many works of Rubens. There are deeply interesting portraits by Albert Durer and Holbein.

A group of admirers will always be found round "the Immortal Bull" of Paul Potter, which was considered the fourth picture in importance in the Louvre, when the spoils of Europe were collected at Paris. De Amicis says, "It lives, it breathes; with his bull Paul Potter has written the true Idyl of Holland." It is, however—being really a group of cattle —not a pleasing, though a life-like picture.



CASTLE OF NEU-SCHWANSTEIN, BUILT BY KING LOUIS II OF BAVARIA, GERMANY.

VIII.

A TRAMP THROUGH GERMANY.

ON July nineteenth, 1870, France declared war against Germany. With bated breath the world looked on and asked: Would France with victorious armies sweep over Germany, crush the growing Prussian state, extend her sway beyond the German Rhine, over the Southern states, leave Germany mangled and bleeding from wounds which only centuries could heel, and render her of no importance in the council of nations; or would the sudden danger, the bold affront, arouse every German, East and West, North and South, and would the dream of centuries be fulfilled, the ever recurring burden of German poets from ancient to modern times, a *United Germany?* The answer came and history recorded it. At the beginning of this century Germany was but "a geographical expression;" in 1871 it had become the foremost nation in Europe. It stretches from Holland, Belgium and France in the West, to Russia and Austria in the East, and from the North Sea, Denmark and the Baltic on the north, to Austria and Switzerland on the south, and is made up of twenty-six principalities, the smallest of which is not much larger than the city of Philadelphia. Its area is about equal to that of six of our middle states, and its longest line will be about 900 miles. Within this area, however, what a variety of scenes; of mountain ranges and valleys; what rivers, lined with ancient ruins and dismantled castles; what cities, in which the very stones bring to our mind the picturesque life of the Middle Ages; what cathedrals, whose lofty towers point significantly to heaven, and are the liv-

ing witnesses of a pious age; what industrial centres and modern cities; in fine, what interesting variations of race, and language, of life, manners, dress and customs.

In the Rhine Valley.

The traveler, after a few days in the quaint cities of Holland, hastens to Cologne. The view of the great Cathedral, whose twin towers, unfinished for centuries, were completed since 1871 as a monument and symbol of United Germany, more than fulfils his highest anticipations. Then comes the journey up the Rhine, to the traveler who, under favorable circumstances, takes it for the first time, more like a dream than reality, and then, in rapid succession, "fair Bingen on the Rhine," Mainz, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, and Strassburg, until farther on appear, high above the other mountains, mass piled upon mass, in dazzling splendor, the incomparable Bernese Alps. And yet he is here only on the western border of Germany; as interesting cities, rich in treasures of art and ancient architecture, invite him eastward and northward.

The writer will never regret that one summer he turned aside from the beaten path and spent a few days in Hildesheim, the Nürnberg of the North. Like so many cities of Germany, it belonged to the great Hanseatic league, and owes many of its buildings to that period of prosperity. To one of the bishoprics established by Charlemagne, about 800, in the land of the pagan Saxons, Hildesheim owes its origin, yet in its name lingers the memory of pagan times, for it means the home of Hilde. The writer knows of few German cities where the ancient appearance is so well preserved; and while the city has grown, and has its modern parts, with wide streets and avenues, the ancient compact city remains almost intact; the walls and fortifications have been partially leveled, and changed into shady walks and drive-ways; here and there a bit of wall, a gateway, or a tower remaining to add picturesqueness to the scene. Some of the houses are six and seven stories high; the oaken beams show the manner of construction. and what parts are not taken up with frescoing, are covered with carvings, some crude, some exceedingly delicate, and with inscriptions. It is interesting to note that with the Reformation there came a change over the thoughts of the people, and the older mythological carvings and inscriptions gave place to subjects

from the Bible, and passages from the Psalms. Its churches, too, are interesting, and renowned for their treasures, the Cathedral having been built during the middle of the eleventh century, and on the site of one built by Louis the Pious, in 818, which last is said to have been the site of a pagan shrine.

Lordly Castles.

The reader's attention has already been called to the ruins of ancient castles, which crown so many heights. Time was when other thoughts than picturesqueness struck the merchant who had to pass them. They are the relics of the age when might was right, and every noble governed as he pleased, and levied heavy toll upon all who passed through his land, often at the point of the sword. These lordly castles, especially along the great rivers Rhine and Danube, now are fallen in ruins, like the feudal system which gave them life. Their ruins now add to the picturesqueness of the scene; nature has dealt kindly with them, and massive trees grow through their walls, and ivy clings to every crevice. If these walls could speak, what deeds of cruelty they would disclose, what feuds, what fratricidal strife! But if these times were barbarous, they were also heroic and full of romance, aud many a castle could witness to the heroic lives of men, and especially to holy lives of noble women. Even the reader of this practical age loves to linger over the pages of those authors who have made these times their theme, and involuntarily the wish arises that there were more dash of romance in this every-day life of ours. Perhaps it is distance that lends enchantment, and there is more romance in the present than we think, if we only have the eyes to see it.

The most extensive of modern German castles was begun in the southern part of Bavaria, by the late unfortunate King Louis II. In 1871, in the name of the other princes, he offered the imperial crown to the King of Prussia, but later, becoming insane, he was dethroned and placed under medical care, which, on June 13, 1886, he eluded, finding his death in a lake near his retreat. The mountaineers could never be persuaded that his dethronement was necessary. Said our hostess, who wore in a medallion the likeness of the king, "Did he not have the right to live according to his own tastes, and did not people run long distances to admire him, when he used to pass, in the dead of the night, in his

magnificent golden sleigh, drawn by milk-white steeds, like those princes of ancient times?"

The slope on which New Schwanstein stands is thickly covered with pines and other forest trees, and the prospect is an entrancing one, embracing the broad plain, the course of the river Lech, and no less than four lakes immediately beneath, whose waters darkly reflect the forest-covered heights which gird them round.

Characteristic Beverage.

No account of Germany would be complete without reference to the beverage of the land and the places in which it is dispensed. In no State is it more carefully brewed than in the kingdom of Bavaria, and the names "Münchner," "Würzburger," and "Augsburger" figure prominently on signs, not only in Germany, but other parts of Europe, and even in this country. If age invests anything with respectability, we cannot afford to scoff at German beer. The ancient Germans brewed it and quaffed it from immense horns, and to this day the custom prevails among certain student fraternities of carrying one of these huge horns, from which, on special occasions, the members drink in long draughts.

The places where the beverage is dispensed are as various as one can conceive, but as Baltimore suggests terrapin, and a New England shore a clam bake, so one should take a bumper of Münchner in a Rathskeller or Tiefenkeller, like the one shown in our picture. No doubt basements or cellars were preferred on account of their comparative coolness, but many of the finest establishments are now above ground. The best are fitted up in a style which makes them worthy of a visit, just to see the interesting frescoing, the wood panelling, or the faithful reproduction of old German style. They are numerous in all German cities, and no other proof is needed that Strassburg is a German city, notwithstanding its two centuries under French rule, than to see the thorough German appearance of the Tiefenkeller itself and of its patrons. Music often enlivens the scene, and when on occasion some popular air is played the guests in the public room join in with a vim. The patronage of such a place is always typical, and affords to the student of human nature rare opportunities. The soldier is ever present and forces the idea of a military government upon the visitor; the ubiquitous university student

serves to recall to his mind the many universities of the land, and that, though the military power is great, the educational is still greater.

Treading the ancient lanes of the old city we presently come upon its various points of interest: the churches of St. Stephen and St. Thomas, the splendid Jewish synagogue, the noble library and the famous picture gallery. We shall find breweries and bleacheries and dye-works, and

INTERIOR OF THE "TIEFENKELLER," AT STRASSBURG, GERMANY.

then more breweries, and we shall do well to test the pastry for which the town is noted, its goose-liver pies.

A Region of Beauty and Romance.

Day after day for many years, the writer had seen from his home, near the foot of the Black Forest, the outline of the great Cathedral, and behind it, in the greater distance, the long outline of the Vosges mountains. Occasionally, at some brilliant sunset, the mountains would seem lined with gold, but never did this region of beauty and romance seem less prosy, than when, a few years ago, after many years of absence, he was permitted to gaze from the tower of Strassburg Cathe-

dral on what has been called the garden of Germany. About fifteen miles to the west the jagged outlines of the Vosges Mountains run for nearly one hundred miles north and south; the Rhine sweeps along, and far to north and south appears like a thread of silver; to the east about ten miles away extends, parallel to the Vosges, the Black Forest. The plain between, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with cities, towns, and villages, while here and there are the sombre hues of extensive forests. At our feet is Strassburg, the old city, with its high red-tiled gables just beneath us, while beyond stretches the modern part, and still beyond the formidable fortifications, which make Strassburg almost an impregnable city.

By August 24, 1870, a German army division had surrounded Strassburg, and from this time to September 27th, the bombardment lasted without intermission. The roar of cannon was continuous, shattering the windows in many of the surrounding towns; the nights were made bright with the glare of the burning city. From high points we watched the movements of the army, when the French attempted sallies. But at last the white flag appeared. Much valuable property was destroyed, but with some slight damages, which have been repaired, the great Cathedral, standing on the site of a church of the fifth century, itself begun in 1015 and completed in 1449, was saved; and every traveler may still draw inspiration from it, and raise his eyes, as pious Tauler did of old, "dizzily up to where in the noon-brightness the great Minister's tower, jeweled with sunbeams on its mural crown, rose like a visible prayer."

A Great Cathedral.

The visitor lingers to admire the numerous small statues with which the grand portals are adorned, then enters; but only gradually does the evidence of a master's hand dawn upon him, as in the subdued and hallowed light, which comes through many stained windows, all works of art, his eye tries to measure height and length of nave and transept. No pews break up the space of the stone floor, but at service the worshipers, each with his chair, gather around the pulpit. The high altar, as a piece of workmanship in carving, may well arouse admiration. But the altar which to this day remains an object of the greatest admiration to architects as well as others, is the altar in the Cathedral of Alt-

VIEW OF STRASSBURG FROM ST. THOMAS.

Breisach, an ancient town farther up the Rhine, It is carved entirely of wood, and standing in the choir reaches to its highest point. The story goes that Lieferinck, the workman, was in love with the daughter of Town Councillor Rubacher. He refused to vote to have the work of building a new altar entrusted to Lieferinck, but a letter from the great Dürer at Nürnberg won the day for the struggling artist. Lieferinck now made bold to ask Rubacher for his daughter, but was refused, and in a fit of passion the father exclaimed: "You shall have my daughter only if you can make an altar higher than the choir of the church." This seemed an impossibility, and for a while the young man's hopes were dashed. One day, however, he was standing by a rose-bush trained up in a niche of a wall, where he and his love had often secretly met, and offered a devout prayer, when suddenly the rose-bush broke away from its confined position in the niche; and then was revealed to him how he must build his altar, namely curve it, so that, if measured, it would prove higher than the choir. The plan proved a success and Rubacher was held to his promise.

A Wonderful Clock.

No stranger stops at Strassburg without going to see, at least once, at the stroke of noon, the wonderful clock. Young and old, men, women and children, soldiers and workmen, farmers who have come to market, Alsatian villagers with the characteristic head dress, peasants from across the Rhine with their red waistcoats, English tourists in file with their cicerone, their eyes fixed upon the inevitable Baedeker, all push and jostle to get a good place near the church guardian who explains the mechanism and symbolism of this wonderful clock.

These cathedrals bring vividly to our mind the power of the church during former centuries; but these are not the only evidences. In very early times, the church with its institutions was the only safeguard against the barbarism of the age. It alone, in its many monasteries, fostered learning, and treasured for future and riper times the classics of Greece and Rome. But gradually with accumulated wealth came luxury and idleness, and many of these monasteries became hotbeds of corruption. The minds of many holy men turned to these abuses, and many reforms took place, none more thorough than that which gave rise to the Order of Trappists, named after a great Cistercian monastery, at La

Trappe, in northern France, which existed as early as the middle of the twelfth century. The reform was inaugurated by Rancé, in 1663. The Order was most at home in France, but was driven out and spread into different countries. It has come into possession of much of its ancient property, and there are monasteries now, not only in many parts of Europe, but also here in America.

The Trappist Monks.

Knowing of such a monastery near by, our curiosity was aroused. Without much difficulty we secured admission, and were shown

A MEETING OF THE TRAPPIST MONKS AT OEHLENBERG, ALSACE, GERMANY.

the hard straw beds upon which the monks sleep, and the graves at which each one digs a short time every evening, and we learned from the abbot the following routine of every day. They rise at two in the morning, and spend the day alternately in service in chapel, private prayer and manual labor; they change their clothes but once a week, to wash them; meat, eggs, fish and wine are all forbidden, and perpetual silence is enjoined, except in cases of extreme necessity. During their meals one of them reads from the lives of saints. The greeting in the morning, which is the only conversation allowed, is the *memento mori* (Remember thou must die). Our picture represents them assembled to

accuse each other of apparent faults, without the one accused having the right to defend himself in case of innocence, and this in order to beget the spirit of humility. They are prepared to entertain strangers, but treat them much better than themselves. Certainly the life of the Trappist monks has nothing enticing about it.

Gay Festivities.

On the other hand, we are easily led captive by the picturesque life we see here all about us. "The daily round, the common task," is sweetened by innocent mirth or song, and all that makes home bright and blessed. See under yonder walnut or linden tree a group of women, covered with dust, stripping the flax, singing in chorus the ancient songs transmitted from one generation to another. Whether you come in winter or summer, fall or spring; whether you see at Christmas the children grouped, awaiting St. Nicholas, our Santa Claus, and starting in awe of Lucifer, who always accompanies him to carry them off should they fail to stand the test St. Nicholas gives; whether you attend the joyous festival of the patron saint, everywhere, and at all times, you will find scenès that will inspire the pen of the writer, and pencil of the artist. And so at vintage time, when the grapes are all gathered, the laborers return wreathed with garlands, making merry as they come.

Possibly it is *Stork's Day*. The stork is, in Germany, the best-loved bird; he is the herald of spring; he is the luck-bringing bird of peace and plenty. He is supposed to bring down the little babies from heaven, when they are born. Accordingly, on this day you will see the people turning out singing and rejoicing, going from house to house demanding gifts for merrymaking. And so harvest has its own usages. The regular practice formerly was, to assemble all men, women, and lads of the parish and march in gay procession round the fields, with the priest at the head, to call down the divine blessing upon the work to be begun. The men made the round on horseback, those married clad in blue coats, the unmarried in red shirts, the boys following on foot in white blouses. Cross and banners were borne in front. Like most ceremonies of the kind, it ended with a dance, which in this instance was the *Gullertanz* or cock-dance, because the prizes originally consisted of cocks, which were afterwards consumed amidst merrymaking. A sort of gallows was built

RETURN OF THE GRAPE-HARVESTERS.

up, from which was suspended a wooden triangle, supporting a glass filled with wine. The point of the dance was, for the lady to fall down suddenly under the gallows and raise her cavalier, standing upon her hands, high enough for him to reach the glass. If he managed to take it down, and empty it, he won the prize. But what overflowing gayety reigns at a wedding of rich peasants! Eight days are given up to rejoicings, when fowls, calves, oxen, and casks of wine are sacrificed to satisfy their robust stomachs; these are monster banquets, worthy of heroic times. At the commencement of the week, the bridesmen, decked with great ribboned bouquets of rosemary, mount the best horses of their stables, and go from village to village to invite the guests, and at each house awaits them the customary repast and the pitcher of white wine. If the young man marries a girl from another district, he goes thither with wagons and carriages accompanied by his comrades on horseback. Upon the vehicles are placed the furniture, the linen, and provisions, while the principal carriage, upon which are seated the bride, the bridesmaids and their friends, is always decorated with wreaths and garlands, and a gigantic distaff with most beautiful hemp and flax, adorned with ribbons and flowers, forms the mast of this ship of verdure on wheels; a beautifully turned and inlaid spinning-wheel is also never allowed to be wanting. When the procession arrives at the bridegroom's house, this distaff is fixed in a window of the first story, like a flag. Already at the outskirts of the village, young men on horseback await the procession and greet it with hurrahs and salutes from rifles and pistols; the cavalcade then makes its solemn entry amidst general shouts of applause, advancing to the great farm yard, and then the troop, still amid the sound of salutes, passes on foot to the church. After the ceremony is over, the festivities and dancing begin, lasting two or three days and nights, during which time the whole village is in a flutter.

A German country scene strikes an American as altogether novel, for the farmers there do not live upon their farms, but in the villages, and go every morning to their work. The farms are not extensive; much of the land is held in common for grazing, and the village employs one person to herd its sheep, one to drive out its pigs, and even the geese are herded. The houses differ in different districts, and rival each other

ALSATIAN PEASANTS FROM KOCHERSBERG CHANTING THE CHORAL.

in picturesqueness. Connected with the house are the barn and stables for horses and cows.

In these villages of the Rhine land, whether situated in the open plain on either side of the Rhine, or nestled in some romantic valley of Vosges Mountains or Black Forest, are to be seen on all sides evidences of piety and devotion to the church, mingled, no doubt, with considerable superstition. Mankind is ruled by superstition far more than we suspect, and while at times it may assume phases bordering on fanaticism and become dangerous to the individual and the State, yet here among these simple-hearted people we are least offended by it. There is a touch of pathos in many of their superstitions, embodying as they do traces of beliefs and customs of pagan times; the dim twilight of the past, when the Rhine valley and enclosing mountains were covered with primeval forests, through which the bison ranged, and when the ancient German heard in the rustling of the sacred oak the voice of his god Wodan. Such traces of pagan life, even of the time before the German had forced the Celtic races westward, are still to be seen in the rites attending the celebration of the coming and going of the seasons. Bonifacius, the Irish monk, among the first to preach Christianity in these parts, with unsparing hand cut down the sacred oak at Geismar. With firm hand the church sought to banish from the minds of the people their superstitious beliefs, and yet she recognized and prized highly the rich imagination of these tribes, and as far as possible supplanted pagan rites with Christian symbols, and replaced what was before a faith of partial fatalism, illumined by but an occasional ray of hope, by a faith radiant with the light of hope and love.

On Sunday morning after service you can often see bands of young men and women going to their respective hamlets, chanting the choral as they go, carrying with them to their homes the spirit of devotion inspired during the service. By the wayside are shrines and crucifixes, private altars in each peasant's dwelling, and stoops for holy water at every cottage door. The quaint little wayside chapels, some of them venerable with age, others picturesque with their tiny spires and curious carving, add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Even a rigid Protestant must be pleased at the sight of the peasants stopping to offer a brief prayer, in complete privacy, at these humble shrines.

A GROUP OF FARO ISLANDERS.

IX.

DENMARK.

ENMARK, though infiltrated in the south, in the capital and in the ranks of the aristocracy, by Germans and Swedes, is inhabited by a very homogeneous race. It consists of the Peninsula of Jutland, and the Danish Islands, of which Zealand (Sjeland), on which the capital, Copenhagen, is situated, is the largest. Altogether, modern Denmark comprises only 14,750 square miles, or about half the area of Scotland. Both islands and mainland, the Isle of Bornholm excepted, are exceedingly flat, the Hill of Himmelsbjerg, or Heaven's Mountain (565 feet), in Jutland, being the loftiest eminence in all the country. Jutland, especially on the west coast, is sandy, but toward the interior it rises somewhat, and spreads out into heaths, varied with patches of agricultural land. The islands are more fruitful, and support a population of peasant proprietors, who rear considerable crops of wheat, barley, oats, flax, rye, buckwheat, etc.; though, as a rule, the hedgeless country, with the peasants' "gaard," the high-towered church on the loftiest ground, and the occasional "herregaard," or country gentleman's residence, is monotonously uninteresting, except for the frugal habits, amiable characteristics, and general prosperity of the people.

Beech woods dot the surface, especially in Zealand, where the beautiful forest of the Dyrehave, and its continuation along the shore of the Sound near Copenhagen, supply a charm to the country which it would not otherwise possess. There are also some forests in Southern Jutland, and in Laaland, where there is a good deal of oak; and in Falster, an island where apple-orchards add variety to the view. There are no mines in the country, and the fuel burnt must, as in Holland, either be imported or be supplied by the nearly exhausted peat-bogs and the spare forests.

THORSHAVN, FARO ISLANDS.

Agriculture is the main resource of the people. Education is universal and compulsory, and culture widespread, and of a type as high as in Germany. Indeed, the polished manners of the Danes contrast favorably with those of the ruder and more boisterous Germans. Morality is, however, as high as education, and the impression which they and their country leave in the mind of the stranger is, on the whole, exceedingly favorable. Their Government is a limited monarchy, the Legislature consisting of two Houses, while the power of the King and his ministers is controlled by various checks. By the last census the population of the country numbers 1,969,454 people. The Kingdom can raise an army of 31,000 men, and owns a navy of thirty-three warships. The Danish merchant fleet is large, and all along the coast there are fishing villages of hardy seafaring people, who still preserve many of the traits of the famous "vikinger," who contributed to Great Britain some of its best racial elements.

In addition to Greenland and two of the West India Islands, Denmark owns the mountainous Färöerne, some islands lying between Shetland and Iceland. Seventeen of these are inhabited by a population of fishermen, graziers, fowlers, and traders, numbering some twelve thousand, and to the Danish monarchy, though under a constitution of its own, is also attached the famous island of Iceland, which contains forty thousand square miles of lava and glaciers interspersed with small farms and grazing grounds, and intersected by endless inlets of the sea. It is thus larger than Ireland, though containing only seventy-two thousand people, many of whom are emigrating, as only a small part of the country is inhabitable. The people are remarkably well educated, and distinguished for their courage, honesty, and patriotism. They are the old Norse stock, whose language they speak, and are all Protestants, of the Lutheran sect. Fishing, farming a little, pasturing sheep and ponies, and the knitting of stockings and gloves, are the chief industries of the island. Of late years, the famous volcano, Hekla, the Geysers, and the other scenic features of the island have attracted many summer visitors to it, greatly to the enrichment of the Icelanders, though possibly not so much to their moral welfare as might be desired. Reykjavik, which is a town of some two thousand inhabitants, is the only place that can be considered of any importance on this "island grand."

X.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

THE west coast of Scotland is something like that of Norway in a general way, except that it is infinitely smaller and less grand; but that constant bright blue sky, those deeply-indented, sinuous, gleaming firths, those headstrong rivers and headlong falls, those steep hillsides, those long ridges of "fjelde" (mountains), those peaks and needles rising sharp above them, those hanging glaciers and wreaths of everlasting snow, those towering, endless pine forests, relieved by slender stems of silver birch, those green spots in the midst of the forest, those winding dales and upland lakes; those various shapes of birds and beasts, the mighty, crashing elk, the fleet reindeer, the fearless bear, the nimble lynx, the sly wolf; those eagles and swans and sea birds, those many tones and notes of Nature's voice making distant music through the twilight summer night, those brilliant, flashing Northern Lights when days grow short, those dazzling, blinding storms of autumn snow, that cheerful winter frost and cold, that joy of sledging over the smooth ice, when the sharp-shod horse careers at full speed with the light sledge, or rushes down the steep pitches, over the crackling snow, through the green spruce wood—all these form a Nature of their own. These particular features belong in their combination to no other land. And, in the midst of all this natural scenery we find an honest, manly race, not the race of the towns and cities, but of the dales and "fjeld," free and unsubdued, holding its own in a country where there are neither lords nor ladies, but simple men and women.

THE CHURCH OF BORGUND, NORWAY.

Grand Natural Scenery.

The country for about three hundred miles south of the North Cape lies within the Arctic Circle, affording the visitor not only magnificent and unique scenery, but also the opportunity of seeing the "midnight sun," or, to speak more correctly, of seeing the sun go round the horizon without sinking beneath it. At the latitude of the Arctic Circle this phenomenon can be seen for one day only; at the North Cape for nearly three months, from May 11th until August 1st.

The geology of Norway is too intricate a subject to be dealt with here, but it is needful to know something of the configuration of the country in order to understand the peculiarities of Norwegian scenery. The northern and western sections form a huge mountainous plateau, made up for the most part of gneiss rock, sloping gradually toward the southeast and abruptly toward the west. The western side has been cut into deep clefts and valleys. These great chasms in the plateau—due, in the opinion of some, to the glacier action—form the far-famed valleys and "fjords."

SCANDINAVIAN PEASANT GIRL.

The rivers are for the most part streams which rush more or less rapidly down from the mountains and through the valleys into fjords and lakes. The largest river in Norway is the Glommen, which flows in a southerly direction, and at last empties into the Skagerrack, at Frederickstad, forming, nine miles above its mouth, the fine falls of Sarpsborg.

The fjords occur at every part of the enormous coastline, from the Varanger Fjord in the extreme northeast to the Christiania Fjord in the extreme south. They are of all sizes, and possess many individual

THE SKJÆGGEDALSFOS, NORWAY.

peculiarities. Sometimes they are sombre and wild, sometimes frowning and forbidding, and sometimes lovely beyond the power of words to describe, but never do they fail to charm those who sail on their placid waters. Among the chief are the Porsanger, a little to the east of the North Cape, eighty miles long; the Sogne and Hardanger, on the west coast, running inland for one hundred, and eighty miles, respectively; and the beautiful Christiania Fjord, forming, when traversed on a fine summer's day, an enchanting approach to Norway's capital.

Cascades and Waterfalls.

But not only is Norway the land of mountain and fjord; it is equally the land of cascades and waterfalls. These range from tiny, silvery streams, adding loveliness to many a hillside, up to mighty masses of water that rush with thunderous uproar over cliffs five hundred to one thousand feet high. The cataract and the "fos," as the waterfall is called in Norway, are almost as common there as the hedgerow is in England. One of the grandest falls in Norway is the Skjæggedalsfos, or, as it is often called, the Ringedalsfos, by many good judges considered the finest fall in Europe. It is not easy of access, and takes a full day, and necessarily the enjoyment of the traveler is greatly marred if it be either cloudy or wet. It has the reputation of being a dangerous trip, but the Norwegian Tourist Club has done so much to improve the path that, with a good guide, ladies may venture without any hesitation. The fall is situated in an amphitheatre of rock at the extreme end of the lake. The bare, black cliffs that encircle it present a most forbidding aspect, and one feels as though the sight of a dragon or giant bearing off a lovely maiden, or of an enchanted castle, would be in perfect harmony with the weird surroundings.

An enormous mass of water comes over the cliff in a perpendicular fall of about five hundred and thirty feet, and beyond it are smaller falls. The forms the water assumes in its descent are very beautiful. It strikes the foot of the cliff with a thunderous roar, dashes madly along for a hundred yards or so, and then in a furious cataract, penned in between mighty rocks, rushes down into the lake. The height of the fall and the enormous mass of water that rushes down the face of the cliff are very impressive. But the most striking evidence of power is given by the

rushing tempest that the fall creates. It is possible to reach a rocky projection near the base of the falling water, but it is difficult to remain there with comfort. A violent wind sweeps down, bringing with it drenching clouds of spray; the thunderous roar drowns all effort at conversation; the gloomy surroundings awe and subdue the mind; and the curious sensation that it is dangerous to stand near the edge, and yet, drawn by an indefinable fascination, that it is needful to do so, is

PEASANT GIRLS, NORWAY.

present in its full power. Altogether a day at the Shjæggedalsfos is a never-to-be-forgotten experience even in Norway.

Scenes of Beauty and Grandeur.

The steamboat journey from Aalesund to Bergen is pleasant and unaccompanied with fatigue. There are, it is true, many scenes of beauty and even grandeur on the route, but the most varied and imposing scenery lies along the overland route. Those who wish to travel in this

A VIEW ON THE NORD FJORD, NORWAY.

way must be prepared to rough it a little, and to spend at least three or four days more en route, but those who can make the effort have their

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM IN NORWAY.

reward. For most travelers the chief interest attaching to Aalesund is the fact that from it the steamer starts for the Geirangerfjord, which,

although possibly the most popular fjord in Norway with tourists, is, in the opinion of Norwegians, surpassed by the Jorundfjord and Norangerfjord. Saebo, on the Jorundfjord, is the best starting-point from which to explore the region. It is also one of the loveliest spots in the whole of Norway. The latter fjord is about twenty-five miles in length, and exhibits the most superb examples of cliffs rising sheer from the water, and also of wild, steep mountain slopes. The character of the great plateau in this part differs from that found farther south. There are many more sharp-pointed peaks, and these are then covered with snow. On passing Saebo, the fjord becomes exceedingly wild and grand, narrowing to a huge chasm, with enormous cliffs rising perpendicularly five thousand feet from the water.

WOMAN FROM DALARNE, SWEDEN.

GIRLS FROM WINGÄKER, SWEDEN.

Over against the Saebo is the Norangerfjord. While granting it only one arm, Nature seems to have resolved that this should be a very magnificent example of the class. On the southern shore, the Stolbjerg and the Jagta tower, respectively four thousand four hundred and ninety, and five thousand two hundred and forty feet; mountains only a little lower fringe the northern bank, and at the head is a large glacier. On leaving the fjord, the Norangsdal is entered, and no lover of the wild and lonely could desire a happier hunting-ground.

The coast southward from Aalesund possesses the same general features; islands in the foreground, mountains overtopped by glaciers in

the distance. A few miles north of the entrance to the Northfjord the little land-locked harbor of Molde is reached. The entrance is through one narrow and winding strait, and the exit by another; and when the steamer is lying waiting for the boat from the shore, she seems to be resting on the still waters of a lovely lake. On all sides are boldly outlined mountains. The houses in the little town seem more neat and picturesque than they would probably appear on a closer acquaintance. As soon as the vessel heaves to there is a bustle and stir at the little landing-stage. The water is too shallow for the steamer to come in shore, and speedily a boat puts out from the land. It is wide, flat-bottomed, and roomy. In the centre the luggage and freight are piled up, not unfrequently a cow or two find a place; at either end, and upon the boxes and bales, the intending passengers sit or stand. The stranger will often witness, in watching over the side the unloading and loading of these shore-boats, many interesting illustrations of Norwegian peasant-life, and many exhibitions, sometimes amusing, sometimes pathetic, of our common humanity. The studies from life during a coasting voyage in Norway are often quite as novel and invigorating to the jaded tourist as the studies of nature.

A Mighty Cliff.

The coast between Trondhjem and Bergen is sometimes described as tame and monotonous, and certainly the enjoyment it affords will depend to a large extent upon the temperament and likings of the traveler. But with regard to one part of the route, a little south of Molde, there can be no question. It is not too much to say that the voyage is well worth taking, simply to sail through the Skate Sund, and around the mighty cliff Hornelen. Soon after leaving Molde the steamer crosses the mouth of the Nordfjord. This, like the entrance to the Sognefjord farther south, gives no hint of the superb scenery afforded along its inner reaches. The mountains are low, rocky and bare, and look as if they had been ground down by some mighty glacier action in a remote age. Suddenly the steamer enters a narrow and beautiful "Sund," and gradually draws near to the enormous, rocky mass. At one point the cliff, towering up for 3000 feet, seems to quite overhang the steamer, and, on the whistle being blown, a whole series of splendid echoes is started,

the sound being tossed in succession from one part of the overhanging cliff to another. Looking upward from the deck to the frowning cliffs so high above it, an impression of man's insignificance is obtained. As the steamer begins to pass into distance, the cliff

VIEW FROM FALEIDE, NORWAY.

appears to possess the form of a gigantic fortress, with huge buttresses and a superb tower. Looking upon it, one feels how appropriate it is that it should have become associated with Norway's typical hero, the brave and splendid Olaf Tryggveson.

The Scandinavians, as a rule, are devout, simple-minded and religious.

They have a reverence for the printed page, and are fond of reading. Religious literature finds a ready and a wide circulation. The Bible is read at home, and many a Sunday hour is passed by the family in reading the Word of God. In Norway, the sacred part of Sunday comes to an end at six P. M. Hence, the custom has long obtained of devoting the closing hours of Sunday to dancing and to recreation. The writer, however, saw nothing in Norway corresponding to a Sunday in Germany or France.

A Simple-minded and Religious People.

Great stress is laid upon confirmation in the Scandinavian Church. The clergy are not allowed to marry unconfirmed persons, and the rite is generally considered a necessary preliminary to securing a situation. The young people are trained carefully in Biblical history and in the Lutheran doctrine, and on the appointed day the pastor lays his hands upon them. The examination, prior to the rite, usually takes place in the church, in the presence of the friends of the candidates.

Human nature is much the same in Scandinavia as in other parts of the world, and there, as elsewhere, love, courtship, marriage, and the habits and customs connected with them play a very prominent part. Many of the popular tales bear upon this side of human life, some of them full of humor and sound common sense. Weddings in Scandinavia as elsewhere, attract a large share of attention, and present many novel and curious phenomena. The old customs remain in full force only in the country districts, and even there they are beginning to pass away. The betrothal, which takes place months, or even years, before the marriage, is a somewhat formal ceremony; it generally takes place on a church festival, when the couple go before the clergyman, who asks them whether, in the presence of God and the witnesses standing by, they desire to be betrothed to each other. The affirmative answer being given, the couple exchange rings of plain gold, which are worn upon the ring finger of the left hand. This is followed by the giving and receiving of presents. The man gives a hymn book or jewelry and clothes, the woman, articles of wearing apparel that the betrothed must wear on the wedding-day.

The wedding is very often delayed for a long time after the betrothal, but when it comes is naturally an event of very great interest, although some of the ancient festivities are nowadays more honored in the breach

than in the observance. It frequently falls on a Sunday. The dressing of the bride, as in England, is one of the chief parts of the ceremonial. On the eventful morning she is escorted in procession by the bridegroom and his friends to the church, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback. On the return to the house of the bride's father, there is a great feast. The great feature in the dress of the bride is the crown. This is usually made of silver, but is gilded, and hence has a rather fanciful appearance. In certain districts, these crowns are kept and loaned as occasion requires.

A Glance at Sweden.

One of the most interesting parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, and that most seldom visited by travelers, is Lapland. The approach to this far northern country is through marshy plains. It was the condition of these bogs which caused the unpleasant predicament of Carl Linnæus in the course of the journeys on which he was sent by the Swedish Academy in 1708. "We had next to pass a marshy tract," says he, "where at every step we were knee deep in water; and if we thought to find sure footing on some grassy tuft, it proved treacherous, and only sunk us lower. Our half-boots were filled with the coldest water, as the frost in some places still remained in the ground. I wondered how I escaped with life, though certainly not without excessive fatigue and loss of strength." A guide who accompanied the young naturalist was dispatched for assistance, and on his return was "accompanied by a person whose appearance was such that I did not know whether I beheld a man or woman. Her stature was diminutive; her face of the darkest brown, from the effects of smoke; her eyes dark and sparkling; her eyebrows black; her pitchy-colored hair hung loose about her head, and on it she wore a flat, red cap; she had a gray petticoat. She addressed me, with mingled pity and reserve, in the following words: 'O thou poor man! what hard destiny can have brought thee hither, to

COAT OF ARMS OF SWEDEN.

LAPLANDERS, SWEDEN.

a place never visited by any one before? This is the first time I ever beheld a stranger. Thou miserable creature! how didst thou come, and whither wilt thou go?'" In a word, the Swedish student felt, as did another, much later traveler to Lapland, in saying: "So at last we ended our toilsome journey into Lapland—the most curious that ever was—one that I would not have failed to make for a great deal of money, and that I would not re-commence for much more."

THE CHURCH OF HAGBY, SWEDEN.

The Two Chief Cities of Sweden.

The two chief cities in Sweden are the Capital, Stockholm, and the port of Gothenburg. They have been brought into direct water communication by the means of the Göta Canal, which provides a water-way through the heart of the country, and removes the necessity for the longer sea-passage round the south of Sweden. The writer's first view of Sweden was gained from the deck of a Hull steamer as she was slowly passing up the Gota River, the stream on which Gothenburg stands, at 5.30 on a June morning. The river winds along between rocky banks, and at every turn there are traces of the great timber trade of the country. The timber yards, the trim villas and neat cottages, the numerous craft, either moored or passing down

THE CHURCH OF VOXTORP, SWEDEN.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH, SWEDEN.

the stream, the spires and buildings of the city as they gradually came into view, all helped to make a novel and pleasant picture.

On landing, the Dutch character of the town at once strikes the stranger. Wide canals run through the principal streets in the neighborhood of the harbor, but the buildings resemble those of a French town. The town was founded by Gustavus Adolphus, in 1619, and many Dutch settlers were among its first inhabitants. The great commercial prosperity of Gothenburg dates from the time of Napoleon I, when, owing to the Continental blockade, it became the chief port for the trade of England with North Europe. The Göta Canal also, by bringing the town into easy communication with the interior of the country, has done much to make it prosperous. Gothenburg possesses many fine streets and boulevards, and covers a large extent of ground. There are fine parks and public spaces, and the suburbs are occupied by large, substantial-looking houses, belonging to wealthy merchants.

CHARLES XII., KING OF SWEDEN (1697–1718),
"THE LION OF THE NORTH."

BORIS-GLEB, A VILLAGE IN NORTHWESTERN RUSSIA.

XI.

GLIMPSES OF RUSSIA.

IF, as is said by a wise and witty Frenchman, every country should be visited in the season most characteristic of it, certainly, also, one should try to see not only this single season, but that which most strongly contrasts with it. So, too, the traveler should see not only the capital city, with its great buildings, handsome streets, treasures of art, with its prosperous, thriving people, but he should contrast with it the small peasant village, remote from centres of wealth and culture, where the conditions of life are hard, the people poor, with poverty doubly wretched in its hopelessness.

Wide Contrasts.

No country presents wider contrasts of this description than does Russia. Her laboring people, lately freed from serfdom, still find themselves in a condition little better. They have looked forward with hope, only to find that the distrust of their rulers and the indiscretions of their own leaders have too frequently conspired to disappoint them, and Russia remains a country in which the poor have few opportunities, where their burdens of taxation are enormous, where they have no voice in the government—in short, a despotism.

Our illustration represents a fishing village in northwestern Russia, where to the difficulties of life elsewhere among Russian peasants, is added that of a particularly arduous calling. Nature has not been kind to the Russian, but the burdens she imposes are light compared with those heaped by his rulers upon his devoted shoulders. The whole male population is subject to military service; the taxes are heavy, arbitrary,

NEVA PERSPECTIVE, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

and collected under a system which admits of unlimited fraud and extortion; and to crown all, the subject is liable to arrest and indefinite imprisonment without trial, and even to banishment, by "administrative process." The system of police makes the most private matters subject to investigation at the hands of an official who is probably a rogue, and who has no idea that he owes any duty whatever to the people whose government he serves. A careless word, some entirely innocent act, may be assumed by the authorities to be suspicious, in which case the unhappy citizen may by punished by imprisonment, by flogging, or by banishment. Unfortunate indeed will he be, if he has given any cause for suspicion that he has any desire, at a more or less distant time, to see a change in the form of government. This is the unpardonable sin, and may well be expected to send the perpetrator to Siberia. So the inhabitants of our Russian village are not only anxious as to their livelihood, but careful of their speech and actions, with a care which is the result of fear, a fear that has its source in bitter experience.

St. Petersburg, the Russian Capital.

But turning from such a village to the capital founded by Peter the Great, what a contrast there is! Peter had lived in Amsterdam, and in order that his new city should resemble that Dutch metropolis, he built it upon piles in the marshes of the Baltic. Wonderful city that it is, perhaps we shall see it best, and come most nearly to know its varied life, by a visit to the Nevski Prospekt, Neva Perspective. This great triumphal road extends from the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, a distance of three miles. This is the universal drive, and one may spend hours in studying the various equipages and their occupants. One, two or three horses may be driven, sometimes a trotting horse working between two galloping companions. On the pavement are crowds of people, gazing at the sleighs, or hurrying forward on business or to fulfill some social engagement. Joining the throng we shall pass the Annitchkoff Palace, the residence of the emperor at such times as his presence at the Winter Palace is not required by the ceremonies of court life. Soon we shall come to the Imperial Library, founded by the Empress Catherine, and the Church of Notre Dame de Kazan, which has a colonnade similar to that of St. Peter's at Rome, and in size and

decoration is second only to the Cathedral of St. Izak, among the churches of St. Petersburg.

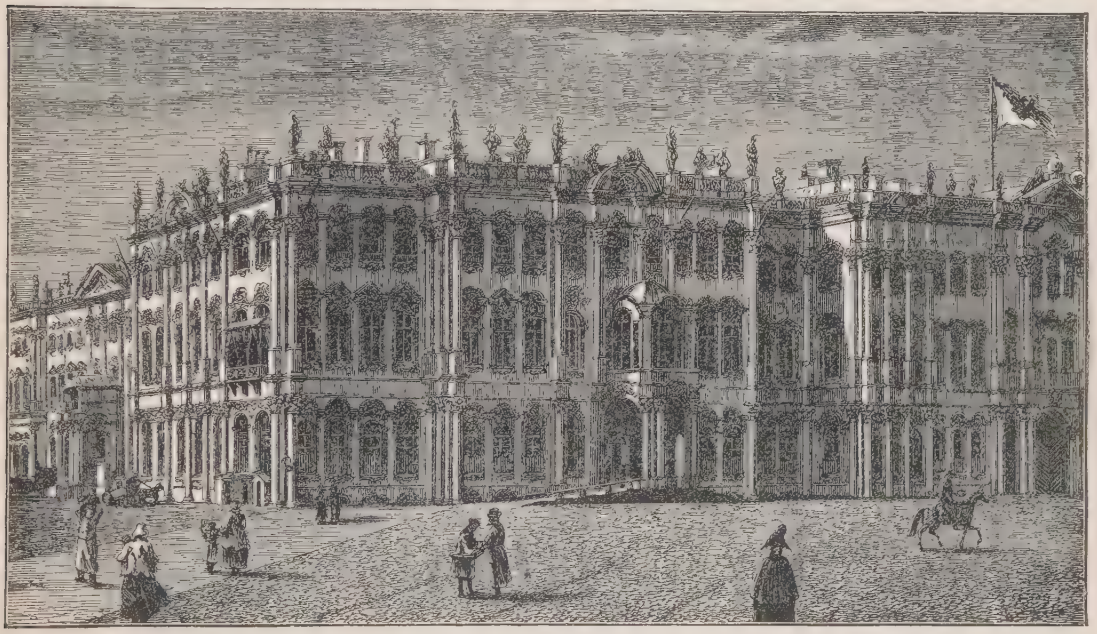
Religion and Education.

Toleration of all religions which do not violate public morality or good order exists in Russia, and not to profess the orthodox Greek faith, the national religion, does not disqualify for the enjoyment of any civil right. The law does not, however, allow those who already belong to the established faith to secede from it. The emperor is head of the church, the affairs of which he directs by means of a synod composed of the chief prelates. For the education of the clergy there are four academies, 50 seminaries, and 201 schools, in which 54,000 persons are trained. The churches, convents, and the ecclesiastical departments in general are maintained by the government. The department of public instruction in Russia is presided over by a ministry, although many of the schools are directed by other departments. The greater number of these establishments are supported out of the Imperial Treasury. Three academies for the staff, the engineers and the artillery are devoted to the higher branches of military science. Theological education for the orthodox church is superintended by the clergy. Many of the most important institutions in Russia, as the Academy of Sciences and the Pulkova Observatory, flourish in or near St. Petersburg. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, with upward of 1,000,000 volumes, is one of the finest in the world. The press of Russia, not yet much developed, is subject to special censorship. The foundling hospitals of St. Petersburg and Moscow receive annually

THE GREATEST BELL IN THE WORLD, MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

about 15,000 abandoned infants and orphans. But let us return to our tramp through the city.

At the end of the Neva Perspective are the Admiralty buildings, and we must turn out into the Great Marine Street, which is the fashionable walk of the city. On this street we shall find the Cathedral of St. Izak, and passing around this magnificent church we come to the Neva, hemmed in for more than three miles by a dyke of red granite. Thick ice covers the stream all winter long, forming a bridge for all kinds of vehicles, while in the centre a race course is marked out, and is continually surrounded by throngs of sportsmen.



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

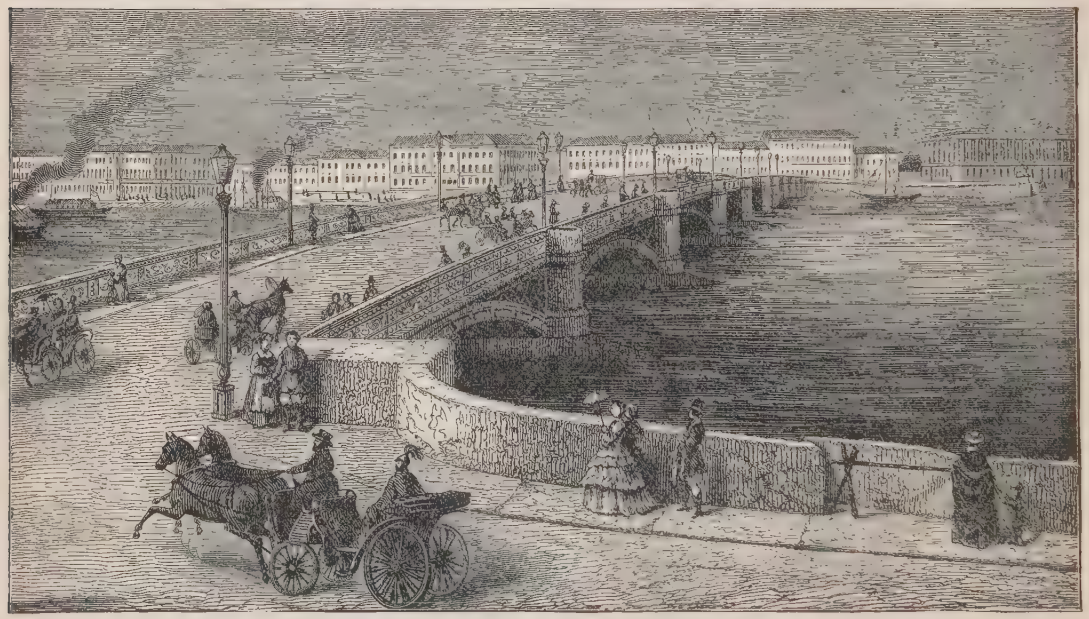
Along the quay are the palaces of the Grand Dukes and other noble families. This is the centre of aristocratic life; the fashionable world crowding into this quarter so as to surround as closely as possible the great Winter Palace. This is an immense building in the rococo style. It was erected in the reign of Catherine, and has been added to by the successive monarchs until it might be likened to some great caravansary, and bears a striking resemblance to the palace of the Sultan at Constantinople. It is the very source and spring of all social movements in St. Petersburg. All the leading places of amusement can almost be said

to be annexed to the palace; the great gallery of paintings and other objects of art to which the public are freely admitted, is, in reality, merely the study of the Emperor.

The palace is open to visitors on various occasions; on New Year's day, Easter, and other holidays, at the baptism or marriage of any royal personage, and when a foreign prince is received.

An Interesting Ceremony.

On January 6th, an interesting ceremony, peculiarly Russian, is per-



THE NICHOLAS BRIDGE, ST. PETERSBURG.

formed, in the blessing of the waters of the Neva. In a tent on the ice, hymns are sung by the choir of the Imperial chapel, the cross is plunged through a hole in the ice, and the greatest prelate of the church, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, pronounces a blessing upon the waters.

The visitor to the Russian capital soon comes to understand that the military spirit rules all the social life. The guards perform their manœuvres in vast, covered enclosures, which are well heated and where a regiment of men finds ample room for all its evolutions. Here the officers give brilliant entertainments, and the manœuvres of the guards furnish the people of the capital with an amusement of which

they never tire. The Emperor is nearly always present, and his brilliant suite, with those of the foreign ambassadors, make the spectacle one long to be remembered. It is a curious sight to watch the assembly of company on the occasion of a great court ball. Sledges and carriages, by the hundred, make their way slowly toward the Winter Palace, their occupants so muffled as to resemble great bundles of fur. The empty vehicles wait on the square near by, and their drivers warm themselves at great fires provided for the purpose. Once inside the palace doors, the bundles of fur are transformed into handsome, gaily-dressed gentlemen and ladies, who gather in the great Throne Room to await the coming of royalty. Promptly at nine o'clock the Emperor enters, and the ball is opened.

But on the approach of summer, St. Petersburg is transformed. The season is late, it is exceedingly short, and it comes, seemily, without an intermediate season to separate it from the winter. At the close of winter, the islands of the Neva becomes masses of verdure, the air is full of mist rising from the water, and at the point where the river joins the Gulf of Finland are the country houses of the nobles and wealthy merchants. The brightness of the foliage, the genial warmth, the out-of-door life, remind one of Italy, and one can hardly believe that this is frozen Russia.

The Czar and those who form his court spend the summer within an hour's ride, by railway, from the capital, either at Tsarskoé-Sélo, or at Peterhof. At the latter place, Peter the Great wished to form a Russian Versailles, and the neighborhood of the sea gave scope to his passion for nautical enterprises, but the castle has been somewhat neglected of late. At Tsarskoé-Sélo is a great castle in the midst of larch woods, and by the side of a small lake. Here the great Catherine loved to dwell, and around this royal residence clusters the memory of many of the most eminent Russian names.

THE IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE, VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

XII.

IN BRILLIANT VIENNA.

IF the traveler will leave the main line of travel at Offenburg, a few miles east of Strassburg, and ascend on the railway one of the most interesting of Black Forest valleys, where his interest is divided between natural scenery and the engineering skill displayed in the construction of the road, he will in a few hours have climbed high mountain sides in many circles and through many tunnels, until at last, on issuing from a long tunnel he finds himself on a high plateau, and presently notices a streamlet, no more than a rill, flowing southeastward. When he leaves it to reach one of the favored spots of travelers—the Rhine Falls at Lekoffhausen—the rill has become a little stream, but were he to follow it, it would lead him across the kingdom of Würtemberg, past the quaint city of Ulm, across Bavaria, and long ere this he would know, as no doubt the reader has guessed, that he was tracing the waters of the Danube, which would carry him on still farther to Lintz and Vienna, past scenery equaling that of the Rhine, past Budapest, the capital of Hungary, through the Iron Gate, along Bulgaria to the confines of Russia and the waters of the Black Sea, a course of nearly 1700 miles. This river forms the great main artery of the Austro-Hungarian territory; and divides it into two not very unequal portions.

In the German Empire we could not but notice the diverse fragmentary race elements, but the Austro-Hungarian monarchy we find to be one of the most strangely constituted States of Europe. The Germans are one-fourth of the population, but German is the official language in

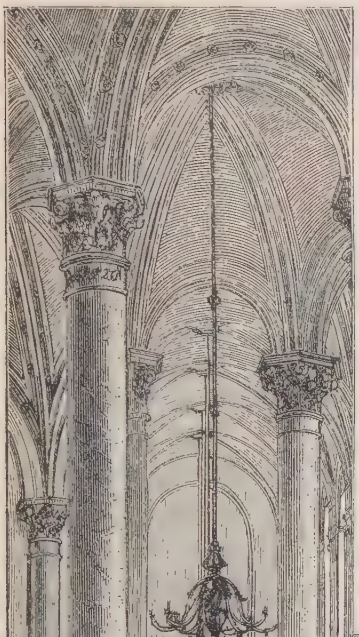
the army and navy of the whole country, and in the administration of the western portion. To the north and south are numerous Slavonic races, and to the east, wedged between these, are the Magyars of the Hungarian plains, and the Roumanians, while beyond, in Transylvania, are German outposts again. In Austria there is, in fact, a perfect babel of tongues, and we soon realize, notwithstanding the great German influence, that we are in a country rather of eastern than of western manners and customs.

History of Vienna.

Situated near the Danube, with a population of over a million, the city of Vienna covers with its suburbs an area of thirty-five square miles. An ancient Celtic settlement, taken and fortified in 14 A. D. by the Romans, destroyed by invading hordes of Avars, raised again to importance by Charlemagne, growing and prospering during the time of the Crusades, made the seat of the Hapsburg dynasty, twice besieged by Turks, the last time as late as 1683, occupied by the French in the beginning of this century, in short, having outlived the vicissitudes of twenty centuries, the Vienna of to-day, with its spacious boulevards, with its monumental structures rivaling those of Paris, its splendid art collections, its colossal library and university of over six thousand students, its charming environs, with its Parisian refinement and gaiety, and its variety of national types, this modern Vienna has assumed a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, and become one of the most brilliant capitals of Europe.

Upon the very day of his arrival the American, after coming through northern Germany, will notice marked contrasts in the character and manners of the people. He will note a remarkable courtesy toward the stranger, and at the same time a sort of Oriental fatalism, which manifests itself in a kind of indifference, probably more affected than real. There is one German word which one hears again and again which well characterizes the Viennese—*gemüthlich*. It expresses good nature, kindly disposition, and especially a condition antagonistic to violent emotions, while its force is best understood when one sees the people in the cafés or restaurants. A glass of beer and a cigar may take the place of every other amusement, and even make conversation superfluous. A Viennese can sit so for hours in silence, but at the arrival of a friend he is

all high spirits and full of amiability; this is *gemüthlich*. In the libraries, in the working rooms of the museums, there is complete silence.

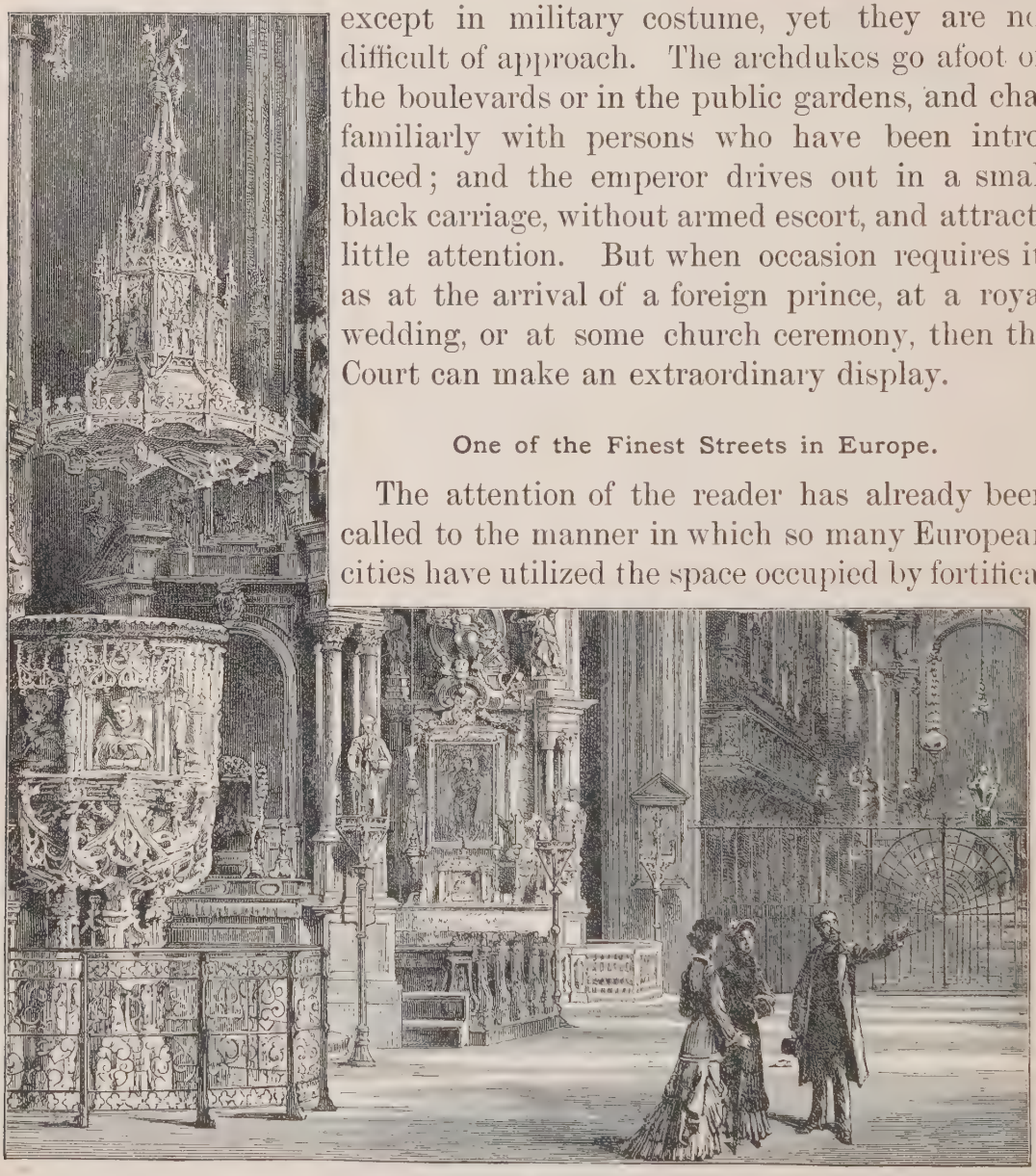


In politics as well as in religion the Viennese are quite tolerant. They are converts to modern liberalism and do not favor the domination of the clergy. But this does not prevent their running in crowds to take part in the processions of the Catholic Church, and even Protestants and Jews decorate the fronts of their houses on Church holidays. "Our quarter," they say, "must be the most brilliant." Fond of great spectacles, it makes little difference to them what the occasion is. But this taste for display is united with great simplicity of manners and an affection of equality. No one wears a decoration in Vienna. A ribbon displayed reveals at once the stranger, and yet no people anywhere make more of

INTERIOR OF CENTRAL CAFÉ, VIENNA.

titles and honors. The Viennese are also very careful of their toilet. You may often see women going to market early in the morning with flowers in their hair. In the afternoon no one goes out except in calling

costume, with irreproachable gloves, and officers are only seen in uniform. While the emperor and archdukes never appear in public except in military costume, yet they are not difficult of approach. The archdukes go afoot on the boulevards or in the public gardens, and chat familiarly with persons who have been introduced; and the emperor drives out in a small black carriage, without armed escort, and attracts little attention. But when occasion requires it, as at the arrival of a foreign prince, at a royal wedding, or at some church ceremony, then the Court can make an extraordinary display.



INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, VIENNA.

One of the Finest Streets in Europe.

The attention of the reader has already been called to the manner in which so many European cities have utilized the space occupied by fortifications, which modern warfare has rendered useless; but no city except Paris can claim to have been made so attractive as Vienna by means of its *Ring Strasse*, a series of boulevards encircling the inner city

and assuming in some places the appearance of parks, two miles in length and, considered from an architectural point of view, one of the finest streets in Europe. Among the many palatial edifices which are found in this belt is the Imperial Opera House, a magnificent renaissance edifice, which the picture permits to speak for itself. The figures in the balcony are of bronze, and represent Heroism, Tragedy, Fantasy, Comedy, and Love. The vestibule beyond is richly embellished with frescoes and busts of celebrated composers, while the handsome staircase and rich decorations of the interior call for more than a casual notice.

In the very centre of "the city" rises the grand old Gothic cathedral of St. Stephen, with its graceful spire no less than 475 feet high, where during the centuries veritable wonders in sculpture, paintings, elaborate tombs and statues have accumulated; a poem in stone, where the great Victor Hugo would have received the same impressions which he has so beautifully described in "Notre Dame de Paris," although externally the two churches have little in common. The spire of St. Stephen is placed entirely on the right side of the church and rests upon a large base, yet its great height entitles it to rank among the great spires of the world, such as Strassburg and Cologne. St. Stephen, as a whole, has not the regularity of construction which strikes one in the case of Notre Dame; but the impression, while different, is no less profound.

The visitor cannot but be moved at the sight of this great edifice; he fain would remain hours to contemplate its beauties and feel his thoughts raised heavenward. The interior is beyond description, and it would require pages to give even a summary of its numerous altars, tombs, carvings, and statues. In the foreground of the picture, to the left, is seen the pulpit, which fairly represents the incomparable stone carving of the fifteenth century, while all around we see elaborate altars and every niche with a statue. The rich groined vaulting is borne by eighteen massive pillars, adorned by upward of a hundred statues. Monuments, palatial residences, spacious boulevards, royal museums stored with rare antiquities, art galleries filled with works of the old masters, gothic spires and historic churches, historic associations on every side, all this, with the gay life of a metropolis, might well make it hard for the visitor to turn his back upon Vienna.

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

XIII.

AMONG THE ALPS OF SWITZERLAND.

A VIEW from one of the peaks of the Black Forest of the whole chain of the Alps, reaching from Mt. Blanc, 140 miles away, to Tyrol in the east, will not soon be forgotten, but the view from the Rigi, on Lake Lucerne, while restricted to the Bernese Alps, has probably no rival in the whole world. But the weather must be propitious. Our party ascended by the Rigi railway, which makes you feel as though rising in a balloon, so quickly do lake, and city, and lower hills recede; but as we neared the summit, a cloud enveloped us, a steady mist began to fall, and all hopes of having a view the following morning were apparently shattered. But let the traveler in Switzerland never despair, rise early, make the best of all his time, and carry out his programme, for when he least expects, there will be a rift in the clouds, and as if by magic touch they will be gathered up, leaving him face to face with some grand and sublime view, such as he had hardly hoped to see.

A Glorious Sunrise.

We retired despondent, but rose to witness a glorious sunrise. The whole range of Alpine peaks stood out boldly against the blue sky, but dull and gray, when suddenly here and there a lofty peak, touched by the warm rays of the rising sun, glowed with the rosy hue of life. The snow-clad mountains, though the nearest was over twenty miles away, seemed so near as to make one think the voice could reach them. The view to the south was bounded by this wall of Alpine peaks, to the

west were the rugged outlines of the Jura, while northward, 100 miles away, the outlines of the Vosges and Black Forest peaks could be traced, and to the east the Suabian and Bavarian ranges; cities, towns, and villages were visible without number; the great Lake of Lucerne lay close at our feet in wonderful hues of emerald, blue, and purple, while at a greater distance on every side appeared the other well-known lakes.

From Lucerne we may explore the lake, or rather the series of lakes, and pass the places made illustrious by Schiller's drama of *Wilhelm Tell.* At Flurlen we take the railroad and pass, within the next hour, through

THE GLACIER OF TACONNAZ, MONT BLANC.

the finest scenery of the whole St. Gothard route, climbing the mountains, winding about in looping tunnels, until it is utterly impossible to be certain of the direction. At the town of Gesetenen we are near the head of the valley, and after seven miles of tunnel through the St. Gothard we speed along the banks of the Tessino to the shores of Lake Maggiore and the plains of Northern Italy. If we leave the railway at Gesetenen, however, and go a-foot along the turbulent Reuss a few miles farther, we shall come to a wall of rock, which the stream has pierced for itself—the Hole of Uri—and where the road has emerged from a tunnel, we hardly know whether to believe our eyes, for before us opens

a charming plain shut in on all sides by lofty mountains; this is the valley of Andermatt, and we are here at one of the most interesting points in the Alps. To our left, that is to the east, a road in sweeping curves climbs the mountain over the tunnel, which in a few hours would take us to the sources of the Rhine; opposite, a few miles along a similar road takes us over the Gothard Pass to the headwaters of the Tessino, which empties into the Po, while at the other end of the valley, seven miles away, another road mounts in graceful curves and, passing through the Furen Pass, brings us to the Rhone glacier. This rises in terraces a distance of six miles, and seems like an immense frozen cataract, while from beneath it rushes a lusty stream, the Rhone.

The Heart of the Alps.

After reaching Bury we may by railway reach the very heart of the Alps at Zermatt, at the foot of the Matterhorn and near Monte Rosa, but we press on and reach the Col de Balme, from which we obtain the first near view of Mont Blanc, and now hasten down the mountain side to the valley of Chamounix.

Numerous attempts have been made to establish on Mont Blanc an observatory for scientific purposes, but the plan had to be given up; however, every year scientists from various countries have been successful in obtaining valuable observations. Our pictures show such a scientific expedition on the way. In this case the scientist is not a young man, and hence he has contrived a means of being carried part of the time. This contrivance is simply a light ladder about ten feet long, from the centre of which a seat is suspended by straps, and below it in a similar manner, a foot-rest. The traveler thus sits with his arms resting on the sides, his feet supported, and with a board for a rest in front of him, can engage in reading or registering observations as he is being carried on the shoulders of six or eight men. The ladder also serves as a bridge to cross crevasses, and where it is absolutely necessary to walk, the traveler can do so supported by the sides of the ladder, as shown in the first picture, or if wishing to rest, can stretch himself at full length, rapped in rugs. Those who make the climb as an experience and to add to their list of conquests, usually accomplish it in three days, going and returning.

PROCESSION OF BLACK PENITENTS, A RELIGIOUS ORDER.

XIV.

IN SPAIN.

HERE are many ways of making a tour in Spain. Of these, the one which is usually chosen is the *comfortable* tour, which takes the traveler by the main line of railway to Madrid, showing him the cathedral of Burgos and the palace of Escorial on the way, and which carries him on to Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada, almost all places which may be visited and sojourned at with little more of difficulty or of discomfort than is to be met with between London and Paris.

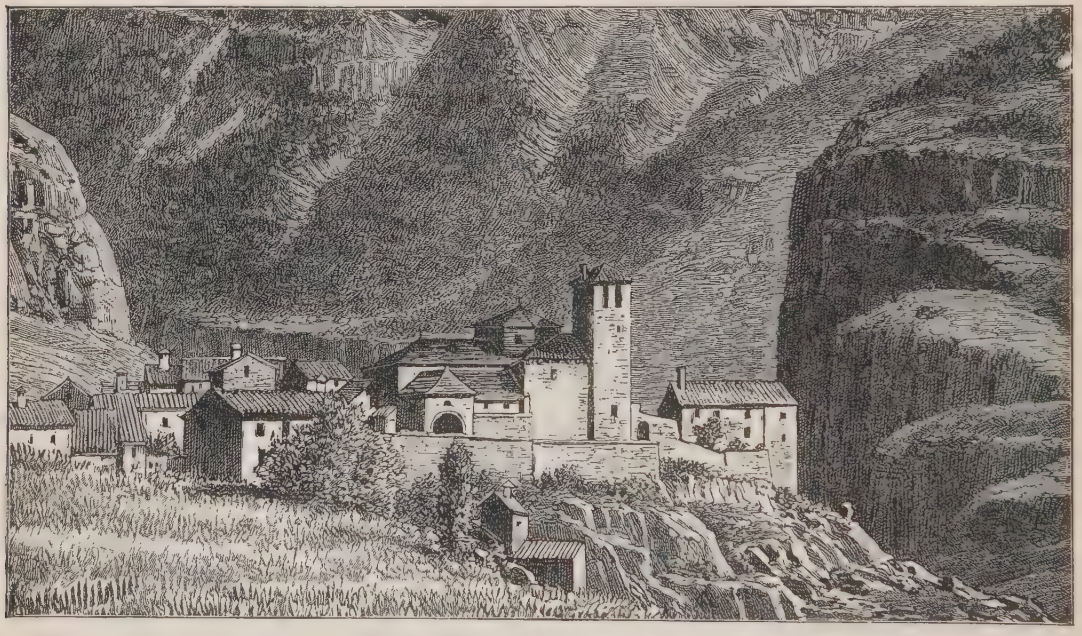
Who would really see Spain, however, must go prepared to rough it, must be unembarrassed by a courier, must be content with humble inns, coarse fare, windows often glassless, vehicles always jolting, and above all, must put all false pride in his pocket, and treat every Spaniard, from the lowest beggar up, as his equal. If he will bear these things, especially if he will unstiffen his backbone, and genially and cordially respond to the many humble courtesies which he will undoubtedly meet with, he will enjoy Spain, and her abounding treasures of art, of history, of legendary lore, and above all, of kindly, generous hospitality, which will be freely poured out for him.

Take Spain as You Find Her; She is not Likely to Improve.

He must take Spain as he finds her; she is not likely to improve; she does not wish to improve; the only way of finding pleasure in her is to take her as she is, without longing for her to be what she is not. The Spanish standard of morals, of manners, of religion, of duty, of all the courtesies which are due from one person to another, however wide

apart their rank, is a very different and, in most of these points, a much higher standard than the English one, and, if a traveler will not at least endeavor to come up to it, he had much better stay at home.

Except in the Asturias and some parts of Galicia, there are probably only two places where there is anything that may be called *beautiful country* in Spain, and these are Monseratt, the noblest, the most gloriously beautiful of rocks, and the palm-groves of Elche. The latter is, indeed, quite surpassingly beautiful, and a painter might linger forever upon the glowing loveliness of its contrasts, where the stony yellow



THE TOWN OF TORLA, SPAIN.

plain sweeps up close with the luxuriant palm-woods. It has more of the ideal Africa than Africa itself, and is the most splendid oasis in a singularly dismal desert. Generally African travelers complain of the Spanish deserts as being deserts without any oases at all.

Travel in Spain, then, becomes a constant movement from one town to another—towns which are not as beautiful as those in Italy, not as picturesque as many of those in France and Germany, but which have a peculiar charm of their own in their tortuous whitewashed streets, their vast, brown, mouldering palaces, and their colossal churches, which nothing but sight can give the impression of.

Such a town Kenelm Digby describes, when he wishes that his "Broadstone of Honor" may resemble one of "those beautiful old cities of Spain," in which one finds everything; cool walks, shaded by orange-trees, along the banks of a river; great open squares exposed to the burning sun for festivities; narrow, winding, dark streets, composed of houses of every form, height, age, color; labyrinths of buildings, all confused together—palaces, hospitals, convents, halls, all raised in an appropriate style of architecture; market-places resounding to the busy hum of men; cemeteries, where the living are as silent as the dead; in

ABIZANDA, NORTHEASTERN SPAIN.

the centre, the vast gothic cathedral, with its airy spires and massive tower, its fine sculptured portals, and its arches and capitals of varied tracery, its deep vaults, its forests of pillars, its burning chapels, its multitude of saints, its high altar, lighted with a thousand tapers—wonderful structure; imposing by its enormous magnitude, curious in its details, sublime when seen from a distance of two leagues, and beautiful when only two paces from the eye. Then in another quarter of the city, the vast arch or aqueduct, constructed by the Romans; or, concealed by a grove of palms and sycamore, the ruins of the Oriental mosque.

The change on crossing the boundary is strangely instantaneous, and

the traveler is forced at once to realize how impossible it will be to travel in Spain without at least some knowledge of its language; for even on the frontier no other is understood, and the most embarrassing confusion is also in store for one who has not already mastered the intricate varieties of the Spanish coinage in which his fresh tickets have to be paid for.

Spanish Courtesy.

Immediately, also, Spanish customs come into play. You ask his worship, the porter, to have the graciousness to assist you in lifting your portmanteau ("Mozo, hagame Usted el favor de llevar maleta,") and you implore his worship, the Beggar, your brother, for the love of God, to excuse you from giving him anything ("Perdoneme Usted, por Dios, hermano"). Pleasantly, however, does this excess of Spanish courtesy strike you when you are about to enter the railway carriage. However crowded it may already be, however filled up with the hand-bags and impedimenta of its occupants, the new-comers, who would be scowled upon in England, are welcomed with smiles and willing help; places are at once made for them, their bags and baskets are comfortably stowed away, and everything that can be supplied is offered for their convenience; every Spanish gentleman is willing to assist, translate, or advise; and if you travel in the second-class carriages, which, as in many parts of Germany, are, in the north of Spain, often much more roomy and comfortable, and generally far less crowded than the first, not even the humblest peasant leaves it without lifting his hat, and wishing you a hearty "A Dios, Senores." The train crawls along in the most provoking way, stopping at all the stations for two, four, ten, twenty minutes, and giving you ample time to survey the scenery. You feel impatient, but your Spanish companions are perfectly satisfied; "it is so much safer, so satisfactory never to have any accidents." Time is of no importance to them, whatever. "One can smoke one's cigarritos as well in one place as in another." In the older Spanish towns it is useless to take a guide, and it is almost equally so to ask your way. It is only to those who wander indefatigably through the winding streets, that all the interesting objects reveal themselves, though the process is often assisted by the ascent, in the first instance, of some lofty tower, whence the town is seen as in a map.

XV.

PORTUGAL.

SPAIN and Portugal have been likened to two men sitting back to back, who will never turn their heads. There is an inherent dislike between the people of the two countries which keeps them farther apart than would seem possible for two neighboring peoples. The very languages, contrary to common opinion, are entirely distinct. The Portuguese is more flexible than any other European language except English. It is not difficult to acquire, and has been described as "Latin with the bones out."

Few cities in the world are more beautiful than Lisbon. It has few churches, no great buildings, is without parks, and yet the first view of the city is very striking. It rises from the shore in regular rows of stately houses of grayish-yellow limestone which rivals marble in appearance, and the clear southern atmosphere brings out all the boldness and freshness of the lines which form the picture.

Lisbon used to be described as a very dirty city, and it was infested, like the cities of the Mahometan East, by a band of dogs, half wild, and without owners, which were the only scavengers of the city, and which actually made the streets unsafe at night; but a great reform has been effected, and human scavengers having been substituted, the city has been freed from the pest of dogs. Lisbon was originally called Olisipo; by the Romans, Felicitas Julia; and by the Moors, Lishbuna and Ashbuna. It was captured by the Moors at the beginning of the eighth century and was held by them almost continuously until about the middle of the

BASTIA, COAST OF CORSICA.

twelfth, when Alfonso I made it one of the great European capitals. It reached the height of its power early in the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese led the world in commercial enterprise and maritime discovery. The city has never entirely recovered from the great earthquake of 1755, of the effects of which vestiges still remain. The greater part of the city was destroyed, and 60,000 people are believed to have perished within the space of six minutes. A great, new marble quay on which multitudes of people had collected for safety, sank, carrying down in the whirlpool thus caused, not only those who stood upon it, but the boats and vessels near by, and no boat or man ever reappeared on the surface, and the water stood 600 feet deep over the spot.

CORSICA.

Corsica—according to Dr. Bennet, "without doubt the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean"—is a short range of mountains thrown up abruptly in that angle of the historic sea, formed by France on the north, and Italy on the east. The principal ridge runs about north and south, throwing off spurs to the east and west, from which other offshoots straggle down in endless variety of form and outline to the sea. The highest summits are capped with snow three parts of the year. Lower down stunted pines crop up among the ragged crags. The growth thickens, and the lower hills are clothed with forests of giant firs, but many a shattered trunk and torn limb stands out in evidence against the fierce winds that sweep through the mountain gorges. Lower yet, the firs mingle with noble chestnuts, and these, in turn, are interspersed with gray olives. Still descending, the olives give place to terraced gardens, where graceful palms spring up above the citron and orange, whose dark, shining foliage is spangled with golden fruit. Here, down in the sheltered valleys, the banana and guava ripen; canes, twenty feet high, mark the course of the streams; agaves and Barbary figs skirt the roads, and the rose blooms all the year round. The island is but fifty miles across in its broadest part, yet in this brief space a diversity of climate exists equal to that which is to be found between Stockholm and

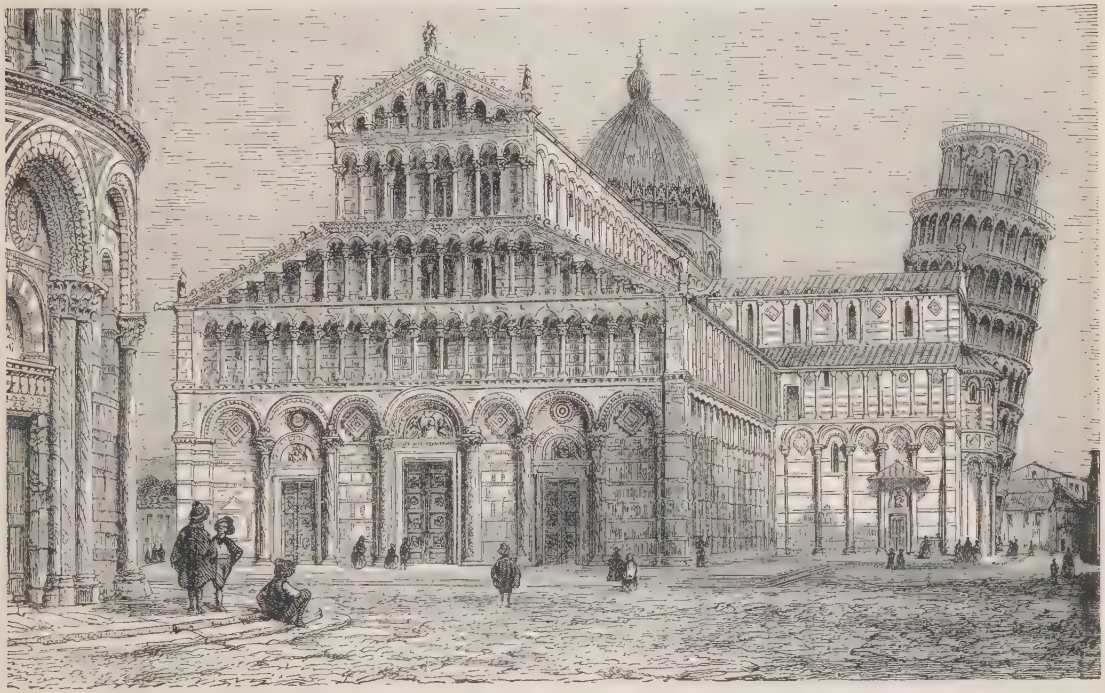
Naples. The visitor who ventures to cross the island in January, may, at six o'clock, be called out of his coupe into the fog, to help in dragging the diligence through the Foce de Vizzanova—with the possibility, in the event of failure, of being buried seventeen feet in snow—and at ten, be taking lunch in the open air at Ajaccio, grateful to the eucalyptus that shelters him from the sun. There he will see the fog that still hangs about Vizzanova; but from below it takes the form of a pearly cloud clinging to the mountain, whose crest rises above it glistening like frosted silver against the deep-blue sky. On the coast there are, in reality, but two seasons: one hot and dry, from May to September; the other soft and temperate, from September to May; and to enjoy perpetual immunity from excess of heat and cold, one has but to follow in the steps of the goatherd, who comes down into the lowlands with his goats, his dog and his family, carrying his household effects, as soon as the leaves begin to fall from the chestnuts; and returns to the highlands when the woods up there take on their first tender tints of spring.

A Rough-and-Ready Plan of Corsica.

The right hand upturned, with the index extended and the other fingers closed upon the palm, gives a rough-and-ready plan of Corsica, the fingers showing that part of the island most worthy to be explored, and the thumb representing the only portion which should not be visited. From Bonifacio to Bastia—which may be supposed to stand where the tip of the thumb lies on the second joint of the forefinger—the east coast is not only uninteresting, but dangerously unhealthy in certain seasons. For this reason, Bastia should be taken as the starting-point, the visitor turning his back upon the south, with the comforting assurance that there is nothing there worth seeing save Bonifacio, which will be ultimately reached by following the safer and more picturesque route along the north and west coast. There are other considerations favorable to this selection; and not the most unimportant to those who regard comfort is, that from Leghorn to Bastia the voyage is shorter than from Newhaven to Dieppe.

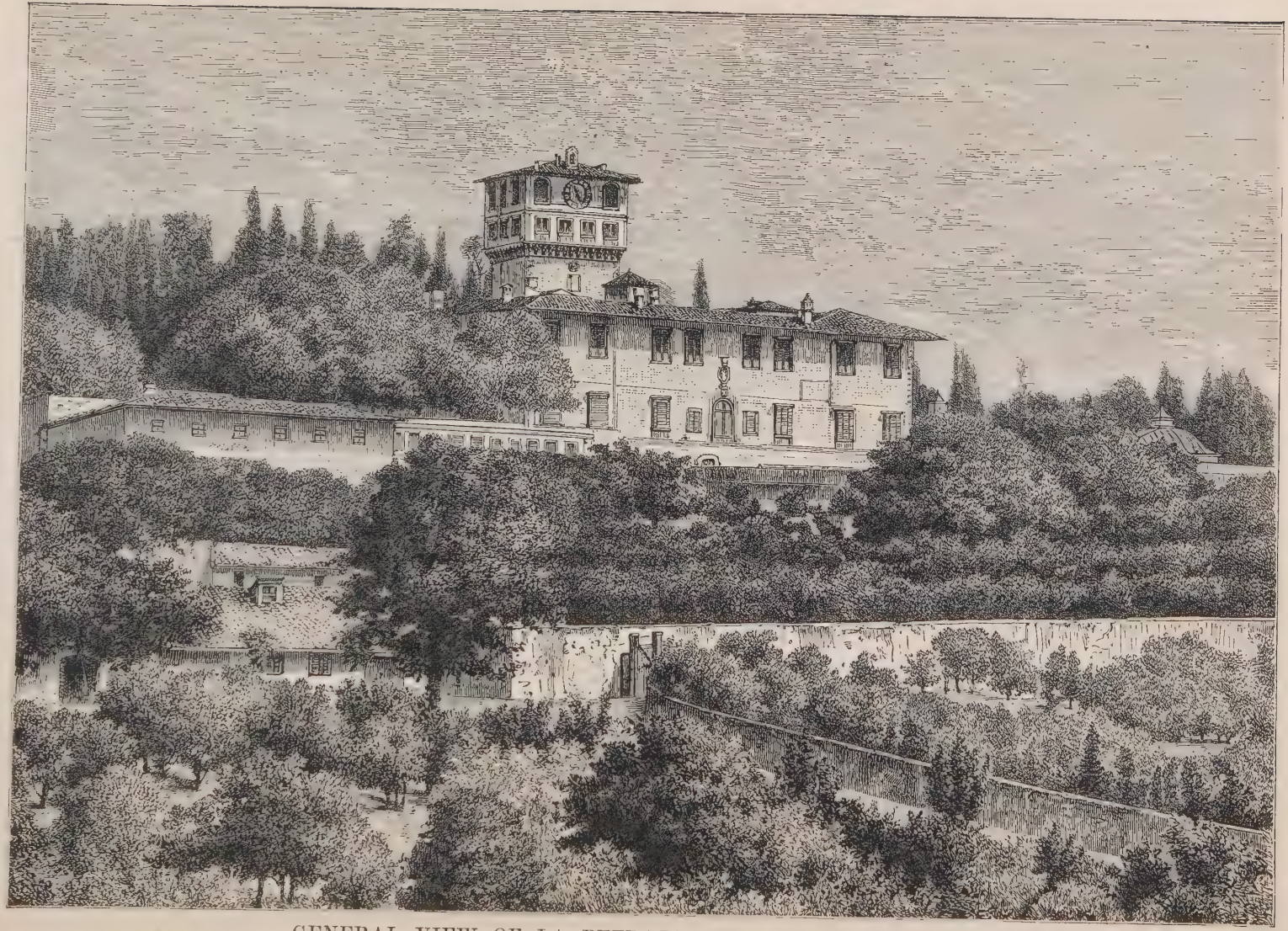
Cape Corso is before us, a long promontory, represented in our plan by the top of the forefinger, formed by the prolongation of the mountain chain which is the backbone of the island. The two sides of this moun-

tain range are entirely different in aspect: on the east, the green, wide, undulating slopes, with fishing villages nestling in the bays at their feet, and white hamlets perched upon the heights above, are charming; on the west, deep ravines, the innumerable little fjords, and rugged granite rocks plunging into the sea, with the view of blue waters and snow-capped mountains beyond, are superb, and challenge any point upon the famous Corniche Road of Nice. The ramifications of the range form natural divisions of territory, each commune occupying a river basin. Formerly these communes had no means of communication, except by extremely difficult mountain paths, or by the sea; now a good carriage road cut en corniche, and following the contour of the slopes, skirts the whole seaboard from Bastia to St. Florent.



CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER OF PISA, ITALY.

This celebrated cylindrical Tower, commenced in 1174, is 179 ft. high, 50 ft. in diameter, and leans about 13 ft. from the perpendicular. It is divided into eight stories, each having an exterior gallery projecting 7 ft. The summit is reached by 330 steps. The fault was discovered before its completion, and the upper courses were shaped to counteract the deflection from the perpendicular. The chime of seven bells at the top, the largest of which weighs 12,000 lbs., are so placed as to counterbalance by their gravity the leaning of the Tower.



GENERAL VIEW OF LA PETRAJA, NEAR FLORENCE, ITALY.

XVI.

SUNNY ITALY AND CLASSICAL GREECE.

"WHOEVER," said Chateaubriand, "has nothing else left in life, should come to live in Rome; there he will find for society a land which will nourish his reflections, walks which will always tell him something new. The stone which crumbles under his feet will speak to him, and even the dust which the wind raises under his footsteps will seem to bear with it something of human grandeur."

The impressiveness of an arrival at the Eternal City was formerly enhanced by the solemn singularity of the country through which it was slowly approached. "Those who arrive at Rome now, by the railway," says Mrs. Craven, in her "Anne Severin," "and rush like a whirlwind into a station, which has nothing in its first aspect to distinguish it from one of the most obscure places in the world, cannot imagine the effect which the words 'Ecco Roma' formerly produced, when on arriving at the point in the road from which the Eternal City could be descried for the first time, the postilion stopped his horses, and pointing it out to the traveler, in the distance, pronounced them with that Roman accent which is grave and sonorous as the name of Rome itself."

It is the peculiarity of the great cities of Italy, that none of them are capitals in the ordinary sense of the word—types and representatives of

the country, such as Paris is of France, or London of England. The great centres of old Italian life, Rome, Venice and Florence, are all as distinct as individuals, incapable on the spur of the moment of being trimmed into any breadth of nationality, or made to represent more than themselves.

Other, though not many, cities have histories as noble, treasures as vast; but no other city has them living, and ever present in her midst, familiar as household words, and touched by every baby's hand, and peasant's step, as Florence has.

In Florence.

Every line, every gable, every road, every tower, has some story of the past, present with it. Every tocsin that sounds is a chronicle; every bridge that unites the two banks of the river unites also the crowds of the living with the heroism of the dead.

In the winding, dusty, irregular streets, with the outlines of their loggie and arcades, and the glow of color that fills their niches and galleries, the "men who have gone before" walk with you. The beauty of the past goes with you at every step in Florence. Buy eggs in the market, and you buy them where Donatello bought those which fell down in a broken heap before the wonder of the crucifix. Pause in a narrow by-street, in a crowd, and it shall be that Borgo Allegri, which the people so baptized for love of the old painter and the new-born art. Stray into a great dark church at evening time, where peasants tell their beads in the vast marble silence, and you are where the whole city flocked, weeping, at midnight, to look their last on the dead face of their Michael Angelo.

Buy a knot of March anemones or April arum lilies, and you may bear them with you through the same city ward in which the child Ghirlandajo once played amidst the gold and silver garlands that his father fashioned for the young heads of Renaissance. Ask for a shoemaker, and you will find the cobbler sitting with his board in the same old twisting, shadowy street-way, where the old man, Toscanelli, drew his charts that served a fair-haired sailor of Genoa called Columbus. Toil to fetch a tinker through the squalor of San Nicolo, and there shall fall on you the shadow of the bell-tower where the old Sacristan saved to the world the genius

of night and day. Glance up to see the hour of the evening, and there, sombre and tragical, will loom above you the walls of the communal palace on which the traitors were painted by the brush of Sarto, and the tower of Giotto, fair and fresh in its perfect grace, as though angels had builded it in the night just past.

The Most Beautiful of all Fountains.

About four miles from the Porta al Prato is the charming villa of Petraja. It was bought by Ferdinando I, and adorned by Buontalenti. One tower, only, remains of the castle of the Brunelleshi, its ancient owners, who defended it in 1364 against the Pisans. The gardens on the southern slope of the Apennines are quite lovely. A beautiful fountain by Tribolo is surmounted by a Venus of Giovanni da Bologna. It is pronounced by Vasari to be the "most beautiful of all fountains." The loggie are adorned with frescoes by Il Volterrano. Here Scipione Ammirato, under the eye of Cosimo and his son Ferdinando, wrote that history of Florence that procured him the name of the New Livy.

In the valley below Petraja is the villa of Castello, which was the residence of the Medici before their elevation to the sovereignty. It was afterward enlarged by Tribolo for Cosimo I. Its beautiful fountain has a group of Hercules and Antæus by Ammanato.

The vicinity of Florence abounds in places and objects of beauty or historic interest. Just outside the city is the Torre del Gallo, which is believed to have been the observatory of Galileo, where he studied the moon. "About the foot of the tower, ivy and vervain, and the Madonna's herb, and the white sexagons of the stars of Bethlehem, grew amongst the grasses; pigeons paced to and fro with pretty pride and plumage; a dog slept on the flags; the cool, moist, deep-veined creepers climbed about the stones; there were peach trees in all the beauty of their blossoms, and everywhere about them were close-set olive trees, with the ground about them scarlet with the tulips and the wild-rose bushes.

"The world has spoiled most of its places of pilgrimage, but the old star tower is not harmed as yet, where it stands amongst its quiet garden ways and grass-grown slopes, up high amongst the hills, with sounds of dripping water on its court, and wildwood-flowers thrusting their bright heads through the stones. It is as peaceful, as simple, as homely, as

THE ROMAN FORUM.

closely-girt with blossoming boughs and with tulip-crimsoned grasses now as then, when from its roof, in the still midnight of far-off time, its master read the secrets of the stars."

The Lone Mother of Dead Empires.

The interest of Rome comes to its climax in the Forum. In spite of all that is destroyed, and all that is buried, so much remains to be seen, and every stone has its story. This spot, where the Senate had its assemblies, where the rostra were placed, where the destinies of the world were discussed, is the most celebrated and most classical of ancient Rome. It was adorned by the most magnificent monuments, which were so crowded upon one another that their heaped-up ruins are not sufficient for all the names which are handed down to us by history. The course of centuries has overthrown the Forum, and made it impossible to define; the level of the ancient soil is twenty-four feet below that of to-day, and however great a desire one may feel to reproduce the past, it must be acknowledged that this very difference of level is a very great obstacle to the powers of imagination; again, the uncertainties of archæologists are discouraging to curiosity and the desire of delusion. The origin of the Forum goes back to the alliance of the Romans and the Sabines. It was a space surrounded by marshes, which extended between the Palatine and the Capitol, occupied by the two colonies, and serving as a neutral ground where they could meet. The Curtian Lake was situated in the midst. Constantly adorned under the Republic and the empire, it appears that it continued to exist until the eleventh century. Its total ruin dates from Robert Guiscard, who, when called to the assistance of Gregory VII, left it a heap of ruins. Abandoned for many centuries, it became a receptacle for rubbish, which gradually raised the level of the soil. About 1547, Paul III began to make excavations in the Forum. Then the place became a cattle-market, and the glorious name of Forum Romanum was changed to that of Campo Vaccino.

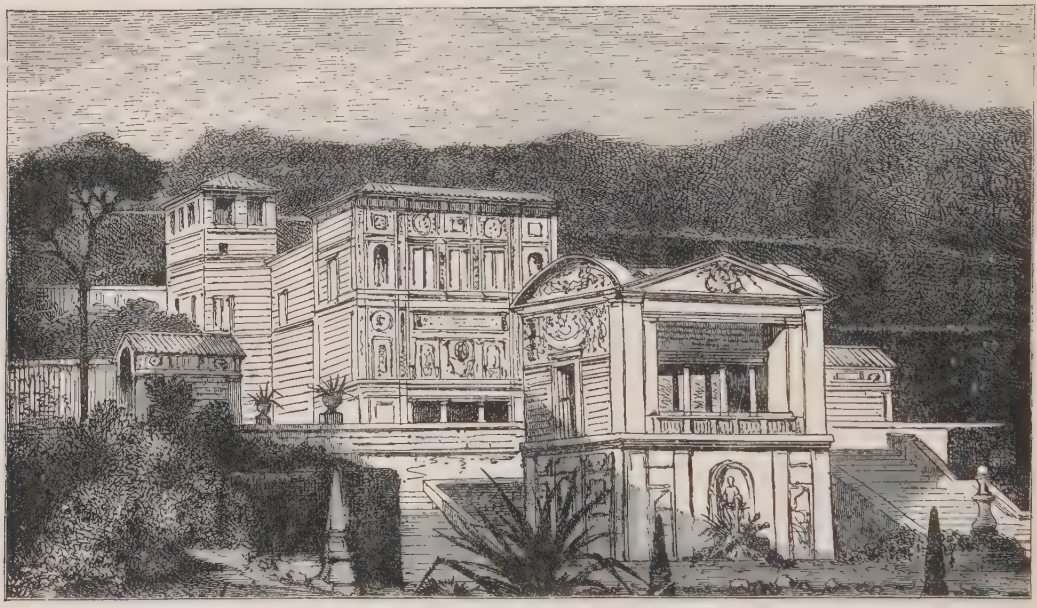
The Forum was surrounded by a portico of two stories, the lower of which was occupied by shops. In the beginning of the sixth century of Rome, two fires destroyed part of the edifices with which it had been embellished. This was an opportunity for isolating the Forum, and basilicas and temples were raised in succession along its sides, which,

in their turn, were partly destroyed in the fire of Nero. Domitian rebuilt a part, and added the temple of Vespasian, and Antoninus that of Faustina.

The Residence of the Pope.

Volumes might be written about the Vatican; its history, its architecture, its unequalled collections of books, of paintings, of sculpture; the frescoes on the walls of its chapels.

The windows of the Egyptian Museum look upon the inner Garden of the Vatican, which may be reached by a door at the end of the long



THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN, ROME.

gallery of the Museo Chiaramonti, before ascending to the Torso. The garden which is thus entered, called Giardino della Pigna, is in fact the second great quadrangle of the Vatican, planted with shrubs and flowers. Several interesting relics are preserved here. In the centre is the Pedestal of the Column of Antonius Pius, found in 1709 on the Monte Citorio. The column was a simple memorial pillar of granite, erected by the two adopted sons of the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. It was broken up to mend the obelisk of Psammeticus I, at the Monte Citorio. Among the reliefs of the pedestal is one of a winged genius guiding Antonius and Faustina to Olympus. In the great semi-

circular niche of Bramante, at the end of the court-garden is the famous Pigna, a gigantic fir-cone, which once crowned the summit of the Mausoleum of Hadrian.

On either side of the Pigna are two bronze peacocks, which are said to have stood on either side of the entrance of Hadrian's Mausoleum. A flight of steps leads from this court to the narrow Terrace of Navicella, in front of the palace, so called from a bronze ship with which its fountain is decorated. The visitor should beware of the tricksome waterworks upon this terrace.

THE VIEW FROM THE PALATINE, ROME.

Beyond the court-yard is the entrance to the larger garden, which may be reached in a carriage by those who do not wish to visit the palace on the way, by driving round through the courts at the back of St. Peter's. It is always open till 2 P. M., after which hour the Pope goes there to walk, or to ride upon his white mule. It is a most delightful retreat from the hot days of May and June, and before that time its woods are carpeted with wild violets and anemones. No one who has not visited them can form any idea of the beauty of these ancient groves, interspersed with fountains and statues, but otherwise left to nature, and forming a fragment of sylvan scenery quite unassociated with the ordinary idea of a garden.

The Palatine and the "Palace of the Cæsars."

Originally, the Palatine formed a trapezium of solid rock, two sides of which were about 300 yards in length, the others about 400.

The history of the Palatine is the history of the City of Rome. Here was the Roma Quadrata, the "oppidum" or fortress of the Pelasgi, of which the only remaining trace is the name Roma, signifying force. This is the fortress where the shepherd-king Evander is represented by Virgil as welcoming Æneas. The Pelasgic fortress was enclosed by Romulus within the limits of his new city, which, after the "Etruscan fashion, he traced round the foot of the hill with a plough drawn by a bull and a heifer, the furrow being carefully made to fall inward, and the heifer yoked to the near-side, to signify that courage and strength were required without, obedience and fertility within the city. The locality thus enclosed was reserved for the temples of the gods and the residence of the ruling class, the class of patricians, of burghers, as Niebuhr has taught us to entitle them, which predominated over the dependent commons, and only suffered them to crouch for security under the walls of Romulus. The Palatine was never occupied by the plebs. In the last age of the Republic, long after the removal of this partition, or of the civil distinction between the great classes of the state, here was still the chosen site of the mansions of the highest nobility."

In the time of the early kings, the City of Rome was represented by the Palatine only. It was at first divided into two parts, one inhabited, and the other left for the grazing of cattle. It had two gates, the Porta Romana to the north, and the Porta Mugonia—so called from the lowing of the cattle—to the south, on the side of the Velia. Augustus was born on the Palatine, and dwelt there in common with other patrician citizens in his youth. After he became Emperor, he still lived there, but simply, and in the house of Hortensius, till, on its destruction by fire, the people of Rome insisted on building him a palace more worthy of their ruler. This building was the foundation-stone of the "Palace of the Cæsars," which in time overran the whole hill, and under Nero, two of the neighboring hills besides.

A traveler in the land of Pericles finds his interest in the remains of classical antiquity equalled, if not surpassed, in his study of modern Greece and modern Greeks. The ruins of temples to the heathen gods

will engage his attention, not only for the intrinsic beauty of the fragments, but because the paganism which evoked them is woven into the highest forms of literature and art which the human race has yet achieved, but the modern Greek relies no longer upon the aid of Apollo or Mercury, or the mighty Thunderer himself; his ancestors for many centuries have forsaken the Delphic oracle, and the ancient myths, which played so important a part in the life of the Athenian or the Spartan of old, have no place in this modern time. But even in the nineteenth century the Greeks love to clothe their history, and particularly their religion, with legends of the wonderful and the miraculous.

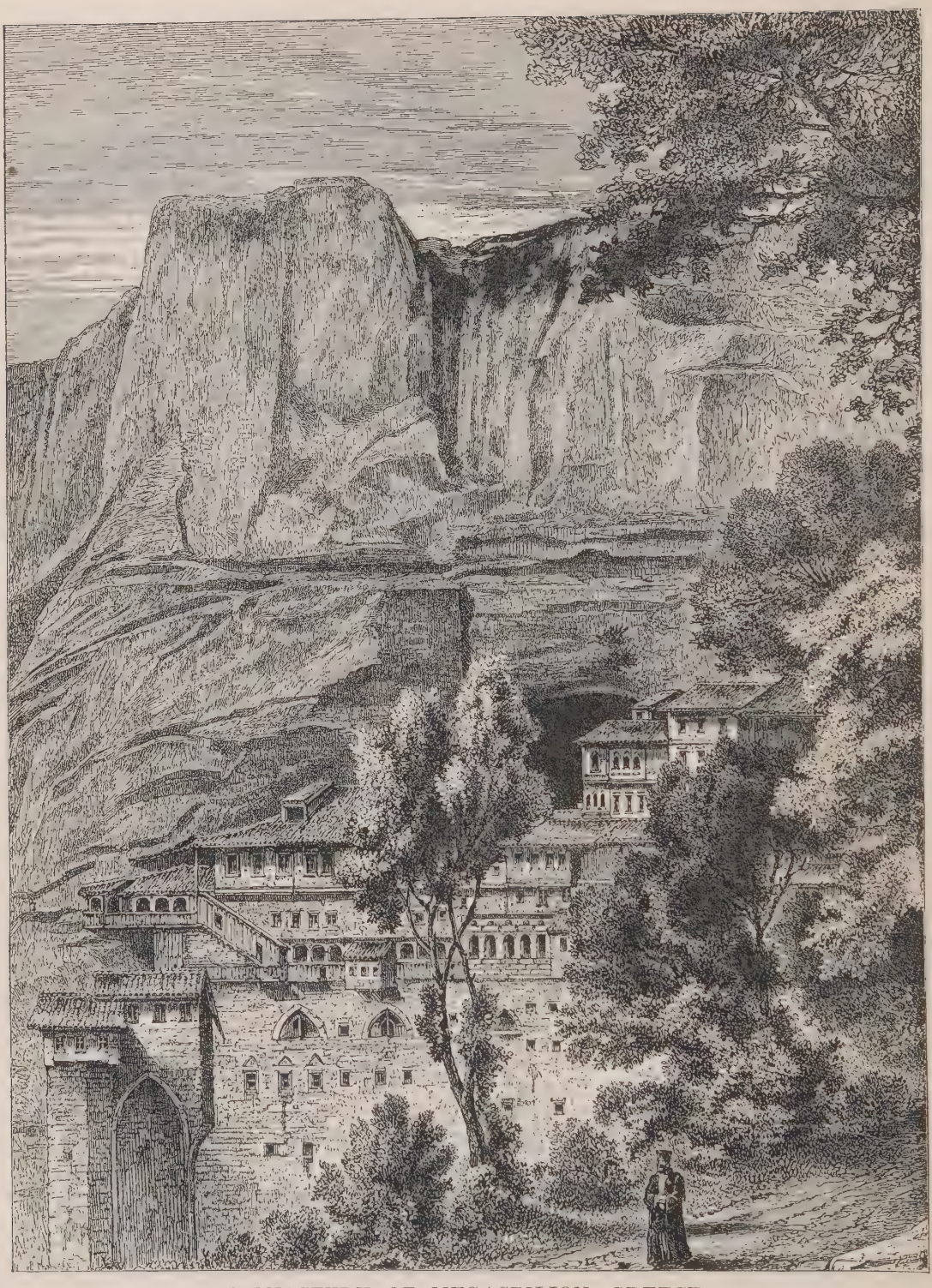
A Pretty Story.

A pretty story is told of the origin of the great monastery at Megaspilion: A little girl, tending a flock of goats, observed one of these animals, with traces of water on its mouth, coming from a thicket where she knew there was no spring. Unable to explain, and anxious to ascertain the fact, she followed the animal until it reached a secluded spot, when the Virgin appeared to her in the shape of an old woman, commanding her to summon a priest, and to enjoin him to set fire to a neighboring wood, which was then tenanted by a huge serpent that devoured the passers-by. The priest arrived, a torch was applied to the thicket, and the serpent was surrounded by a sea of flames. His dying agonies were terrible to behold, his groans horrible to hear. At length he became still in death, and the country was delivered from the scourge; but even now sometimes a low, strange, hissing sound falls on the traveler's ear at midnight, freezing his blood, and filling his bosom with unwonted terror. A spring was found where the serpent died, and over it a shrine was erected to the Virgin. The girl was made a saint, and the shrine became the mighty Megaspilion.

The Modern Greek.

Another legend tells that St. Elias took refuge on the almost inaccessible mountain when chased by Mahomet, who not being exactly sound in wind, could not follow him to the summit.

A modern Greek is a great lover of festivals, and with him they are all connected with the church. Christianity, in Greece, inherited these festivals from the old paganism which filled the year with days set apart



MONASTERY OF MEGASPILION, GREECE.

as sacred to particular gods. But the Greek finds in his religious holiday not a time of fasting or mourning, but a time of merrymaking and rejoicing. After dinner, on such a holiday, the people of a Greek village flock through the streets to a place on the outskirts of the town known as the place of the chorus. The dress of the men is frequently a dark jacket, richly embroidered, over a white fustanella, and a red fez or a parti-colored cap upon the head. The maidens wear a white dress with a long, narrow, red apron, and a red girdle, while the head is covered by a white kerchief almost concealing the hair in front, but allowing the long braid to fall freely down at the back. They are fond of metallic ornaments, frequently using coins for this purpose.

The music is furnished by two men who play, respectively, upon a drum, and upon a curious instrument called a caramousa, which produces a strange, snarling sound. A circle is formed for the dance, which consists of two or three steps forward and back, with a peculiar motion of the feet in monotonous repetition.

Classical Names.

The modern Greeks, like their ancestors, take great interest in the affairs of state, and it is not an unusual thing in small villages, on Sunday, after church, for the partisans of two candidates for some petty office to engage in noisy street fights, in which, however, little harm is done. The women are even more violent than the men in their political animosities, and break off their neighborly friendships, quarrel in public, and when they are assembled at the general washing place, sometimes fight so desperately as to sacrifice in the glorious cause of party politics, the linen they have washed, and even handfuls of their golden tresses, using as weapons their distaffs, and sometimes the clubs with which they beat the clothes. Curiously enough, they strongly object to their husbands and brothers fighting, seeming to think that they are entitled to a monopoly of that delightful pastime.

Not the least matter of interest to the traveler will be the names of the common people in Greece. He will see Clytemnestra quarreling with Penelope; Euphrosyne, or one of her sister Graces, may be met in about any assembly of washerwomen; Eurydice and Aphrodite are to be seen in the flesh in almost any village street; Plato argues upon local politics

with Plutarch; and Achilles has no lack of modern namesakes; Athanasius, Spiridion, Loukas, Didaskalus, Basilius and Constantius may be found laughing at Odysseus as he mocks the language and the attitudes of the women in their latest quarrel.

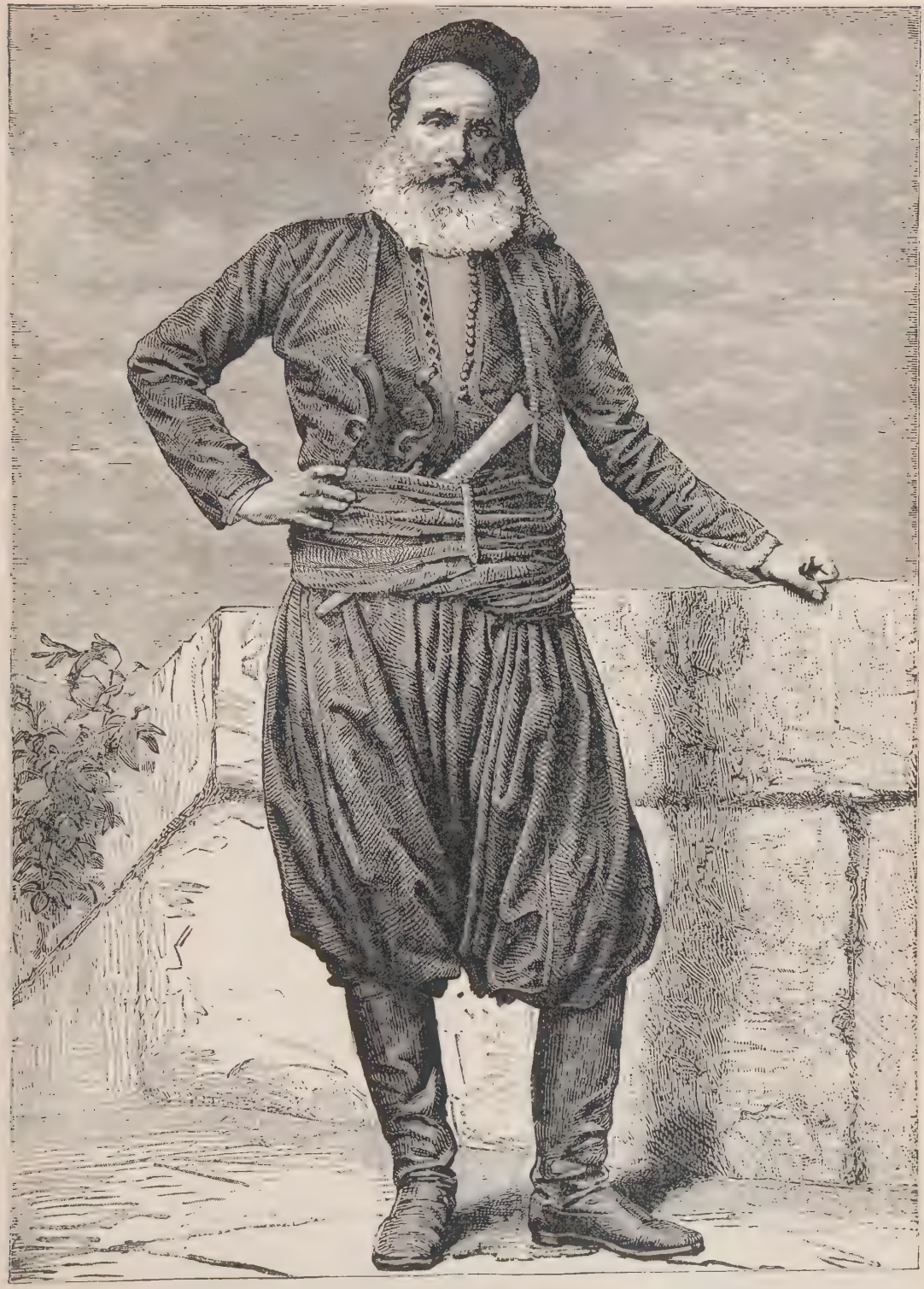
Monasteries abound in Greece, and one is to be found in every district. The long subjection to the Turk seems to have fostered the spirit of monasticism, and one is not surprised to learn that these institutions are somewhat fewer since the independence of the country, though the number now to be found is very large. This monasticism seems to culminate in Mount Athos, in Macedonia, where a great colony of monks burrow all over a range of mountains.

The traveler will readily find his way to the village wine-shops where he may break his fast upon good wine and dark, well-baked bread, of coarse, unbolted flour, at very reasonable prices. He may also be served with little granulous balls of goat's cheese, from which, as it is made by untidy mountain shepherds, he will, if he is fastidious, carefully pick out the goat hairs.

A town of three or four thousand inhabitants is sometimes situated at a distance from any wagon road, and mule-paths and lanes are the only means of passage. The houses can frequently be built of stone quarried on the spot. In such a town there will be several stores, coffee houses, and wine shops, where trade seems to be lively, though of such a petty nature as to be carried on chiefly by means of copper coins, which would make much ready cash a burden grievous to be borne. In the principal street is the agora, or assembling-place, where gossip of a social or political nature is to be enjoyed.

The Chief Industry.

Olive culture is one of the chief industries of these mountain villages, and in the season, the inhabitants of all ages may be found in the orchards harvesting the crop. Donkeys carry the bags of olives to the mill. In the village school the children will be found acquiring that wonderful Greek language which survives the catastrophes of three thousand years, and lives in the modern country in much of its Homeric simplicity. There may also be a high school for more advanced pupils,



MODERN GREEK FROM THE ISLAND OF CRETE.

where boys will be found wrestling with Xenophon and Lucian, translating into the modern dialect, and committing fragments to memory.

The women are more hardy and persistent laborers than the men. They work among the olives and vines, attend to their family and household duties, weave, dye, and make carpet. Some fathers are said to train their daughters to the use of the gun, for present service against the wolf, and possible future use against the Turk. It is always wash-day in such a village, and the scanty drapery of the women as they rinse and beat the linen in their vigorous efforts to free it from dirt is somewhat embarrassing to the novice who strolls along the path passing the spring or stream. The social centre of the village is the wine shop. Here you are sure to meet all your acquaintances, and everybody is willing to talk or to listen. The archæologist, the student of history or of art, will not care for these things. It is not the Greece of to-day, but that of ancient times that entices him. He will turn to Athens, to the ruins scattered over the length and breadth of the land, and will find everywhere the remains of that civilization which bequeathed to us much of what is the best in our own. But the Greece of to-day has another and different interest, and the student of mankind will find no more fertile field for study than the people of the modern state which succeeds to the land of Plato and Socrates, of Phidias and of Pericles.

The Miniature Principality of Monaco.

It is a wonderful spot, this little principality of Monaco, hemmed in between the high mountains and the assailing sea, and long hermetically cut off from all its more powerful and commercial neighbors. Between the palm-lined boulevards of Nice, and the grand amphitheatre of mountains that shut in Mentone as with a perfect semicircle of rearing peaks, one rugged buttress, the last long subsiding spur of the great Alpine axis, runs boldly out to seaward, and ends in the bluff rocky headland of the Tete de Chien that overhangs Monte Carlo. Till very lately no road ever succeeded in turning the foot of that precipitous promontory. The famous Corniche route runs along a ledge high up its beetling side, past the massive Roman ruin of Turbia, and looks down from a height of fifteen hundred feet upon the palace of Monaco. This mountain bulwark of the Turbia long formed the real boundary line be-

tween ancient Gaul and Liguria; and on its very summit, where the narrow Roman Road wound along the steep pass, now widened into the magnificent highway of the Corniche, Augustus built a solid square monument to mark the limit between the Province and the Italian soil, as well as to overawe the mountaineers of this turbulent region. A round mediæval tower, at present likewise in ruins, crowns the Roman work. Here the Alps end abruptly. The rock of Monaco at their base is their last ineffectual seaward protest. And what a rock it is, that quaint ridge of land, crowned by the strange capital of that miniature

MONTE CARLO, MEDITERRANEAN COAST.

principality! As you look down on it from above, from the heights of the Corniche, it certainly forms the most picturesque town site in all Europe.

Beauty of Monaco.

There can be no question at all that Monte Carlo even now, with all its gew-gaw additions, is very beautiful; and even the new town itself, which grows apace, has a picturesqueness of hardy arch, bold rock, well-perched villa, which redeems it to a great extent from any rash charge of common vulgarity. All looks like a scene in a theatre at pantomime time, not like a prosaic bit of this work-a-day world of ours. Around us is

the blue Mediterranean, broken into a hundred petty sapphire bays. Back of us rise tier after tier of Maritime Alps, their huge summits clouded in a fleecy mist. To the left stands the white rock of Monaco; to the right, the green Italian shore fading away into the purple mountains that guard the Gulf of Genoa. Lovely by nature, the immediate neighborhood of the Casino has been made in some ways still more lovely by art. From the water's edge, terraces of tropical vegetation succeed one another in gradual steps toward the grand façade of the gambling house; clusters of palms and aloes, their base girt by exotic flowers, are thrust cunningly into the foreground of every point of view, so that you see the bay and the mountains through the artistic vistas thus deftly arranged in the very spots where a painter's fancy would have set them. You look across to Monaco past a clump of drooping date branches; you catch a glimpse of Bordighera through a framework of spreading dracænas and quaintly symmetrical fan-palms.

The Bay of Monaco is separated from the Bay of Mentone by the long, low headland of Cape Martin. As one turns the corner from Roquebrune by the column round the cliff, there bursts suddenly upon the view one of the loveliest prospects to be beheld from the Corniche. At our feet, embowered among green lemon and orange trees, Mentone half hides itself behind its villas and its gardens. In the middle distance the old church, with its tall Italian campanile, stands out against the blue peaks of that magnificent amphitheatre. Beyond, again, a narrow gorge marks the site of Pont St. Louis and the Italian frontier. Then come the cliffs and fortifications of Ventimiglia, gleaming white in the sun; and last of all, the purple hills that hem in San Remo.

Famed Among the Cities of the World.

To many, the living present has a deeper interest than the buried past, and to these the innumerable beautiful excursions around Naples will prove more attractive than all the wealth of antiquities in the Museum. Certainly, from a purely æsthetic standpoint, all the best things in Naples are out of it, if the bull may be allowed. To reach Pozzuoli and the classic district of Baiæ and Cumæ, we pass along the fine promenade of the Villa Nazionale (Naples' Hyde Park) which stretches from the Castello dell' Ovo (the Bastile of Naples) to the

Posilipo promontory, commanding, from end to end, superb, unobstructed views of the Bay. Capri, the central point of the prospect, appears to change its form from day to day, like a fairy island. Sometimes, on a cloudless day, the fantastic outlines of the cliffs stand out, clearly defined against the blue sea and the still bluer background of the sky; the houses are plainly distinguished, and you can almost fancy that you can descry the groups of idlers leaning over the parapet of the little piazza, so clear is the atmosphere. Sometimes the island is bathed in a bluish haze, and by a curious atmospheric effect a novel form of Fata Morgana

PROCIDA AND ISCHIA, BAY OF NAPLES.

is seen, the island appearing to be lifted out of the water and suspended between sea and sky.

Sometimes, at sunset, we have a magnificent effect. This sea wall of continuous towns and villages lights up under the dying rays of the sun, like glowing charcoal. The conflagration appears to spread to Naples, and the huge city is "lit up like Sodom, as if fired by some superhuman agency." This atmospheric phenomenon may remind the imaginative spectator of the dread possibilities afforded by the proximity of the ever-threatening volcano towering *in terrorem* over the thickly-populated plain.

COURT OF HOUSE, OASIS OF HAMMA, TUNIS.

XVII.

ALGIERS AND TUNIS.

"ALGIERS," says the Arab poet, with genuine Oriental love of precious stones in literature, "is a pearl set in emeralds." And even in these days of Frank supremacy in Islam, the old Moorish town still gleams white in the sun against a deep background of green hillside, a true pearl among emeralds. For it is a great mistake to imagine North Africa, as untraveled folks suppose, a dry and desert country of arid, rocky mountains. The whole strip of laughing coast which has the Atlas for its backbone may rank, on the contrary, as about the dampest, greenest, and most luxuriant region of the Mediterranean system. The home of the Barbary corsairs is a land of high mountains, deep glens, great gorges; a land of vast pine forests and thick, verdant undergrowth. A thousand rills tumble headlong down its rich ravines; a thousand rivers flow fast through its fertile valleys. For wild flowers Algeria is probably unequalled in the whole world; its general aspect in many ways recalls on a smaller scale the less snow-clad parts of Eastern Switzerland.

A Fertile Region.

When you approach the old pirate-nest from the sea, the first glimpse of the African coast that greets your expectant eye is a long, serrated chain of great sun-smitten mountains away inland and southward. As the steamer nears the land you begin, after awhile, to distinguish the snowy ridge of the glorious Djurjura, which is the Bernese Oberland of Algeria, a huge block of rearing peaks, their summits thick-covered by

the virgin snow that feeds in spring a score of leaping torrents. By and by, with still nearer approach, a wide bay discloses itself, and a little range of green hills in the foreground detaches itself by degrees from the darker mass of the Atlas looming large in the distance behind. This little range is the Sahel, an outlier just separated from the main chain in the rear by the once marshy plain of the Metidja, now converted by drainage and scientific agriculture into the most fertile lowland region of all North Africa.

Algiers, or the City of the Deys.

Presently, on the seaward slopes of the Sahel, a white town bursts

THE MARKET OF DJELFA, ALGIERS.

upon the eye, a white town so very white, so close, so thick-set, that at first sight you would think it carved entire, in tier after tier, from a solid block of marble. No street or lane, or house, or public building of any sort stands visible from the rest, at a little distance; just a group of white steps, you would say, cut out by giant hands from the solid hillside. The city of the Deys looks almost like a chalk-pit on the slope of an English down; only a chalk-pit in relief, built out, not hewn inward.

As you enter the harbor the strange picture resolves itself, bit by bit, with charming effect, into its component elements. White houses

rise up steep, one above the other, in endless tiers and rows, upon a very abrupt acclivity. Most of them are Moorish is style, square, flat-roofed boxes; all are whitewashed without, and smiling like pretty girls that show their pearly teeth in the full, southern sunshine. From without they have the aspect of a single, solid block of stone; you would fancy it was impossible to insert a pin's head between them. From within, to him that enters, sundry narrow and tortuous alleys discover themselves here and there on close inspection; but they are too involved to produce much effect as of streets or rows, when seen from the water.

Land at the quay, and you find at once Algiers consists of two distinct towns: one ancient, one modern; one Oriental, one western. Now and again these intersect, but for the most part they keep themselves severely separate.

Unique, Indescribable, Incomprehensible.

The lower town has been completely transformed within half a century by its French masters. What it has gained in civilization it has lost in picturesqueness. A spacious port has been constructed, with massive mole and huge, arcaded breakwater, at one end of which the old octagonal lighthouse of the Barbary corsairs gives a solitary token of the antiquity of the original harbor. Inside, vast archways support a magnificent line of very modern quays, bordered by warehouses on a scale that would do honor to Marseilles or Liverpool. Broad streets run through the length and breadth of this transformed Algiers, streets of stately shops, where ladies can buy all the fripperies and fineries of Parisian dressmakers. Yet even here, the traveler finds himself already, in many ways, in the Orient. The general look of the new town itself is far more eastern than that of modernized Alexandria, since the days of the bombardment. Arabs, Moors, and Kabyles crowd the streets and market places; muffled women, in loose, white robes, covered up to the eyes, flit noiselessly, with slippered feet, over the new-flagged pavement; turbaned Jews, who might have stepped straight out of the "Arabian Nights," chaffer for centimes at the shop doors with hooded mountain Berbers. All is strange and incongruous; all is Paris and Bagdad shaking hands.

If the new town of Algiers is interesting, however, the old town is unique, indescribable, incomprehensible. No map could reproduce it; no

clue could unravel it. It climbs and clambers by tortuous lanes and steep staircases up the sheer side of a high hill to the old fortress of the Deys that crowns the summit. Not one gleam of sunshine ever penetrates down those narrow slips between the houses, where two people can just pass abreast, brushing their elbows against the walls, and treading with their feet in the filth of the gutter. The dirt that chokes the sides is to the dirt of Italy, as the dirt of Italy is to the dirt of Whitechapel. And yet so quaint, so picturesque, so interesting is it all, that even delicate English ladies, with the fear of typhoid fever forever before their eyes, cannot refuse themselves the tremulous joy of visiting it, and exploring it over and over again; nay more, of standing to bargain for old brass-work or Algerian embroidery with keen Arab shopkeepers in its sunless labyrinths. Except the Mooskee at Cairo, indeed, there is no place yet left where you can see Oriental life in perfection as well as in the old town of Algiers. For are there not tramways nowadays even in the streets of Damascus? Has not a railway station penetrated the charmed heart of Stamboul? The Frank has done his worst for the lower town of his own building, but the upper town still remains as picturesque, as mysterious and as insanitary as ever. No Pasteur could clean out those Augean stables. These two incongruous worlds, the ancient and the modern town, form the two great divisions of Algiers as the latter-day tourist knows it. The one is antique, lazy, sleepy, unprogressive; the other is bustling, new-world, busy, noisy, commercial. But there is yet a third Algiers that lies well without the wall, the Algiers of the stranger and of the winter-resident. It reaches its culminating point about three miles from the town, on the heights on Mustapha Superieur, where charming villas spread thick over the summit hills, and where the Western visitor can enjoy the North African air without any unpleasant addition of fine old crusted Moorish perfumes.

The road to Mustapha Superieur lies through the Bab-Azzoun gate, and passes first along a wide street thronged with Arabs and Kabyles from the country and the mountains. This is the great market road of Algiers, the main artery of supplies, a broad thoroughfare lined with fondouks or caravanseries, where the weary camel from the desert deposits his bales of dates, and where black faces of Saharan negroes smile out upon the curious stranger from dense draping folds of some dirty

burnouse. The cafés are filled with every variety of Moslem, Jew, Turk, and infidel. Nowhere will you see to better advantage the most wonderful variety of races and costumes that distinguishes Algiers above most other cosmopolitan Mediterranean cities. The dark M'zabite from the oases, arrayed like Joseph in a coat of many colors, stands chatting at his own door with the pale-faced, melancholy Berber of the Aures mountains. The fat and dusky Moor, over-fed on kous-kous, jostles cheek by jowl with the fair Jewess in her Paisley shawl and quaint native head-gear. Mahonnais Spaniards from the Balearic Isles, girt

VIEW OF DOUGGA, TUNIS.

round their waists with red scarfs, talk gaily to French missionary priests in violet bands and black cassocks. Old Arabs on white donkeys amble with grave dignity down the centre of the broad street, where chasseurs in uniform and spahis in crimson cloaks keep them company on fiery steeds from the Government stud at Blidah. All is noise and bustle, hurry, scurry, and worry, the ant-hill life of an Eastern bazaar grotesquely superimposed on the movement and stir of a great European city.

The time of Trajan and the Antonines was the most prosperous in the history of North Africa, and it is to this epoch that most of the splendid

remains still existing belong. Then came the introduction of Christianity, in spite of the grievous persecutions which added so many brilliant names to the noble army of the martyrs. The African Church, weakened at length by internal dissensions, crushed by the Vandal invasion, and hardly restored by the Byzantines under Belisarius, was utterly exterminated at the great battle between the Exarch Gregorius and the victorious Arab invaders, which took place at Sufetula, in 647 A. D.

In Tunis.

Since then Tunis has remained in the hands of the Mohammedans; one dynasty after another has held sway, sometimes independently, at others as vassals of the Porte. It has been remarked that Mohammedan rule consisted of three epochs: first, that of power; second, that of piracy; and third, that of decay. To these may now be added a fourth; by the treaty of the Kasr-es-Saeed, on the 12th of May, 1881, the Regency passed under the protection of France, and has entered on a career of prosperity which a few years ago would have seemed incredible. It is still governed in the name of the Bey, but the virtual ruler is the Resident-General, who is declared to be "the depositary of the power of the French Republic in the Regency."

Domestic architecture under the native Government attained a very high standard of elegance and perfection. In no other place east of Morocco did the Turks or Arabs attempt to manufacture those beautiful tiles inspired by the still finer models of Persia and India. They were content to import them thence, or to employ Spanish imitations, or the faience mosaics of Morocco. But in Tunis they were made in great perfection, and a remnant of the art still survives. One or two Arabs retain the old tradition as regards design and color, but the quality is no longer what it used to be, and every tile is marked with three unsightly blotches, caused by the "crow's feet" which are used for keeping them apart during the process of baking. The same may be said regarding the wonderful plaster geometric tracery for which the Tunisians became so celebrated after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; there are very few who can now do the work at all; none who can equal that executed only fifty years ago.

The customs of the people harmonize well with the picturesque

character of their surroundings. The upper classes and Government officials wear the inelegant semi-European uniform now general throughout the East; but the bourgeois have a dress peculiar to the country, more tasteful and elegant than is met with elsewhere. It consists principally of a flowing robe, called Kurta, of very fine woolen stuff, generally dyed of a quiet brown color, and exquisitely embroidered with tracery of green or other bright-colored silk. All wear the red cap, here called Chachia, which is manufactured in greater perfection at Zaghouan than anywhere else in the Mohammedan world. The women are so closely muffled up that one cannot see even the outline of their form; but this is amply compensated for by the Jewish ladies, whose greatest charm is supposed to consist in obesity—and, as they wear short lace-like jackets and very tight cotton trousers, but little is left to the imagination of the beholders.

There are many beautiful walks around Tunis, though the country is rather bare and deficient in the luxurious vegetation which is so striking at Algiers. Perhaps the best view is from the hill to the southeast of the town, crowned by two conspicuous buildings—the tomb of Sidi Bel Hassan, and the Bordj Ali Rais. A good complement of this view is obtained from the Belvedere, on the opposite side of the town. The Palace of the Bardo is also worthy of a visit; it is about half an hour's drive from the town, and contains the beautiful State apartments of the Beym, used by him on great religious festivals, and a museum of antiquities collected in various parts of the Regency.

It has long been the cherished scheme of the distinguished prelate who presides over the Roman Catholic Church in Africa, to rebuild Carthage as a monument to the glory of France, on the spot hallowed by the death of St. Louis. He has built a cathedral, a seminary, and several convents; but the rise of Carthage would mean the fall of Tunis, and it is difficult to divert commerce from its ancient channels, and hard to condemn so important a city as Tunis to decay.

A BURIAL AMONG THE SIENE-RE TRIBE. AFRICA.

XVIII.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

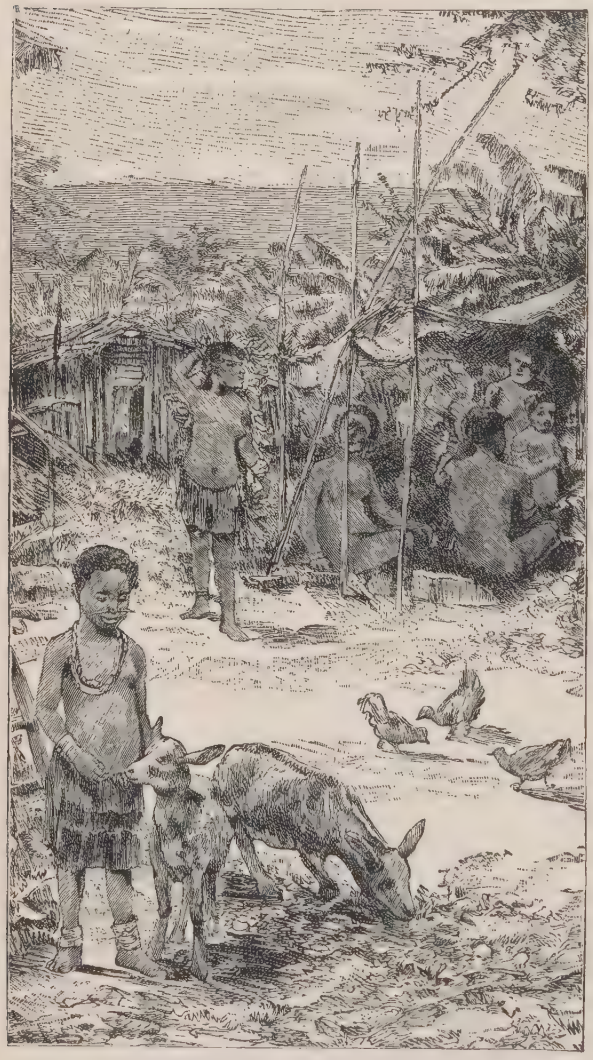
IT is a wonderful thing to start from the civilization of Europe, pass up these mighty rivers, and work your way into that unknown land—work your way alone, and on foot, mile after mile, month after month, among strange birds and beasts, and plants and insects, meeting tribes which have no name, speaking tongues which no man can interpret, till you have reached its secret heart, and stood where the white man has never trod before. It is a wonderful thing to look at this weird world of human beings—half animal, half children, wholly savage, and wholly heathen; and to turn and come back to civilization before the impressions have had time to fade, and while the myriad problems of so strange a spectacle are still seething in the mind. It is an education to see this sight—an education in the meaning and history of man. To have been here is to have lived before Menes. It is to have watched the dawn of evolution. It is to have the great moral and social problems of life, of anthropology, and of ethnology, and even of theology, brought home to the imagination in the most new and startling light.

Physical Features of Africa.

Africa, speaking generally, is a vast, ill-formed triangle. It has no peninsulas; it has almost no islands, or bays, or fjords. But three great inlets, three mighty rivers piercing it to the very heart, have been allocated by a kind Nature, one to each of its solid sides. On the north is the river of the past, flowing through Egypt, as Leigh Hunt says:

"Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream;" on the west the river of the future, the not less mysterious Congo; and on the east the little-known Zambesi.

The physical features of this great continent are easily grasped. From the coast a low scorched plain, reeking with malaria, extends inland in unbroken monotony for two or three hundred miles. This is succeeded by mountains slowly rising into a plateau 2000 or 3000 feet high; and this, at some hundreds of miles distance, forms the pedestal for a second plateau, 4000 to 5000 feet high, which may be said to occupy the whole of Central Africa. It is only on the large scale, however, that these are to be reckoned plateaus at all. When one is upon them he sees nothing but mountains and valleys and plains of ordinary type, covered for the most part with forest.



VILLAGE OF THE M'FAN TRIBE, WESTERN AFRICA.

Stupendous Natural Highways.

By going some hundreds of miles southward, along the coast from Zanzibar, the traveler reaches the mouth of the Zambesi. Livingstone sailed up this river once, and about a hundred miles from its mouth discovered another river twisting away northward among the mountains. The great explorer was not the man to lose such a chance of penetrating the interior. He followed this river up, and after many wanderings

found himself on the shores of a mighty lake. The river he named the Shiré, and the lake—the existence of which was quite unknown before—is Lake Nyassa. Lake Nyassa is 350 miles long; so that with the Zambesi, the Shiré, and this great lake, we have the one thing required to open up East Central Africa—a water-route to the interior. But this is not all. Two hundred and fifty miles from the end of Lake Nyassa, another lake, of still nobler proportions, takes up the thread of communication. Lake Tanganyika is four hundred and fifty miles in length. Between the lakes stands a lofty plateau, cool, healthy, accessible, and without any physical barrier to interrupt the explorer's march. By this route the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza may be approached with less fatigue, less risk, and not less speed, than by the overland trail from Zanzibar. At one point also, along this line, one is within a short march of that other great route, which must ever be regarded as the trunk-line of the African continent. The water-shed of the Congo lies on this Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau. This is the stupendous natural highway on which so much of the future of East Central Africa must yet depend.

TYPES OF THE M'FAN TRIBE, W. AFRICA.

The Zambesi is the greatest river of Eastern Africa, and after the Congo, the Nile, and the Niger, the most important on the continent.

Rising in the far interior, among the marshes of Lake Dilolo, and gathering volume from the streams which flow from the highlands connecting the north of Lake Nyassa with Inner Angola, it curves across the country for over a thousand miles, like an attenuated letter S, and before its four great mouths empty the far-traveled waters into the Indian Ocean, drains an area of more than half a million square miles. As it cuts its way down the successive steps of the central plateaus, its usually placid current is interrupted by rapids, narrows, cascades, and cataracts, corresponding to the plateau edges, so that like all the rivers of Africa it is only navigable in stretches of one or two hundred miles at a time. From the coast the Zambesi might be stemmed by steam power to the rapids of Kebrabasa, and from above that point intermittently, as far as the impassable barrier of the Victoria Falls. Above this, for some distance, again follow rapids and waterfalls, but these are at length succeeded by an unbroken chain of tributaries, which together form an inland water-way, a thousand miles in length. The broad lands along the banks of this noble river are subject to annual inundations, like the region of the Nile, and hence their agricultural possibilities are unlimited. On the lower Zambesi, indigo, the orchilla weed, and calumba-root abound, and oil-seeds and sugar-cane could be produced in quantity to supply the whole of Europe. At present, owing to apathy and indifferent government, these magnificent resources are almost wholly undeveloped.

Strange Peoples and Animals.

Narrower and deeper, the tributary Shiré is a better stream for navigation than the Zambesi. The scenery is also really fine, especially as one nears the mountains of the plateau, and the strange peoples and animals along the banks occupy the mind with perpetual interest. The hippopotami prowling around the boat and tromboning within pistol-shot, will keep one awake at night; and during the day elephants, buffaloes, deer, and other large game can be seen wandering about the banks. To see the elephant at home is a sight to remember. The stupendous awkwardness of the menagerie animal, as if so large a creature were quite a mistake, vanishes completely when you watch him in his native haunts. Here he is as nimble as a kitten, and you see how perfectly this moving mountain is adapted to its habitat

—how such a ponderous monster, indeed, is as natural to these colossal grasses as a rabbit to a modern park.

Ivory at the Bottom of the Woes of Africa.

The question of the disappearance of the elephant here and throughout Africa is, as every one knows, only one of a few years. It is hard to think why this kindly and sagacious creature should have to be exterminated; why this vast store of animal energy, which might be turned into so much useful work, should be lost to civilization. But the

TYPES OF THE ADOUMAS, WESTERN AFRICA.

causes are not difficult to understand. The African elephant has never been successfully tamed, and is therefore a failure as a source of energy. As a source of ivory, on the other hand, he has been but too great a success. The cost of ivory at present is about half-a-sovereign per pound. An average tusk weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. Each animal has two, and in Africa both male and female carry tusks. The average elephant is, therefore, worth in pounds sterling the weight in pounds avoirdupois of one of his tusks. Single tusks frequently turn the scale upon ninety pounds, the pair in this case being worth nearly one hun-

dred pounds sterling—so that a herd of elephants is about as valuable as a gold mine. The temptation to sacrifice the animal for his tusks is therefore great; and as he becomes scarcer he will be pursued by the hunter with ever-increasing eagerness. But the truth is, sad though the confession be, the sooner the last elephant falls before the hunter's bullet, the better for Africa. Ivory introduces into the country at present an abnormal state of things. Upon this one article is set so enormous a premium that none other among African products secures the slightest general attention; nor will scarcely any one in the interior condescend to touch the normal wealth, or develop the legitimate interests of the country, so long as a tusk remains. In addition to this, of half the real woes which now exist in Africa, ivory is at the bottom. It is not only that wherever there is an article to which a fictitious value is attached the effect upon the producer is apt to be injurious; nor that wherever there is money there is temptation, covetousness, and war; but that unprincipled men, and especially Arabs, are brought into contact with the natives in the worst relation, influence them only in one, and that the lowest, direction, and leave them worse than they find them—worse in greed, in knavery, in their distrust of mankind, and in their suspicion of civilization. Further, for every tusk an Arab trader purchases he must buy, borrow, or steal a slave to carry it to the coast. Domestic slavery is bad enough, but now begins the long slave-march with its untold horrors—horrors instigated and perpetuated almost solely by the traffic in ivory. The extermination of the elephant, therefore, will mark one stage, at least, in the closing up of the slave trade. The elephant has done much for Africa. The best thing he can do now for his country is to disappear forever.

Beaten Tracks Everywhere.

It may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer in forcing his passage through Africa has ever, for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track. Probably no country in the world, civilized or uncivilized, is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every state with its neighbor, and therefore, with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to

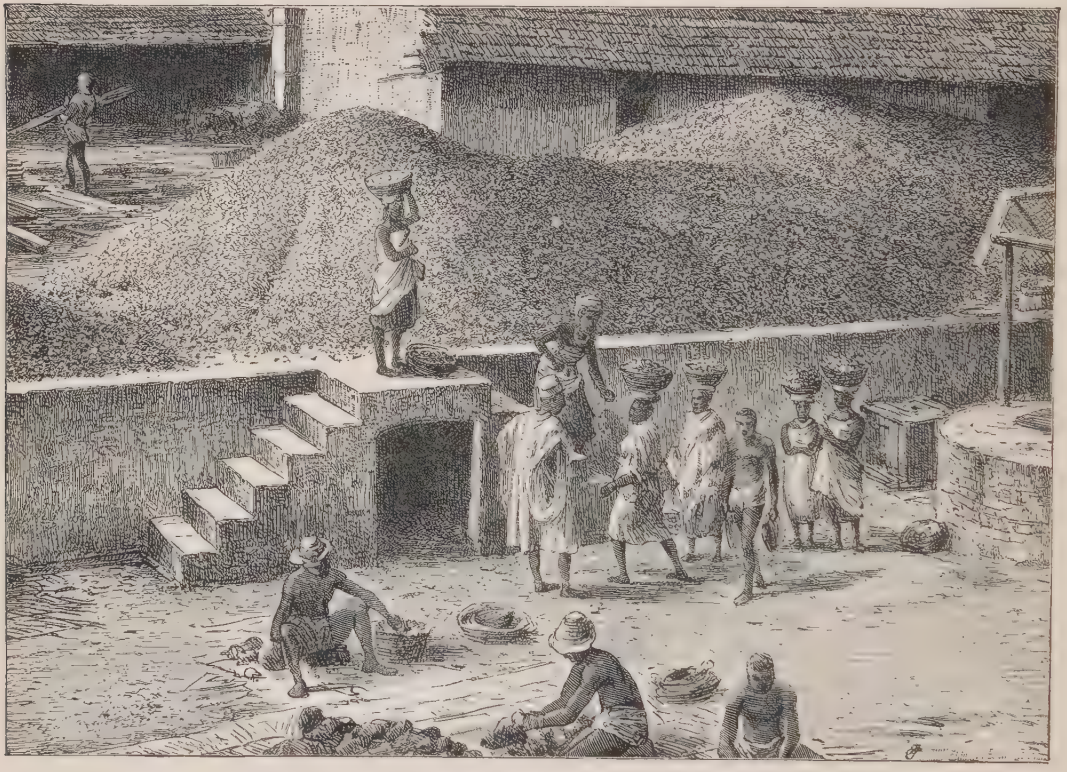
select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction and hold on his way. Let him begin at Zanzibar, plant his foot on a native footpath, and set his face toward Tanganyika. In eight months he will be there. He has simply to persevere. From village to village he will be handed on, zigzagging it may be sometimes, to avoid the impassable barriers of nature, or the rarer perils of hostile tribes, but never taking to the woods, never guided solely by the stars, never, in fact, leaving a beaten track, till hundreds and hundreds of miles are between him and the sea, and his interminable footpath ends with a canoe, on the shores of Tanganyika. Crossing the lake, landing near some native village, he picks up the thread once more. Again he plods on and on, now on foot, now by canoe, but always keeping his line of villages, until, one day, suddenly, he sniffs the sea-breeze again, and his faithful foot-wide guide lands him on the Atlantic seaboard.

Nor is there any art in finding out these successive villages with their intercommunicating links. He must find them out. A whole army of guides, servants, carriers, soldiers, and camp followers accompany him in his march, and this nondescript regiment must be fed. Indian corn, cassava, mawere, beans, and bananas—these do not grow wild even in Africa. Every meal has to be bought and paid for in cloth and beads; and scarcely three days can pass without a call having to be made at some village where the necessary supplies can be obtained. A caravan, as a rule, must live from hand to mouth, and its march becomes simply a regulated procession through a chain of markets—there are neither bazaars nor stores in native Africa. Thousands of the villages through which the traveler eats his way may never have victualed a caravan before. But, with their chief's consent, which is usually easily purchased for a showy present, the villagers unlock their larders, the women flock to the grinding stones, and basketfuls of food are swiftly exchanged for unknown equivalents in beads and calico.

The African Footpath a Bee-line.

The native tracks are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic. As a rule these footpaths are marvelously direct. Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on

through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness there is a singular eccentricity and indirectness in detail. Although the African footpath is on the whole a beeline, no fifty yards of it are ever straight. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered no native will ever think of removing it. Why should he? It is easier to walk round it. The next man who



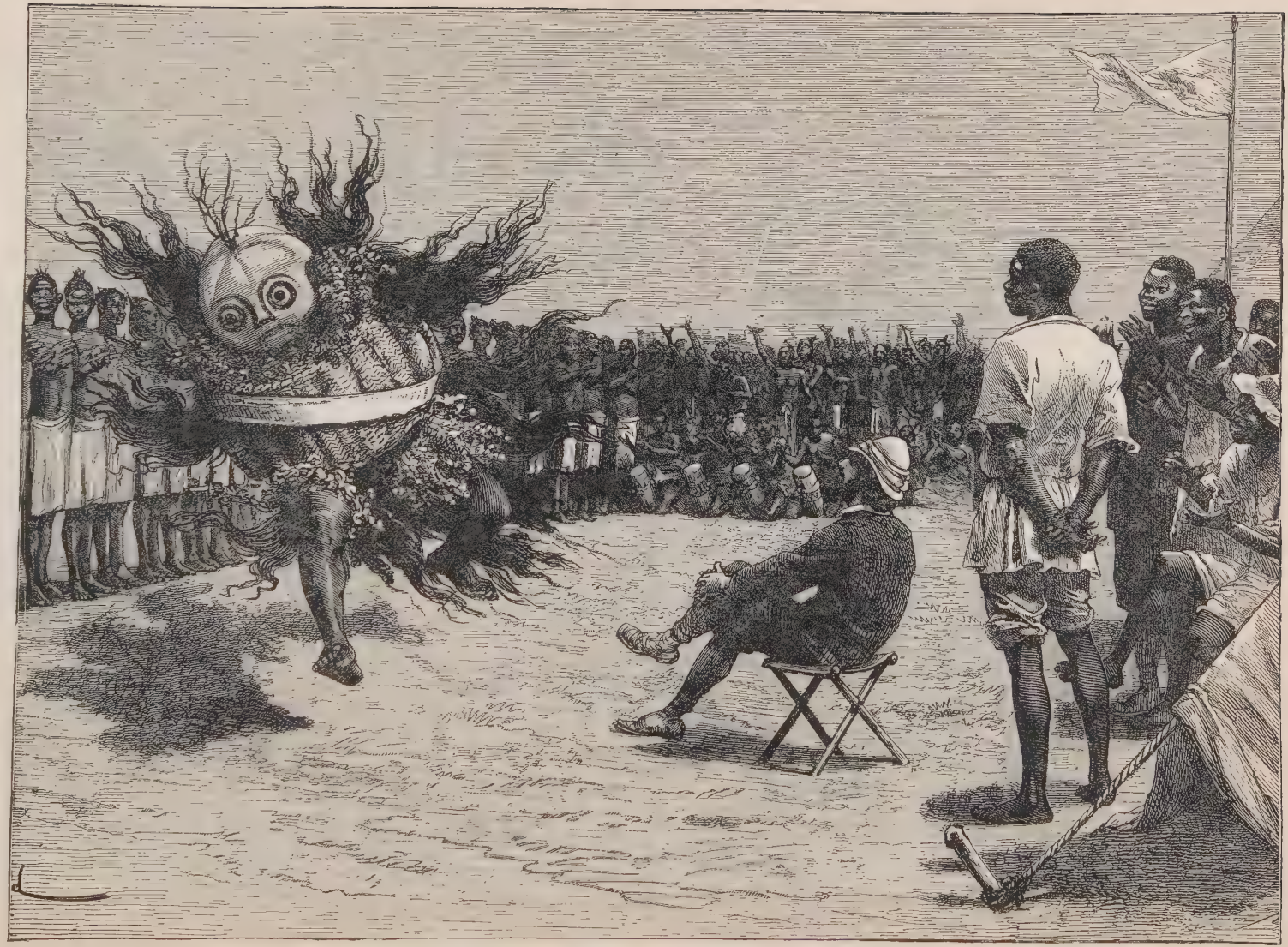
INTERIOR OF FACTORY, BOULAM, SENEGAMBIA.

comes that way will do the same. He knows that a hundred men are following him; he looks at the stone; a moment, and it might be unearthed and tossed aside, but no; he also holds on his way. It is not that he resents the trouble, it is the idea that is wanting. It would no more occur to him that the stone was a displaceable object, and that for the general weal he might displace it, than that its feldspar was of the orthoclase variety. Generations and generations of men have passed that stone, and it still waits for a man with an altruistic idea. But it

would be a very stony country indeed—and Africa is far from stony—that would wholly account for the aggravating obliqueness and indecision of the African footpath. Probably each four miles, on an average path, is spun out by an infinite series of minor sinuosities, to five or six. Now these deflections are not meaningless. Each has some history—a history dating back perhaps a thousand years, but to which all clue has centuries ago been lost. The leading cause probably is fallen trees. When a tree falls across a path no man ever removes it. As in the case of the stone, the native goes around it. It is too green to burn in his hut; before it is dry, and the white ants have eaten it, the new detour has become part and parcel of the path. The smaller irregularities, on the other hand, represent the trees and stumps of the primeval forest where the track was made at first. But whatever the cause, it is certain that for persistent straightforwardness in the general, and utter vacillation and irresolution in the particular, the African roads are unique in engineering.

The Heart of Africa No Desert.

Nothing could more wildly misrepresent the reality than the idea of one's school days, that the heart of Africa is a desert. Africa rises from its three environing oceans in three great tiers—first, a coast line, low and deadly; farther in, a plateau the height of the Scottish Grampians; farther still, a higher plateau, covering the country for thousands of miles with mountain and valley. Now fill in this sketch, and you have Africa before you. Cover the coast belt with rank, yellow grass, dot here and there a palm; scatter through it a few demoralized villages; and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. Clothe the mountainous plateaus next—both of them—with endless forest—not grand, umbrageous forest, like the forests of South America, not matted jungle, like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest—with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun. Nor is there anything in these trees, to the casual eye, to remind you that you are in the tropics. Here and there one comes upon a borassus of fan-palm, a candelabra-like euphorbia, a mimosa aflame with color, or a sepulchral baobab. A close inspection also will discover curious creepers and climbers; and among the branches strange orchids hide their eccentric



A FANTASTIC DANCE, INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

flowers. But the outward type of tree is the same as we have at home —trees resembling the ash, the beech, and the elm, only seldom so large, except by the streams, and never so beautiful. Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are. The beasts, to be sure, are different, but unless you watch for them you will seldom see any; the birds are different, but you rarely hear them; and, as for the rocks, they are our own familiar gneisses and granites, with honest basalt-dykes boring through them, and leopard-skin lichens staining their weathered sides. Thousands and thousands of miles, then, of vast, thin forest, shadeless, trackless, voiceless—forest in mountain and forest in plain—this is East Central Africa.

Jaded and Sun-stricken Forests.

The indiscriminate praise formerly lavished on tropical vegetation has received many shocks from recent travelers. In Kaffirland, South Africa, are one or two forests fine enough to justify the enthusiasm of arm-chair word-painters of the tropics; but so far as the central plateau is concerned, the careful judgment of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace respecting the equatorial belt in general—a judgment which has at once sobered all modern descriptions of tropical lands, and made imaginative people more content to stay at home—applies almost to this whole area. The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gaily-plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swinging from his trapeze in the shaded bowers—these are unknown in Africa. Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkey will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few; the trees are poor; and to be honest, though the endless forest-clad mountains have a sublimity of their own, and though there are tropical bits of exquisite beauty along some of the mountain-streams, nowhere is there anything, in grace and sweetness and strength, to compare with a Highland glen. For the most part of the year these forests are jaded and sun-stricken, carpeted with no moss or alchemylla or scented woodruff, the bare trunks frescoed with few lichens, their motionless and unrefreshed leaves drooping sullenly from their sapless boughs. Flowers there are, small and great, in endless variety; but there is no display of

flowers, no gorgeous show of blossoms in the mass. The dazzling glare of the sun in the torrid zone has perhaps something to do with this want of color-effect in tropical nature; for there is always about ten minutes just after sunset, when the whole tone of the landscape changes like magic, and a singular beauty steals over the scene. This is the sweetest moment of the African day, and night hides only too swiftly the homelike softness and repose so strangely grateful to the over-stimulated eye.

Primeval Man.

Hidden away in these endless forests, like bird's nests in a wood, in

THE VILLAGE OF OUTIRI, CENTRAL AFRICA.

terror of one another, and of their common foe, the slaver, are small native villages; and here in his virgin simplicity dwells primeval man, without clothes, without civilization, without learning, without religion —the genuine child of nature, thoughtless, careless, and contented. This man is apparently quite happy; he has, practically, no wants. One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together, make him a fire; fifty sticks tied together, make him a house. The bark he peels from them, makes his clothes; the fruits which hang on them, form

his food. It is perfectly astonishing, when one thinks of it, what nature can do for the animal—man; to see with what small capital, after all, a human being can get through the world. "I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions—and he was an average commoner—were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows—the bow-string cut through the middle, a touching symbol that his work was done. This was all. Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings, for half a century, of this human being. No man knows what a man is till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man. That is to say, no man knows how great man is, till he has seen how small he has been once.

Africa, a Nation of the Unemployed.

"The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is a misuse of words. He does not need to work; with so bountiful a nature around him, it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in a tortoise. The fact is, Africa is a nation of the unemployed. This completeness, however, will be a sad drawback to development. Already it is found difficult to create new wants; and when labor is required and you have already paid your man a yard of calico and a string of beads, you have nothing in your possession to bribe him to another hand's turn. Nothing, almost, that you have would be the slightest use to him. Among the presents which I took for chiefs, I was innocent enough to include a watch. I might as well have taken a grand piano. For months I never looked at my own watch in that land of sunshine. Besides, the mere idea of time has scarcely yet penetrated the African mind, and forms no element whatever in his calculations. I wanted, on one occasion, to catch the little steamer on the Shiré, and pleaded this as an excuse to a rather powerful chief, whom it would have been dangerous to quarrel with, and who would not let me leave his village. The man merely stared. The idea of any one being in a hurry was not only preposterous, but inconceivable, and I might as well have urged as my reason for rushing away, that the angles of a triangle

are equal to two right angles. This difference in ideas is the real obstacle to African traveling, and it raises all sorts of problems in one's mind as to the nature of ideas themselves. I often wished I could get inside an African for an afternoon, and just see how he looked at things: for I am sure our worlds are as different as the color of our skins."

A Fine-looking People.

Talking of skins, it may be observed in passing that the highland African is not a negro, nor is his skin black. It is a deep, full-toned

SPINNING, SIZING, AND WINDING OF COTTON, AT MOYUCDOUCHOU, AFRICA.

brown, something like the color of a good cigar. The whole surface is diced with a delicate pattern, which gives it great richness and beauty.

No one knows exactly who these people are. They belong, of course, to the great Bantu race; but their origin is obscure, their tribal boundaries are unmapped, even their names are unknown, and their languages —for there are many—are unintelligible. A fine-looking people, quiet and domestic, their life-history from the cradle to the grave is of the utmost simplicity. Too ill-armed to hunt, they live all but exclusively on a vegetable diet. A small part of the year they depend, like the monkeys, upon wild fruits and herbs; but the staple food is a small,

tasteless millet-seed which they grow in gardens, crush in a mortar, and stir with water into a thick porridge. Twice a day, nearly all the year round, each man stuffs himself with this coarse and tasteless dough, shoveling it into his mouth in handfuls, and consuming, at a sitting, a pile the size of an ant-heap.

Curious Gardening.

His one occupation is to grow this millet, and his gardening is a curiosity. Selecting a spot in the forest, he climbs a tree, and with a small home-made axe, lops off the branches, one by one. He then wades through the litter to the next tree, and hacks it to pieces also, leaving the trunk standing erect. Upon all the trees within a circle of thirty or forty yards in diameter his axe works similar havoc, till the ground stands breast-high in leaves and branches. Next, the whole is set on fire and burnt to ashes. Then, when the first rains moisten the hard ground and wash the fertile constituents of the ash into the soil, he attacks it with his hoe, drops in a few handfuls of millet, and the year's work is over. But a few weeks off and on are required for these operations, and he may then go to sleep until the rains are over, assured of a crop, which never fails, which is never poor, and which will last him until the rains return again.

Between the acts he does nothing but lounge and sleep; the grinding and baking are done by his wife or wives; they work hard to prepare his food, and are rewarded by having to take their own meals apart, for no African would ever demean himself by eating with a woman. Apart from eating, their sole occupation is to talk, and this they do unceasingly, emphasizing their words with a marvelous wealth of gesticulation.

How to Produce Fire.

"I often wondered how the natives produced a light when camping by themselves, and at last resolved to test it. So when the usual appeal was made to me for "motu" I handed them my vesta-box with a single match in it. I generally struck the match for them, this being considered a very daring experiment, and I felt pretty sure they would make a mess of their one chance. It turned out as I anticipated, and when they handed back the empty box, I looked as abstracted and

unapproachable as possible. After a little suspense, one of them slowly drew from the sewn-up monkey skin, which served for his courier-bag, a small piece of wood about three inches long. With a spear-head, he cut in it a round hole the size of a three-penny piece. Placing his spear-blade flat on the ground to serve as a base, he stretched over it a scrap of bark-cloth torn from his girdle, and then pinned both down with the perforated piece of wood, which a second native held firm in position. Next he selected from among his arrows a slender stick of very hard wood, inserted it vertically in the hole, and proceeded to twirl it around

VILLAGE OF BOKÈ, SENEGAMBIA.

with great velocity between his open palms. In less than half a minute the tinder was smoking sulkily, and after a few more twirls it was ready for further treatment by vigorous blowing, when it broke into active flame. The fire originates, of course, in the small, soft piece of wood, from which sparks fall upon the more inflammable bark-cloth at the bottom of the hole."

Living Man the Commercial Currency.

The life of the native African is not all idyll. It is darkened by a tragedy, whose terrors are unknown to any other people under heaven. Of its mild, domestic slavery we do not speak, nor of its revolting witch-

A GANG OF SLAVES, CENTRAL AFRICA.

craft, nor of its endless quarrels and frequent tribal wars. These minor evils are lost in the shadow of a great and national wrong. Among these simple and unprotected tribes, Arabs—uninvited strangers of another race and nature—pour in from North and East, with the deliberate purpose of making this paradisè a hell. It seems the awful destiny of this homeless people to spend their lives in breaking up the homes of others. Wherever they go in Africa the followers of Islam are the destroyers of peace, the breakers up of the patriarchal life, the dissolvers of the family tie. Already they hold the whole continent under one reign of terror. They have effected this in virtue of one thing —they possess firearms; and they do it for one object—ivory and slaves, for these two are one. The slaves are needed to buy ivory with; then more slaves have to be stolen to carry it. So living man himself has become the commercial currency of Africa. He is locomotive, he is easily acquired, he is immediately negotiable. Arab encampments for carrying on a wholesale trade in this terrible commodity are now established all over the heart of Africa. They are usually connected with wealthy Arab traders at Zanzibar and other places on the coast, and communication is kept up by caravans which pass, at long intervals, from one to the other. Being always large and well supplied with the material of war, these caravans have at their mercy the feeble and divided native tribes through which they pass, and their trail across the Continent is darkened with every aggravation of tyranny and crime. They come upon the scene suddenly; they stay only long enough to secure their end, and disappear only to return when a new crop has arisen which is worth reaping.

Sometimes these Arab traders will actually settle for a year or two in the heart of some quiet community, in the remote interior. They pretend perfect friendship; they molest no one; they barter honestly. They plant the seeds of their favorite vegetables and fruits—the Arab always carries seeds with him—as if they meant to stay forever. Meantime, they buy ivory, tusk after tusk, until great piles of it are buried beneath their huts, and all their barter goods are gone. Then one day, suddenly, the inevitable quarrel is picked. And then follows a wholesale massacre. Enough, only, are spared from the slaughter to carry the ivory to the coast; the grass huts of the village are set on fire; the Arabs strike camp; and the slave march, worse than death, begins.

XIX.

WESTERN ASIA.

TURKEY in Asia is covered with memorials of the past. Babylon—"that great city"—Nineveh, Asia Minor, Palestine, all are comprehended under this portion of the Sultan's dominions. Africa is not less interesting, for here is Egypt, the home of so many associations, and Arabia, that arid land in which sprang into life, and was nurtured, the faith which proved such an aid to the conquerors who adopted it. Finally the ruined nationalities on which the Ottoman Empire in Europe is founded are numerous, and of bewildering ethnological complexity. They have been crushed and they have risen again, only to be seemingly effaced once more, until, as the bonds which bind the Caliphate together get loosened, they spring up afresh, aided by force without and fraud within, until the "Eastern Question" becomes one at the mention of which diplomatists become pale, and the readers of newspapers grow awearied.

The Foundation of the Turkish Empire.

Up to the thirteenth century the term Toork was applied to a great series of tribes stretching over the greater part of Asia, but which had never yet been welded into one Power. Othoman was the son of the chief of one of these tribes—the Oguzes—who inhabited the Steppes east of the Caspian. The lad was seemingly not born under a fortunate star, for a few years earlier the Mongol invasion which was setting in from the northeast had swept the Oguzes before it, and scattered them among the mountains of Armenia and Mesopotamia. But a handful of

INHABITANTS OF THE OASIS OF MERV, ASIATIC RUSSIA.

them having aided the Seljuk Sultan of Konieh agains this Khaurezmain and Mongol enemies, they received a grant of land in Phrygia. Othoman, by taking advantage of every chance and being utterly unscrupulous as to friend or foe, died after having advanced the little lordship which he had inherited to the great kingdom of Phrygia, Bithynia and the neighboring districts—to, indeed, the greater part of Asia Minor—thus laying the foundation of the Turkish Empire. His successors followed up his advantage, and soon gained a footing in Europe by the

RUINS OF MELAKH, ARABIA.

capture of Gallipoli, Koiridicastron, and other fortresses on that coast. The tottering Greek Empire thus early (1326-1359) was beginning to feel the blows which were soon to tumble it over.

The Hedjaz, in Arabia, is a district enjoying peculiar immunities from the rule of the Pasha and the Kaimakan. Here, except in Jeddah and other small ports, with a narrow strip of country inland, no one but Moslems can live. In this holy region, wherein are the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, there is no law but the Sheriat, and though a vali residing in Mecca is the nominal ruler, the real governor is the Scheriff

of that city. The spiritual head of the Mohammedans is supposed to be the Sultan, but in truth the guardian of Mecca, aided by his lieutenant in Medina, is a powerful rival to him, while in the Belad-el-Harem his authority is supreme.

The Central City of All Islam.

In Mecca was born the Prophet, and one of the most sacred duties of the faith which he founded is that once at least every good Moslem shall make a pilgrimage to the Holy City, either in person or by proxy. Otherwise, the Koran enjoins, "He or she might as well die a Jew or a Christian." But this pilgrimage, though now so marked a feature in Mohammedan life, was in reality an after-thought of the Prophet. Finding that the Idolaters whom by eloquence and the sword he had won over to his new faith had for ages traveled from far and near to worship the Black Stone in the Kaaba, and other idols round Mecca, he shrewdly turned the custom to account by ordering that in future the pilgrimage, shorn of many of its Pagan forms, should be part of their fresh faith. A Moslem of the highest piety will, indeed, endeavor to visit Damascus, Jerusalem, Medina and Mecca; but a journey to these four sacred places is costly, and occupies so long a time that a majority of the Faithful confine their pilgrimage to the latter two, and in many instances to the last alone.

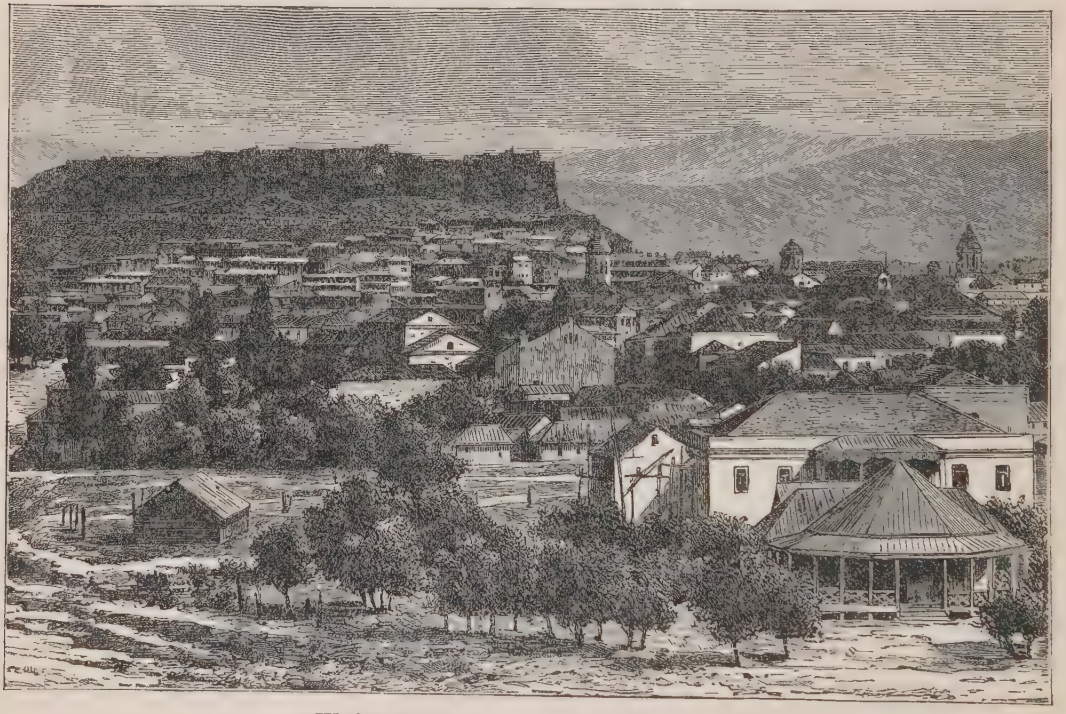
From every part of Islam they direct their steps thither, and as the twelfth month of the Mohammedan year is the period fixed for the celebration of the Mecca solemnities, distant devotees have often to set out from home two, three, or four months in advance in order to don the Ihram garment by the time the caravans are solemnly wending their way over the Hedjaz. Of late years the introduction of steamers has altogether revolutionized the mode of pilgrimage, by rendering it cheaper and easier than it was in days when long coast journeys had to be made on foot, or weary voyages undertaken in rude dhows and buglas. The "Pilgrim Trade" is now an important branch of commerce, and during the autumn gives employment to a large number of vessels. The assemblage on the "Eid El Akbar," or closing feast at Muna, was computed to number over two hundred thousand devotees. These pilgrims comprise specimens of almost every nationality which profess the

BAILAN, SYRIA.

faith of "the Prophet," and even some, like the Malays, from the British territories, and the neighboring peninsula and islands, who, though considered by the orthodox not very strict Mohammedans, always make a point of visiting Mecca, and there performing the regulation walks, runs, prayers, and other rites enjoined.

"The Sick Man."

The government of Turkey is still a pure despotism. An attempt was made just before the war of 1875–8 to so far yield to the pressure



VIEW OF GORI, IN THE CAUCASUS.

of European opinion as to summon a Parliament. This Assembly showed some spirit, though the majority of the members were mere nominees of the Government, and did its will. The others protested in vain, though whether the experiment would have worked well in a country where the people cannot well grasp the theory of such an institution is very doubtful. At all events the war put an end to it, and the Sultan and Pashas continued to be the sole fountains of rule.

Extortion is the rule in most out-of-the-way places, but of late years

the power of the provincial governors has been materially curbed, and the people are, as a rule, reasonably comfortable. Even the Christians (except in very exceptional cases, which have within late years become painfully familiar to the world) are no longer treated with habitual cruelty.

A Mohammedan can change his religion as he pleases, without rendering himself liable to capital punishment. Education is still at a low

CHOUCHA, TRANS-CAUCASIAN RUSSIA.

ebb in this country, though for more than thirty years schools have been established, and young "effendis," or gentlemen, frequently go to Paris to complete their education. In that city they unhappily imbibe more than book knowledge, and altogether the Western gloss sits badly on the Eastern skin. Colleges for teaching medicine, the military art, agriculture, etc., have been established in the country itself, and newspapers, in Turkish, Greek, French, Arabic, and even English, are printed and lead a life as precarious as such novelties must expect, if they indulge in free comments on men and things. As a rule, however, Moslems learn little which is of any use to them in after life. The Harem sys-

tem acts viciously on them, for the child, at a time when he ought to be laying the foundation of sound training, only absorbs impure ideas, and takes the first steps toward those habits which have made the Turks the scoff of a more cleanly living world.

FOUNTAIN AT CHOUCHA, RUSSIA.

Cities Long Ago Doomed To Destruction.

All through Asia we come upon the fragments of cities which have long ago been doomed to destruction. Among the most famous of these are Nineveh and Babylon, once on a time occupying a large place in the world's history. Nineveh, or Ninus, formerly the capital of the great Assyrian Empire, was situated on the banks of the Tigris, opposite the modern town of Mosul. It is said to have been founded by Nimrod, and in the period of its greatest prosperity to have been six miles in circumference. In the book of Jonah it is described as an "exceeding great city of three days' journey," and one "wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right and their left "(young children). It was finally destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians, about 625 B. C., and when, not two centuries later, it was visited by Xenophon, so thoroughly had the work of destruction been carried on that only a few ruins remained. On the plain where the city stood, the line of the walls can be traced by mounds

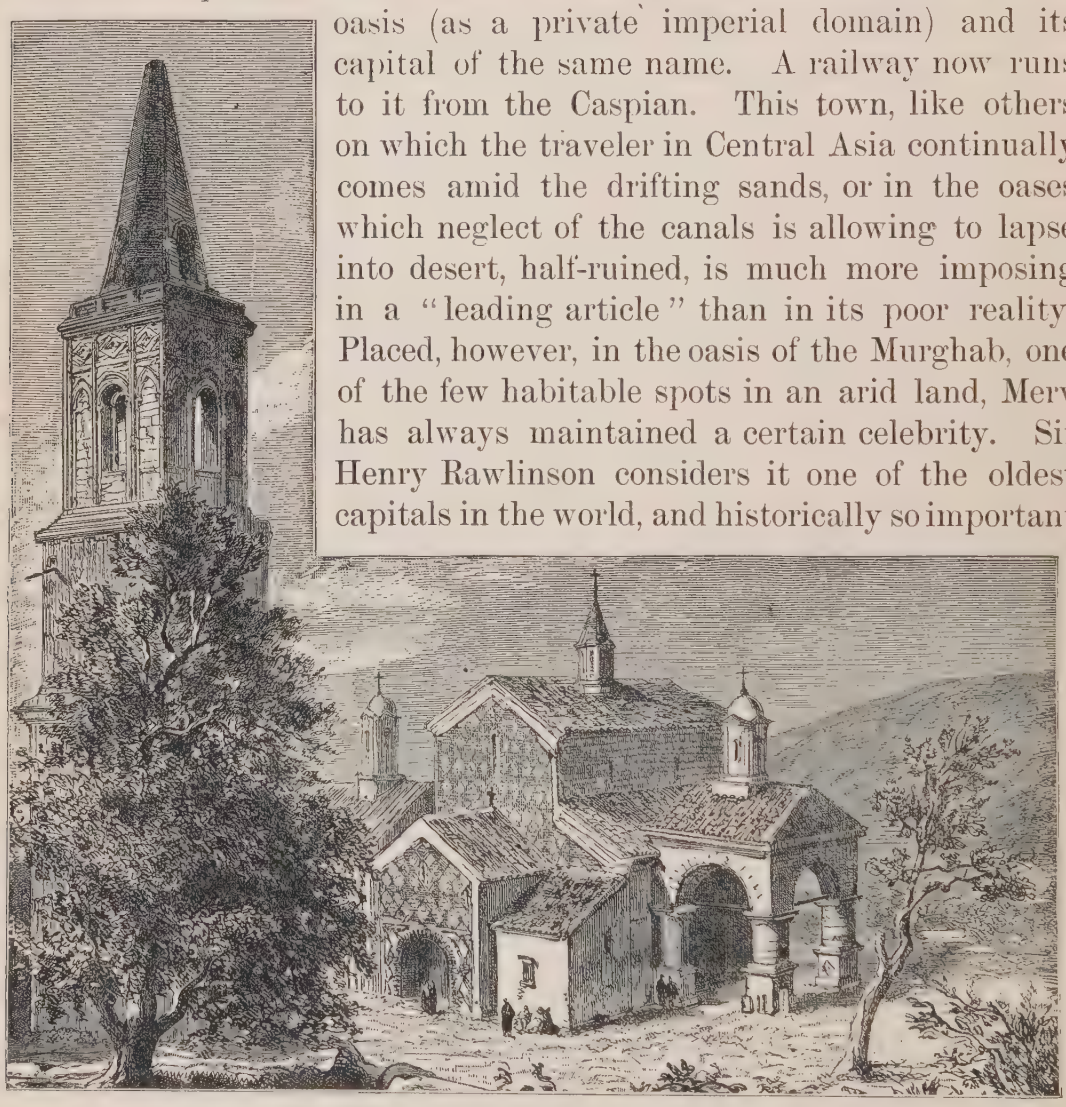
thirty feet above the surrounding level. They still enclose a considerable area in which corn is grown, and into which the old gateway is yet to be detected, while the traveler, as he rides through the openings, once flanked by lofty towers, can recognize the latter in mounds still loftier than those which mark the walls.

Asia is naturally a rich part of the world, and the Turkish part of it is by no means the poorest section of a wealthy but undeveloped—or, rather, retrograde—land. Mr. McCoan, who is well acquainted with Asia Minor, considers that in the variety of its raw material of national wealth it will compare with any country of Europe. It might, under a proper system of tillage, and with the tillers aided by an enlightened government, produce crops only limited in amount by the labor and intelligence employed. But even at present, notwithstanding the rude tillage, the gross fiscal abuses, and the want of markets for the surplus not required for local consumption, the country yields in a manner which might well excite the envy of the hardy peasant of Western Europe, who, with every advantage which good government and security for life and property give, can with difficulty persuade the stubborn soil, scowled on by a stern climate, to yield more than a scanty return for the most unremitting toil. Wheat, barley, maize, rice, rye, and oats are, in the order stated, the staple crops. The orchards are laden with the fruits of the temperate and sub-tropical regions, and in some parts of the country opium, madder, colonea, and tobacco are very profitable.

Between the Oxus and the northern frontier of Persia, and as far west as the Russian provinces on the other side of the Caspian, stretches the Kara-Kum, or Black Sands, a desert almost unrelieved by a single fertile spot. But by the wild Turkomans, or nomadic robber tribes, it was regarded as the most effectual barrier between them and the civilization which is foreign to their ways of life. These Turkomans are for the most part predatory. They cultivate a few spots on the borders of the desert, where the streams which flow down from the Persian and Afghan highlands moisten the dry soil before being lost in the sand of the Kara-Kum. But the main resource of these untamed Tartars is highway robbery. The trader and the traveler in the vicinity of their country dread, with reason, the onslaughts of these Asiatic Bedouins, and the frontier farms and villages of Persia have for many years been harassed by the Turkoman robbers in search of plunder and slaves.

The Merv Oasis.

The Russians recently completely subdued the Tekkes, who, least of all the Turkoman tribes, established friendly relations with the rulers of the Trans-Caspian district; this entailed the annexation of the Merv oasis (as a private imperial domain) and its capital of the same name. A railway now runs to it from the Caspian. This town, like others on which the traveler in Central Asia continually comes amid the drifting sands, or in the oases which neglect of the canals is allowing to lapse into desert, half-ruined, is much more imposing in a "leading article" than in its poor reality. Placed, however, in the oasis of the Murghab, one of the few habitable spots in an arid land, Merv has always maintained a certain celebrity. Sir Henry Rawlinson considers it one of the oldest capitals in the world, and historically so important



MONASTERY OF ST. NINA, ASIATIC RUSSIA.

as to require a special monograph for its adequate illustration. It lost all political significance, however, in 1795, when the Amit Murad of Bokhara, not content with the submission of the town, carried off 40,000 of its inhabitants to his capital, where their descendants live to the present

day in a separate quarter, and have taught the Bokharans the silk industry, which they did not understand before their arrival. In 1815 the Khivans occupied Merv. The Bokharans soon regained possession of it, but were before long compelled to surrender into the hands of the Turkomans, who used it mainly as a base for their operations against the Persians. There are not more than 2000 settled inhabitants in the town, which is surrounded by nomad encampments of Sariks and Salons in continuous succession along the banks of the Murghab. Of late

TURCOMAN VILLAGE IN THE OASIS OF MERV, ASIATIC RUSSIA.

years, however, nearly all of the Turkoman country has been annexed by Russia.

Up to the year 1864, the Russian possessions in Central Asia were small. But shortly prior to that date anarchy reigned in the country, owing to the almost continual wars which the Khans of Bokhara, Khokan and Khiva had waged with each other. The arrival of the Czar upon the scene resulted in the invasion of Khokan, the occupation of the city of Tashkend, now the capital of Russian Central Asiatic territories, and finally, in 1867, the absorption of the entire Khannate.

PORTRAIT OF ZIBA KHANOUM, A PERSIAN PRINCESS.

XX.

IRAN OR PERSIA.

E NOW enter a plateau five times the size of Great Britain, but not quite so populous as Ireland, a land which ranks among the most famous of the world, if we consider its past, but which, looking from its present point of view, is perhaps one of the poorest and least important of the greater states of Asia. Nor is the cause of this decadence difficult to define. Persia is a country for which Nature has done little, and for which man, therefore, must do much. It is an upland, averaging 2500 feet above the level of the sea. Indeed, the only level portions are those skirting the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, and the southern shore of the Caspian; but here, though the vegetation is often dense. the climate is most unhealthy and relaxing.

A Waste Streaked With Green.

Leaving "Gurmsir," or the low country so called, and crossing the Elburz Range, whose volcano, Mount Demavend, towers to the height of 18,469 feet, we come on Persia proper. This is known as Sarhadd, a land of dry plateaus, often sandy, and in nearly ever case sterile, unless where irrigated by the few rivers which intersect the country. Once on a time the Persians attended to these irrigating works, and hence their soil was fertile and their kingdom prosperous. But nowadays an imbecile government, whose only thought seems to be to squeeze out of the people all that is possible, does little, if anything, to develop the resources of the country;

and consequently, unless a few more than ordinarily fertile villages are to be taken as exceptions, the land of the Shah is, for the most part, a waste, streaked with green oases; monuments of the industry of a people from whom ages of oppression and misgovernment have not altogether eradicated some of the virtues which they possess in common with the other down-trodden nations of Asia. There are practically no railways, and few roads worthy of the name, and hence there is a scarcity of wheeled carriages. Water communication has also been denied "Iran," as the country is called by the natives. The rivers on the outer edge of the plateau are useful for irrigating purposes, but for

BRIDGE OF CHOUSTER, PERSIA.

little else, while Central Persia obtains the water which moistens its fields from the melting of the snows in the neighboring mountains. This water is led off by canals, or underground channels. But as the supply is uncertain, the snow or rain sometimes failing in the mountains, famines are as frequent in Persia as in India, the main difference being, that while the latter country can always rely with certainty on English aid in its troubles, the former cannot build any hope on the compassion or foresight of its governing classes.

As in all Mahometan countries, the Persian women are seen in public only when muffled in a veil. Thus, concealing their identity, they go

about in perfect safety, for it would be a crime of the highest order, and punishable by immediate death, for a man to attempt to get a glimpse of the face so carefully hidden. Within the precincts of the harem, no man save the master may enter; a few European ladies, however, have enjoyed the privilege, and among others, Madame Dieulafoy, from whose photographs the accompanying engravings were made. Within the harem the women, clothed in the scantiest costumes, pass their monotonous lives in various trivial amusements. The Princess Ziba Khanoum, whose portrait we present, exhibits the highest type of Persian women.

The Persian peasantry are, as a rule, contented and even happy. They are oppressed by their local rulers, but ages of tyranny have accustomed them to regard the tax-gatherer's exaction as something to which all mankind are subject, and knowing nothing better, they are not miserable at the thought of what they must bear. They are even sometimes convinced that after all "Iran" is the favored of heaven. In illustration of this Sir John Malcolm tells an anecdote of an Arab-Persian woman who had accompanied an English family to Britain, and was being questioned by her relatives in Mekran as to the country and people she had visited. Were they happy? Were they rich? Was the country a good one? The country, the "ayah" replied, was a good one. It was like a garden; the people, she had heard, were happy; she knew they were wise, and they seemed to be rich. At this her friends looked sad. Their country was not like a garden, the inhabitants were not wise, and they felt that they might be richer without being any less happy, and they were turning away, for the first time in their lives, really discontented with their condition, when the woman remarked that in "Feringhistan" there was one thing the people wanted. They had no date trees; she had not seen one in the whole country, and for more than a year she had looked for nothing else. Then the Arabs were happy once more, for they were certain that a country without dates was miserable indeed.

Ruin and Desolation.

With a few alterations to suit local differences, one Persian city might fairly stand as the type of the others. Tabriz, Kasvin, Ispahan, and Chiraz have all at different times had the honor of being the Shah's capital; and at present Teheran, on the broad plain, near the southwest

base of Mount Demavend, is the seat of government, and the principal place of residence of the Court. Teheran, when first heard of, in the twelfth century, was a miserable place. The inhabitants lived in houses underground, and indeed it was not until the fifteenth century that they emerged from their subterranean dwellings. But in the sixteenth century Chardin and other European travelers describe it as a large city. At present it does not impress the visitor, and at a distance is decidedly disappointing. Its black mud walls are the color of the ground, so that it looks like a "confused dust-enshrouded mass," and altogether very unlike the Oriental capital of the Eastern tale. Inside, the appearance of things is not much more inviting. The absence of shady trees makes the ill-paved, narrow streets very hot, and the want of any approach to a decent hotel does not mollify the traveler, disappointed with his view of the chief city of Persia. Ispahan is not much more inviting, though the climate is more agreeable. Chiraz is the "city of colleges," of which there are about ten, but the education supplied is of a very elementary character. It is now chiefly visited by those who are curious to examine the magnificent ruins of Persepolis, the ancient capital and at one time "the glory of the East," and the pride of Darius, Xerxes and Artaxerxes, until it was destroyed by Alexander the Great. Tabriz, with its 165,000 people, as many as Teheran; Meshed, "The Holy," with 60,000; Yezd, with 40,000; and Hamadan, Kermanshah, Kerman, Dizful, Kasvin, Resht, Astrabad, Kashan, Burjird and Kum, all with between twenty and thirty thousand people, are other towns of importance. It is needless describing them. Filthy thoroughfares, mud walls, sometimes groves of trees, bad water and little of it, bare walls of houses facing the streets; the windows generally without glass, or the balconies looking into the courtyards; and great caravansaries, built by speculators or "pious founders," for the accommodation of travelers, are the salient features of urban Persia. But over all is written ruin and desolation. New buildings stand tawdry and out of place beside old ones that only echo the past, while the dirt, the disorder, and the discomfort which seem innate to the East, prevail everywhere through the land of Iran.

The younger Cyrus characterized Persia as a country where the "people perish with cold at one extremity, while they are suffocated

VIEW OF CHIRAZ, PERSIA.

with the heat at the other." This epigrammatic bit of meteorological description is in the main true. As a rule, the summers are excessively hot, and the winters in many parts of the country are proportionately cold. The only region where the climate is comparatively equably is along the shores of the Caspian. But the moderately warm summer and mild winter are neutralized by the unhealthiness of the region. Again, in Dashtistan—or the region of the Persian Gulf—the heat of the summer is almost unbearable, but the winter and spring are most enjoyable. In the interior there are greater extremes, and the

CANAL OF EL-ACHER, AT BASSORAT, PERSIA.

winds are not unqualifiedly welcome; for, while the northwest breezes bring coolness, they also bear drought in their train. The southeast gales are, on the contrary, wet, but the wetness is accompanied with warmth, which makes life at that season an existence passed in a vapor bath. As a rule, the spring and autumn are the best months. Mr. Mounsey describes the climate of Chiraz at that season as "delicious." The plain is then green, and the gardens filled with rose trees and nightingales. The cherries are ripening, but the green almonds are the fruit in which the Persians, who are immoderately fond of such unwholesome delicacies, indulge most. Lady Sheil is quite as

enthusiastic about the spring. It begins about "Now Rooz," or the New Year Festival—that is, on the 22d of March—and lasts until the middle of May, when it becomes a great deal too hot for the enjoyment of ordinary mortals. "After this, journeys are made at night, for, though the nights are still cold, the weather is getting hot during the day. The sudden approach and rapid advance of the spring are very striking. Before the snow is well off the ground the trees burst into bloom, and flowers shoot forth from the soil. At 'Now Rooz' the snow was lying in patches on the hills and in the shaded valleys, while the fruit trees in the gardens were budding beautifully, and green plants and flowers sprung up on the plains on every side." As the summer progresses, the heat grows so intolerable in a city like Teheran that every one who can afford it deserts the town for the country.

The valleys of the Elburz Mountains are favorite spots for rustication. Here the Shah, with all his court, encamps, though the marquees, with their retinue of servants, ministers, courtiers and soldiers to the number of three or four thousand, present less the appearance of a temporary camp than that of a luxurious series of canvas and silken palaces. Ispahan, though hot, is not unhealthy, and the nights are comparatively cool; the climate of this part of the world possesses, therefore, an advantage over that of most parts of India, where the nights are often as warm and oppressive as the day. In July, people sleep on the roofs of their houses, for the nights are usually clear and bright, the air dry, and the little dew that falls, quite harmless. By the beginning of October the world of Teheran has returned to town, and in December those who had to flee the city from the heat have often to complain of cold. The ice forms on the pools, though it melts before noon when the sun is warm, and the temperature is like that of an English spring day, but by evening again the thermometer approaches the freezing point. Winter is considered to end with February, when the snow, which for a few weeks overlies the country, melts away, and traveling becomes pleasant.

The poor are, as a rule, very poor, and the rich, though in many cases of superior education to the Turks and other Mohammedans, are generally sensual, avaricious, and utterly without scruples, and if possessed of any conscience are able to exercise a singular control over its better

impulses. The soil is fertile if irrigated, and can sustain most temperate and sub-tropical crops; and in the towns the arts of the craftsmen supply what few goods enable Persia still to carry on a little foreign trade. The wines of Chiraz are celebrated in Eastern poetry, but nowhere else in modern times, and the silk reared on the leaves of the mulberry trees is entitled to the respect of even those outside of the Iran border.

The Persians are not without engineering and architectural skill. The curious bridge at Chouster could only have been erected under intelligent supervision, and at great expense of time and labor. The beauti-

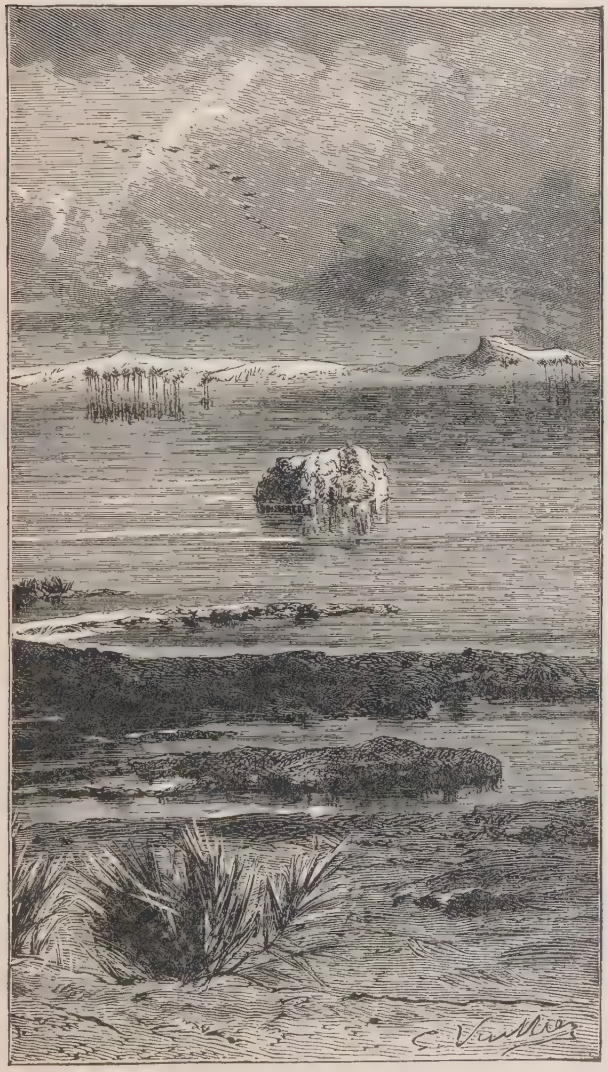
SCENE NEAR MESHED, PERSIA.

ful tomb of Abdel Kader, shown in our illustration, was erected in the seventeenth century by Sultan Movrad IV, and is one of the best examples of Persian skill in building and taste in decoration. The houses, as in all eastern countries, are built about a court, and present on the outside the appearance of a blank wall. The court is the scene of much of the household life.

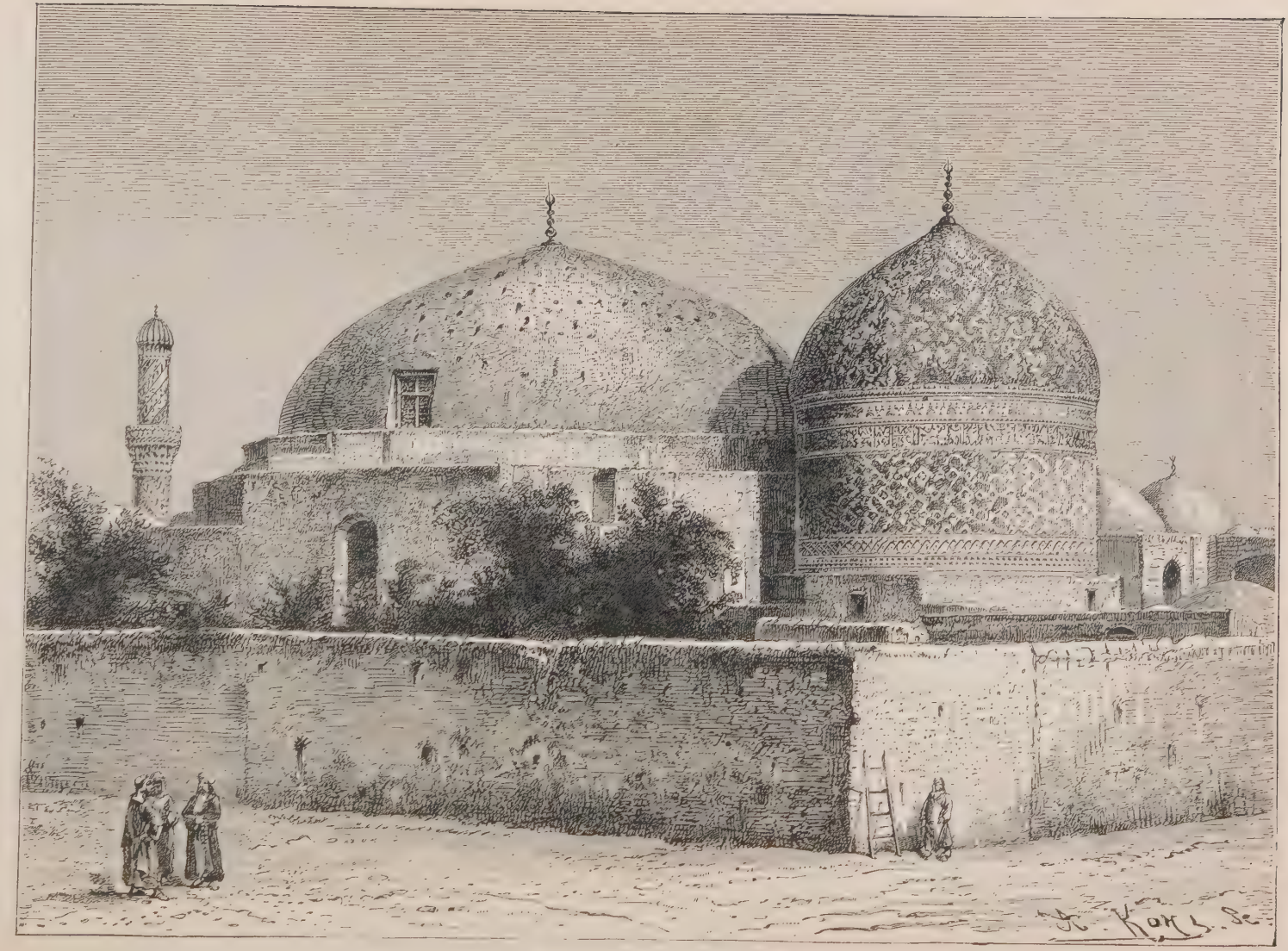
A Show of Gems.

Turquoises are found in Elburz, but the mines are not developed, and excepting salt made from the brine of Lake Urumiah or collected from the incrustations of the plateau, a little iron, lead, copper, and coal,

there is hardly any mineral wealth. A contrary impression prevails, owing to the notoriety which the Shah's diamonds have obtained in Europe. Doubtless, the Ruler of Persia is possessed of more gems than any other potentate—the Czar of Russia, perhaps, excepted—but his collection was not made within his own dominions. Mr. Eastwick, who was permitted to see the monarch's treasure-house, described the room as containing jewels to the value of six or seven millions, laid out on carpets at the far end of the room. "The first thing that struck me was the smallness of the door and the steepness of the stairs. It was not a nice place to escape from, if one tried to make off with a crown or two. In such a show of gems as seemed to realize the wonder of Aladdin's lamp, the eye was too much dazzled, and the memory too confused for description. But I remember that at the back of all was the Kaianian crown, and on either side of it two Persian lambskin caps adorned with aigrettes of diamonds. The crown itself was shaped like a flower-pot, with the small end open, and the other end closed. On the top of the crown was an uncut ruby, apparently without flaw, as big as a hen's egg. In front of the crown were dresses covered with diamonds and pearls, trays with necklaces of pearls and emeralds, and some hundreds of diamond, ruby and turquoise rings. In front of these, again,



SCENE NEAR MESHED, PERSIA.



TOMB OF ABDEL-KADER.

were gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds, and conspicuous among them the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing, perhaps, eighteen pounds, and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each." There are sapphires in this extraordinary room as big as marbles; rubies and pearls the size of nuts; and many emeralds, varying in dimensions from half an inch square, to one and three-quarter inches long, and an inch broad. In a sword scabbard, which is covered with diamonds, there is not a single stone smaller than the nail of a man's little finger. There are, lastly, among other treasures, an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who had possessed it, and turquoises so large and lovely as almost to justify the plaudits which the Persian poets have bestowed on them.

The Population.

The population of the country is not known with anything like accuracy, for it is not to the interest of the provincial officials to send up returns which might inconveniently act as a check upon their peculations. A large population would inevitably result in the Teheran officials insisting on a large revenue. Accordingly, while the governors take care that every one is taxed to the uttermost farthing, they report only a moderate population as taxable, and pocket the difference.

The Shah is an absolute ruler, and the vast number of his subjects are Mohammedan; but the Armenians, Nestorians, Christians, Jews and Guebres, or followers of the ancient sun-worship of the Persians, now chiefly cherished by the Indian Parsees, may in all amount to 75,000. The Persians are a patient race, and, knowing nothing better, get along reasonably well, between extortions and famines. But the Christians have no rights, and the Jews are treated in the Empire of the Shah infinitely worse than they are in probably any other country in the world, Morocco not excepted. It is, however, only just to say that, with the exception of China, in no country in Asia is so large a proportion of the people possessed of the elements of education.

NATIVES OF THIBET, CENTRAL ASIA.

XXI.

THIBET, OR THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

A PECULIAR land and a peculiar people! Thibet, hedged in by almost inaccessible mountains, but still better guarded by the jealousy and inhospitality of her people, contains the holy city, the chief seat of a religion which numbers more votaries than either that of the Christian or the Mussulman.

The greater part of the country is nearly three miles above the level of the sea, the lowest valleys are almost two, while some of the mountain passes through which it must be entered have an altitude of more than twenty thousand feet.

The men of Caucasian race who have crossed this Roof of the World can be numbered upon the fingers, and of these only one or two, and none within recent years, have penetrated to Lh'asa, the Buddhist capital. The very difficulty of access to this wonderful country makes it all the more interesting, while the hindrances thrown by the government and the people in the way of the traveler add the flavor of adventure to his story.

A Great Table-land.

Thibet has been approached from the north, the northeast and the south, but the lofty Himalayas, as well as the great vigilance of the officials and the native dislike for the English, have prevented those travelers who advanced from the latter direction from meeting with any considerable success. Two successful attempts have recently been made to cross this almost entirely unexplored country, and give to the world some authentic information of its people, their manners and customs, as well as of the geography and topography of the great table-land.

The earlier of these journeys was begun in 1888 by Mr. Rockhill, a gentleman in the American diplomatic service in China, who, disguising his nationality, crossed China, entered Thibet from the northeast, successfully traversed the country, and, turning eastward, returned to China; the latest was by the noted French traveler, M. Gabriel Bonvalot, who, in the autumn of 1889, entered Chinese territory from Asiatic Russia, crossed Thibet somewhat west of Mr. Rockhill's path, and, turning southeastward entered the French colony of Tonquin. Accompany-

CALLING THE CAMELS.

ing M. Bonvalot was Prince Henry of Orleans, from whose admirable photographs the accompanying engravings have been made.

Beasts of Burden.

Thibet is nominally a portion of the Chinese Empire, as is also Chinese Turkestan, lying north of Thibet, and extending to the southern boundary of the Russian territory. The government, however, is very loosely organized, and as the chief influence is in the hands of the lamas, who owe their first allegiance to their religious superiors at Lh'asa, the power

of the Chinese is very little felt. The beasts of burden are an active, hardy breed of little horses, peculiar to the country, mules, camels, and that singular native animal, the yak. M. Bonvalot's party used camels to form the larger part of their caravan; these animals being particularly fitted for crossing the desert plateaus of Chinese Turkestan: but the camel is not specially adapted to mountain climbing, and the hard work of crossing the mountains bordering Northern Thibet,

OBO AT TCHAUNGO.

together with the extremely rarefied air of those high altitudes, proved entirely too much for them.

Wild camels are to be found in the Lob Nor, a district about the lake of that name in the extreme south of Chinese Turkestan. In the summer they go up into the mountains, but they always return to the same spots, there being certain cantonments to which they are accustomed. They go about in troops, one male to fifteen or sixteen females, but it is only after terrific combats that the former becomes the undisputed lord of his harem. It is very fatiguing and difficult to get near them, the only way for the hunter being to hide near the pond on the brink of which he has

found traces. The natives are certain that these camels have always been wild and are not descended from domesticated ones. "Our forefathers and tradition," they say, "represent them as being so. Moreover, a domesticated camel cannot do without man, but comes after him."

The chase and fishing form the staple industry of the inhabitants of this district, though they also eke out their livelihood by the rearing of stock, which they possess in great numbers. They do not till the ground, but they own some fields, remote from their chief town of Abdallah, which others cultivate for them, for which service they pay in kind with a part of the crop and a few sheep, and altogether they are regarded as rich.

The Dwellings.

The dwellings are huts, the earthen floor of which is covered in places with old bits of felt, while in the centre a cavity surrounded by flat stones serves as a fireplace. In the corner are sacks of corn, and this is all the furniture, though on the walls, constructed of reeds, are hung long guns with powder flasks. The ceiling is made of the branches of trees brought from a distance, the interstices being filled with osiers, and a space is often left over the hearth to let the smoke escape. Bits of cloth are stretched from beam to beam to protect the ground from the droppings of swallows which nest in the roof, and which are held in great respect.

The men are tall, clad in sheepskins tied around the waist with a belt, fur caps, and wearing sandals made of the skins of donkeys or wild camels. The forehead is narrow and the eyes more or less elongated, but not raised at the corners, as is the case with the yellow race. As a rule they scarcely open their eyelids; the nose is large and usually rather hooked, the lips thick and inclined to turn up, and the hair coarse and scanty. They are wrinkled from their early youth, on the forehead, round the eyes, under the cheeks, and at the corners of the mouth, producing an air of premature age and of grimacing which makes men who are otherwise rather handsome appear very ugly.

Legendary Ancestors.

We are accustomed to think of the monkey as a tropical animal, but the red-haired species which inhabit northern Thibet play upon the rocks on the banks of a frozen river, when the temperature at night is

TYPICAL THIBETANS.

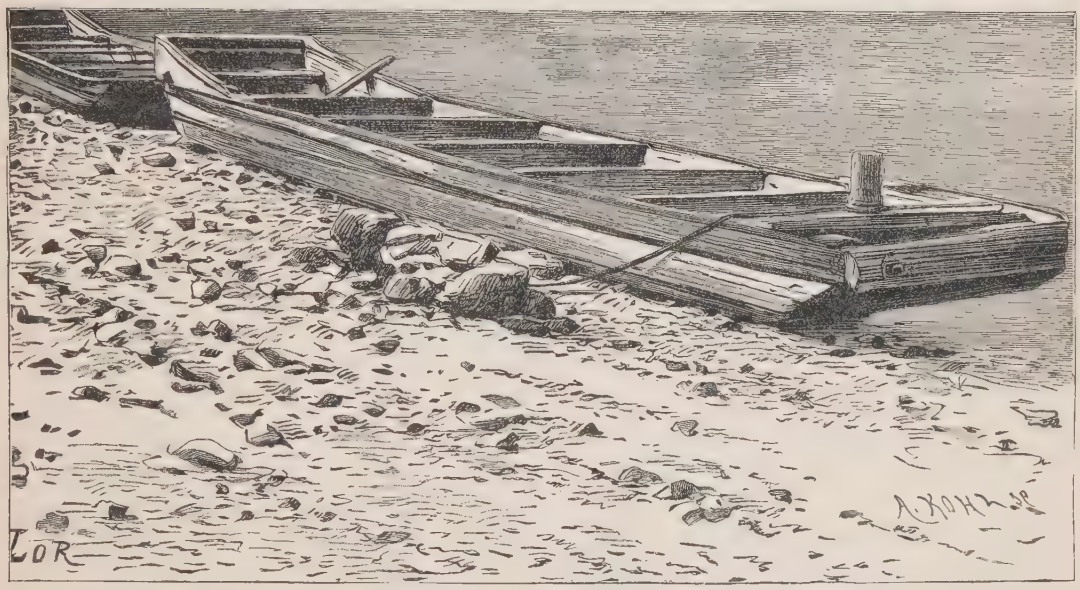
48°. These monkeys are the legendary ancestors of the Thibetan people. One of the sacred books, the "Mani Kambum," tells how the monkey-king emanated from a ray of light shot from the eye of the greatest of all Bodhisattwas, and, being bound by the oath of the five highest duties to give himself to deep meditation, transported himself by supernatural means to the Abode of Snow, where, sitting upon a rock, he was soon plunged in profound abstraction.

Courted by a rock-ogress, and after obtaining permission, he entered the married state and was blessed with six sons, who resembled their father in the color of their hair, and their mother in respect of their tails, and who shared the immortal powers of their father as well as the lusts and passions of their mother. It sorely puzzled their father when their hair fell off, their hands and feet became sensitive, and their tails shriveled up and disappeared, but the duties and privileges of men being explained to this ancestor of the Thibetan race, it is to be hoped that he returned contented to his rock and his meditation.

Appearance and Character.

The northeastern Thibetans are of slight build, about five feet four inches high, the men not taller than the women. They have round heads, high, narrow foreheads, large and nearly horizontal eyes, the cheek-bones prominent, the teeth strong and regular. They have little hair on the face or body, and no beard, as they carefully pull it out with tweezers. They are intelligent, can be depended upon to fulfill their engagements, quick-tempered, domineering and greedy. They drink to excess and are then quarrelsome. They hold their own in a trade, even with the Chinese, with whom they find a market for wool, various kinds of skins and fur, rhubarb and deer-horns. Their food consists principally of tea and parched or fried barley, called *tsamba*. They also sometimes indulge in vermicelli, sour milk, granulated cheese and boiled mutton. The powdered tea is boiled and salt or soda added, and is partaken of by the circle of the inmates of the tent, each one drawing from the recesses of his gown the little bowl, which serves him for a complete service of china and also, sometimes, as a wash-bowl. A sheep's paunch filled with rancid butter is also within reach, and a lump of this is dropped into the bowl of hot tea, and being melted, is blown aside as

the tea is drunk. Then a handful of *tsamba* is put in, and the mass worked into a kind of dough. The kettle is never empty, and each one eats when he is hungry, and, having soiled his bowl, he licks it clean and puts it back into his gown. Mutton is boiled in the tea-kettle, and each takes a piece and eats it from the hand, using his sheath knife to remove the last shreds of meat from the bone. Marrow-bones are always cracked. The Thibetans have a saying that one may judge of the way a man will manage important business by seeing him pick a bone. To



THE KIN-CHA-KIANG, HEADWATERS OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

remove the excessive grease from the hands they are wiped on face or boots, according as one or the other seems in need of an additional layer.

The Wife the Head of the House.

Little respect is paid to chastity among these people, and marriages limited to a few months or even a week, are sometimes known. Monogamy, polygamy, and polyandry prevail in different sections. Plurality of husbands seems to prevail in the agricultural districts, and the reverse among the nomads who depend upon their flocks. Whatever the marriage custom, however, the wife is acquired by purchase, and seems to become at once the head of the house, assuming control of most of her husband's affairs, including all buying and selling. The women have a

habit of smearing their faces with thick black paste which renders them exceedingly offensive to those not "to the manner born." There is a difference of opinion between the women and the lamas as to the reason for this custom. The women account for it by saying that the grease protects the skin, while the lamas assert that the custom was introduced a century ago in order to render the pretty faces of the women less distracting to the monks, whose minds should be continually on higher things.

Praying a Mechanical Performance.

Scattered all over Thibet are to be found obos, or heaps of stones, upon some of which prayers have been engraved. They are generally placed on an eminence, at one of those spots where the beasts of burden are allowed to stop for breath. At such points the traveler will refresh himself with a light lunch, offer his prayers, and add a stone to the accumulated pile. A pole is often placed in the ground with a prayer written on a piece of canvas tied to the end of it. Workmen employed for the purpose, or traveling lamas, engrave prayers upon slabs of stone, and deposit them, and the pile gradually assumes the proportions of a monument. Many deposit their images of Buddha and of Tsong Kaba, the great reformer; and small pyramids of earth are said to represent chapels. Bits of carved horn, fragments of garments, horsehair tied on a stick, or almost anything else, forms a proper contribution.

The village of Tchoungo owes its importance to its enormous obo, round which it takes three minutes to walk at an ordinary pace. It surrounds the house of a lama who may be regarded as its guardian, and the natives are continually turning prayers around this pile, carefully keeping it on their right side.

Praying, in Thibet, is quite a mechanical performance. The repetition of the formula, *om mani pémé hum*, is the most common form of vocal prayer, and the prayer wheel provides a means facilitating this righteous work. It consists of a cylinder on the axis of which are wound sheets of paper bearing this formula in fine characters. The devotee must be careful to turn the wheel from right to left, the sheets being wound in the opposite direction. This six-syllabled prayer fills a large place in the worship of the people of Thibet, and much time and money are spent in reproducing it on stone or paper.

BRIDGE AT SOUCOMBA

A Great Number of Monks.

The Chinese say that for every family in Thibet there are three lamas, or monks, but this is certainly an exaggeration. Their numbers are, however, very large; they hold nearly all the wealth of the land, much of the land itself, and multitudes of serfs and bondsmen. They are by no means a meek and submissive order, and the larger lamasaries are almost like fortified camps, carrying on war with rival sects or lamasaries, or against the encroachments of the civil authorities.

The superstitions of the people run to strange extremes. On an occasion when prayer is to be offered for rain, travelers cannot get fresh meat because the slaughter-house of the town is closed, the deity being liable to offense at the shedding of blood; the whole population is devoted to prayer, and the baggage of strangers is passed over the fire for purification before the porters can carry it, while men passed in the fields throw a handful of earth into the air and mumble a prayer to disinfect the soil.

This elevated table-land is the source of all the mighty rivers of southern Asia. Those which flow into the Caspian or Arabian Sea, those which pour their waters into the Bay of Bengal, and those great rivers of China, Yang-tse-kiang and Hoang-Ho, all have their headwaters here.

A Curious Bridge.

A curious bridge crosses the Giometchou at Sougomba. It is about 150 feet long, and built of poles, the piers being cribs of poles filled with stones, and is perhaps, chiefly remarkable because of the rarity of such structures in Thibet.

The Yang-tse-kiang or Yellow River of China flows for a great distance through southern and southeastern Thibet. It is here called the Kin-cha-Kiang or Blue River, is about a furlong in width and flows through a valley nearly half a mile wide. It rolls along at a tremendous pace over rocks and boulders, and at some points is crossed by means of flat-bottomed boats. These boats are fifty feet long by nine feet in beam, and are rowed by two women and two men.

In trading, the Thibetans, like other Asiatic people, use a sign language. The buyer and seller join hands under their long sleeves, and convey their respective notions of buying and selling prices by grasping each other's fingers in various positions. They add and subtract by

means of their prayer beads, but are very inexpert at numbers. They are great believers in astrology and fortune-telling, the shoulder-blade of the sheep being a frequent implement in forecasting the future. The bone is burnt, and the future is indicated by the cracks made in it by the fire.

Abundance of Minerals.

Minerals abound in Thibet, but they are not mined, the people believing that the precious metals grow, the seed being the nuggets originally springing from that distributed by their ancestral monkey-king. They therefore confine their search for these metals to a little washing of river deposits. They use for this purpose a little cradle formed from a log of wood, a foot wide and three times as long, throwing the dirt in with their hands. The gold thus obtained is sold to the Chinese.

The trade of Thibet is of importance to the Chinese, particularly as it furnishes a great market for tea, which is sent into the country in bricks.

The people of Thibet have come somewhat in conflict with the English in India, and have a great hatred for them, and as their knowledge of geography is exceedingly limited, they are very liable to assume that every one not a Mongolian is an Englishman. They have, however, some knowledge of the French, and M. Bonvalot and Prince Henry were therefore able to traverse the country with greater ease than was Mr. Rockhill, the American, who was compelled to disguise himself as a Chinaman. Even the Frenchmen, however, were continually hindered and harassed, though the Thibetan officials attempted to maintain the forms of polite intercourse. "Let us try and arrange the business we have in hand, don't let us disagree," urged one officer, who seemed to be doing all he could to thwart their plans. "Two beautiful porcelain cups placed together on a table look very well, but knock them together and they break to pieces. Don't let us clash, don't let us clash."

THE KING'S ELEPHANT IN THE GREAT SOWARI, BARODA.

XXII.

AMONG THE STATELY CHIEFTAINS OF NATIVE INDIA.

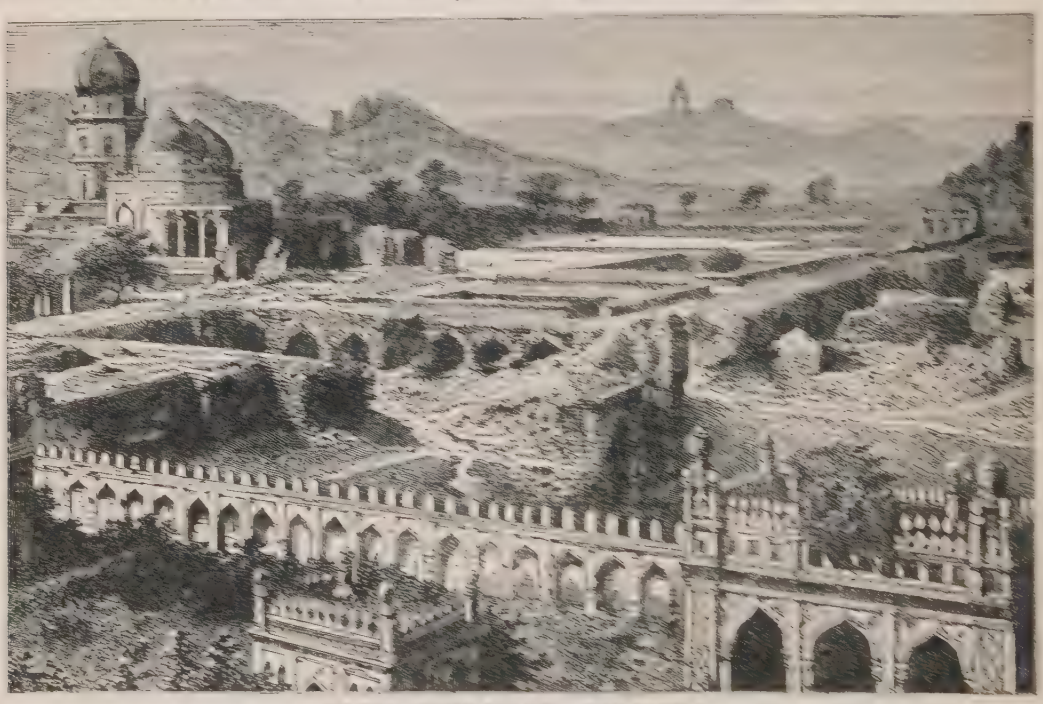
INDIA, at the present day, is a subject so interesting that the title of this chapter is sufficient to introduce it, and insure its welcome.

Although nearly every English family sends out a relation or friend to spend some of the best years of life in that vast region, still it cannot be said that any considerable knowledge of those lands is at all widely diffused. Few European or American travelers have sufficient leisure for prolonged investigation; the opportunities of official residents are usually greatly curtailed by the pressure of business, and a great deal of Indian travel is for the most part performed as quickly as possible, at the call of duty.

The title of the chapter indicates the chief object of the author. He was comparatively indifferent to the India of railways, hotels, and telegraphs. He was bent on visiting the courts and countries ruled by native princes, great and small, of all ranks and all creeds, and to see for himself what are the modes of life and conditions of civilization among the stately chieftains of native India. Those who are already familiar with these subjects will find pleasure in recalling to memory the scenes and objects described, while the reader who has no personal acquaintance with a country as yet scarcely touched by railways, may, by the aid of the excellent illustrations, accompany the traveler in imagination on his Indian journey.

Perhaps the most convenient entrance to India is by way of the Suez Canal Steamer to Bombay, but whatever route one takes, the journey should be timed so as not to arrive in summer, for nature under the

tropics has not distributed the seasons in the manner which is so familiar to us, but has divided the year into a dry season and a rainy season. For eight months the sky is clear and cloudless and the sun shines without hindrance: but, on the other hand, it rains, at intervals, from the middle of June to the middle of October. During this time, the rain sometimes falls in such torrents that the country is covered with water: the roads disappear or become impassable, and it is then impossible to travel even short distances. Those, therefore, who come to these countries as tourists ought always to arrange so as to arrive in



ROYAL NECROPOLIS, GOLCONDA.

October, if they do not wish to have the prospect of a lengthened stay in a town like Bombay.

The Island of Bombay forms part of an important group, which, placed in front of the estuary of a river, appear to form a kind of delta. These, hollowed in figure, and in close proximity to one another, imprison an arm of the sea along the mainland, and thus make a superb bay, of which Bombay commands the entrance.

This situation has always appeared so favorable for commerce, that from the most remote antiquity these islands contained important towns

ROCK TEMPLE, CARVED IN MOUNTAIN SIDE.

and ports, where traffic was carried on in the products of Hindostan and Dekkan. The immense subterranean chambers found in Elephanta, (one of these islands), which rank among the grandest remains of ancient India, prove to us the importance and the wealth of these towns. We can, moreover, recognize, in this group of islands, the archipelago of Heptanesia, of which the geographer Arrian speaks.

A World of Peoples and Races.

A world of peoples and races of perfectly distinct types and costumes are crowded together in the streets of this capital, which supplies the products of Europe to two-thirds of India. It is the port of arrival for all who come from Persia, from Arabia, from Afghanistan, and the coast of Africa; and from it the pilgrims from Hindostan, bound to Mecca, Karbala, or Nujiff, take their departure. Besides the indigenous races which still present such varieties, we see the Persian, with his high cap of astrakan; the Arab, in his biblical costume; the Tomali negro, with fine intelligent features; the Chinese, the Burmese, and the Malay. This diversity gives to the crowd a peculiar stamp, which no other town in the world can present.

Baroda is the capital of the territory of one of the most powerful princes in India, the Guicowar. The city is connected with the English encampment by a good road, nearly two miles long, passing through charming scenery. The great trees bordering it had their branches mutilated, in punishment, it appears, for a crime committed by a parrot which, perched on one of them, offered a terrible affront to the purple robe of the prince. The intercession of the courtiers prevailed to save the trees themselves.

A Magnificent Procession.

One will be fortunate if he can be in Baroda at the time of a great Sowari, or procession, in which the King takes part. First come the Rajah's regular troops, under the command of European officers; then corps of Arabs, squadrons of Mahratta, cavalry, purdassis, field-artillery, musketeers, halberdiers, gunners, mounted on dromedaries; lastly, some regiments of the Guicowar's army. All these take at least an hour to pass. Behind them comes the royal standard-bearer, on a magnificent elephant painted and covered with embroidered housings. The nobles

of the realm follow, each of them covered with gold and precious stones, and mounted on a horse whose coat can be scarcely distinguished beneath the trappings, and the bridle plated with silver, and the nobles are followed by the high functionaries of the realm—the ministers, the governors of provinces, the chief priests, and the principal courtiers. Each of these personages is mounted on a fine elephant, whose immense covering of gold-fringed velvet hangs down to the ground. Some twenty or more of these creatures pass by, with grave and majestic air; it is evident that the intelligent animals appreciate the richness of their ornaments. Most of them have their trunks and foreheads painted in fantastic designs, and bear on their heads tall crests of white feathers. Each of the aforesaid dignitaries is seated, cross-legged, in a rich howdah of silver; and over his head is a magnificent parasol, the degree of its richness indicating the rank held at court by its owner. How adroitly the attention has been sustained by this progressive magnificence up to the king, the culminating point of the Sowari! See him approach, preceded by his daughter, mounted on a superb elephant. That on which the king sits is a gigantic animal. The howdah, of massive gold—a present from the Queen of England—sparkles with jewels. The Guicowar is seated in it, on embroidered cushions. He wears a red velvet tunic, over which a profusion of magnificent jewels is spread; his turban is adorned with an aigrette of diamonds, amongst which blazes the "Star of the South." Behind him sits the prime minister, in a plain dress. On the foot-boards on each side of the elephant, stand four men clad in elegant attire. One of them carries the hookah presented to His Majesty by the Viceroy of India; the others wave fans composed of peacock's feathers. Amongst them also is the king's herald, who every moment unfolds a large piece of cloth of gold, while he cries out: "Scrimunt Sicar! Khunderao Guicowar! Sena Khas Khel! Shamshar Bahadoor!" which signifies, "Behold the King of Kings, Khunderao Guicowar, whose army is invincible, whose courage is indomitable!" At these words the crowd prostrate themselves until the elephant has passed. The latter, completely hidden under his garments, resembles a mountain of gold sparkling with diamonds.

Agra, the capital of the northwest provinces of Bengal, is one of the principal cities of India, and its magnificent monuments have rendered

it celebrated throughout the whole world. Most beautiful, most wonderful of these is the Taj, the marvel of India. It was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, as a mausoleum for the Empress Muntazi Mahal, or Taj-Bibi, who died in giving birth to the Princess Jehanara. This woman, celebrated alike for her talents and her beauty, inspired the Prince with such love and admiration that he resolved to raise to her memory the most beautiful monument that had ever been constructed by man. After a grand consultation of all the architects of the East, the plan of Isa Mahomed (Jesus Mahomed) was adopted. The mausoleum was commenced in the year 1630, and not completed until 1647; and during those seventeen years, twenty thousand workmen were employed.

RELIGIOUS BEGGAR, BENARES.

On entering the gate we suddenly find ourselves in front of the Taj, which appears in all its dazzling whiteness at the end of a wide, paved avenue, bordered on each side with tall cypress trees. This first view of the Taj is most striking. Like a mountain of white marble, it rises mysteriously above the sombre and luxuriant vegetation of the garden.

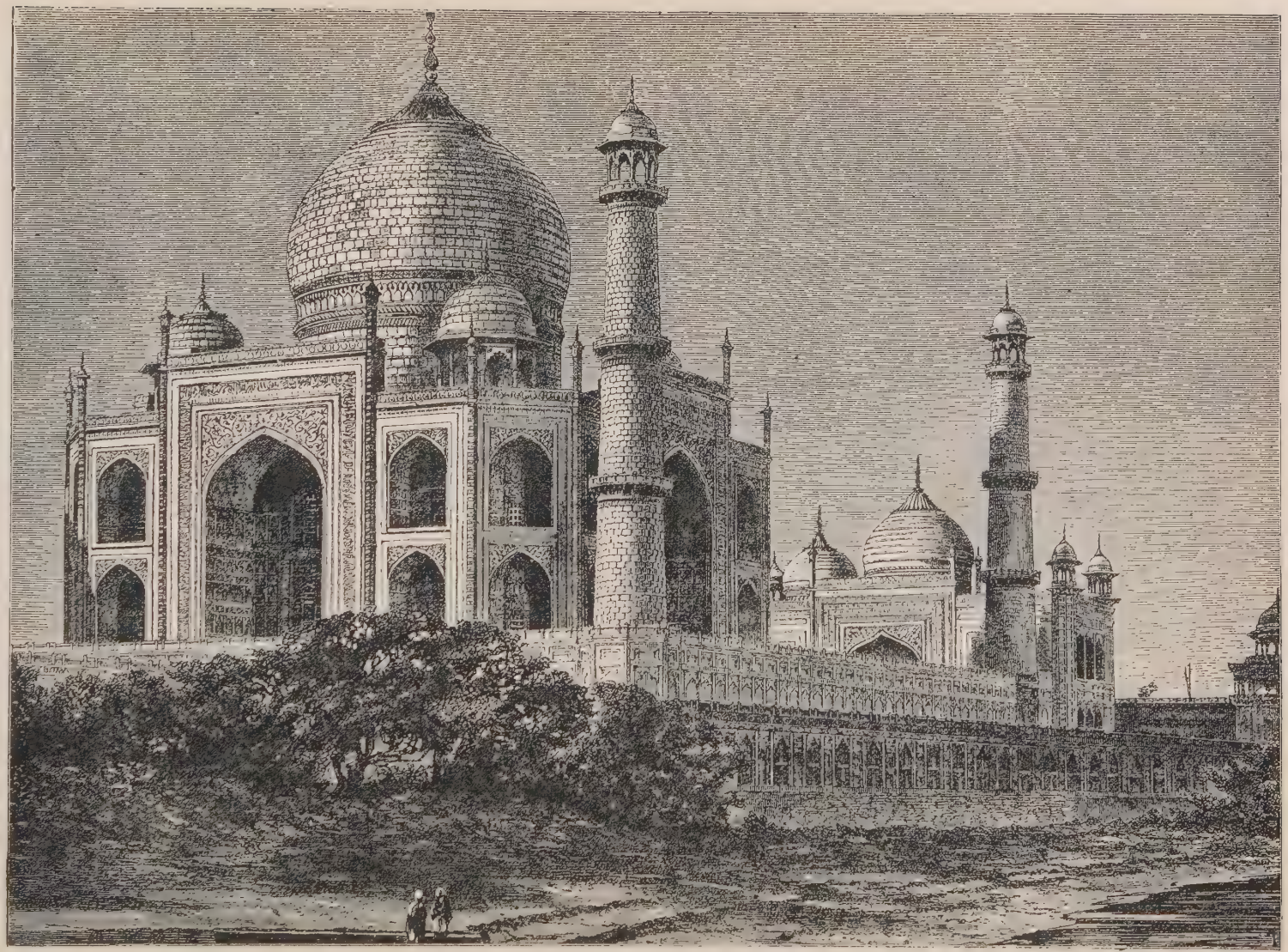
The Old Capital of the Asiatic World.

The name of Delhi shines out with incomparable brilliancy in the history of India, indeed, of all Asia. Around it are concentrated all the glories and magnificence of that country, the echoes of which sufficed to inebriate the European world during long centuries, and which, inflaming

the ardor of adventurers, launched Columbus on the track of the New World, and urged Vasco di Gama, more fortunate than his rival, to face all the horrors of the Cape tempests. There is but one city in the world which can dispute the palm of so much glory with Delhi, and that city is Rome, the capital of the old European world, as Delhi was during so many centuries that of the Asiatic world. And even Rome, the Eternal City, as it proudly styles itself, can scarcely measure its twenty-five centuries against the haughty Indrapechta, the capital of the Aryan em-

RELIGIOUS BEGGARS, BENARES.

pire fifteen or twenty centuries before our era. While Rome presents to us the spectacle of a city gradually rising until it became, through the ambition of its citizens, mistress of the world, Delhi seems to have played an entirely different part. Founded by invaders, who were strangers to the soil of India, she was disputed and taken possession of alternately by different conquerors who were attracted by the splendors of the sacred peninsula; and by a strange superstition, which is still accepted at the present day, she became the palladium of India, and the destinies of the whole peninsula were allied to hers. It was thus that the English were never legally considered to be masters of the land until their standard floated over the towers of Delhi. It is not without



THE TAJ, AGRA.

emotion that one crosses the threshold of the Imperial Palace, the noble citadel of the great Moguls, so long inaccessible to vulgar mortals, and which no one could approach in former times without first bowing to the earth. This palace was long the wonder of the world, and the receptacle of dazzling Asiatic magnificence.

Simla, which is a little more than a large village, buried in a ravine of the Himalayas, becomes, during six months of the year, the capital of India. As soon as the severe heat begins to be felt in the plain, all the English official colony of the Bengal Presidency hastily take the road leading to the fashionable sanitarium.

Benares, the Holy City.

In treating of Delhi we compared that town to ancient Rome, the great capital of the European world; and it is still to Rome, but to Christian Rome, the capital of the Catholic world, that we compare Benares, the holy city, the religious capital of the Brahmanic and Buddhist world. But whereas Christian Rome dates its true splendor only as far back as ten centuries at the utmost, and at the present day it maintains its sway over only two hundred millions of believers, Benares has shone with uninterrupted splendor for more than thirty centuries, and still has its name revered by over five hundred millions of men—Brahmanists of India, and Buddhists of Ceylon, Indo-China, China and Thibet.

One can enter Benares only on foot, and there is not a street in the city wide enough for a carriage to pass through; few are capable of admitting an elephant, and in the greater number the crowd is so compact that neither horse nor palanquin could circulate freely in them.

At a short distance from the suburbs, on the banks of a piece of water surrounded by broad stairs, stands the great temple of Dourga Khound (the fountain of Dourga), one of the most beautiful edifices in Benares. Europeans generally denominate it "The Monkey's Temple." These animals are, in fact, kept here in considerable numbers; they fill the yards, and cover the walls; and at the first step you take within their enclosure the grimacing groups surround and assail you in order to obtain the usual offering—which means a rupee to the Brahman and an ample distribution of parched corn to the quadrumana.

The Great Indian Metropolis.

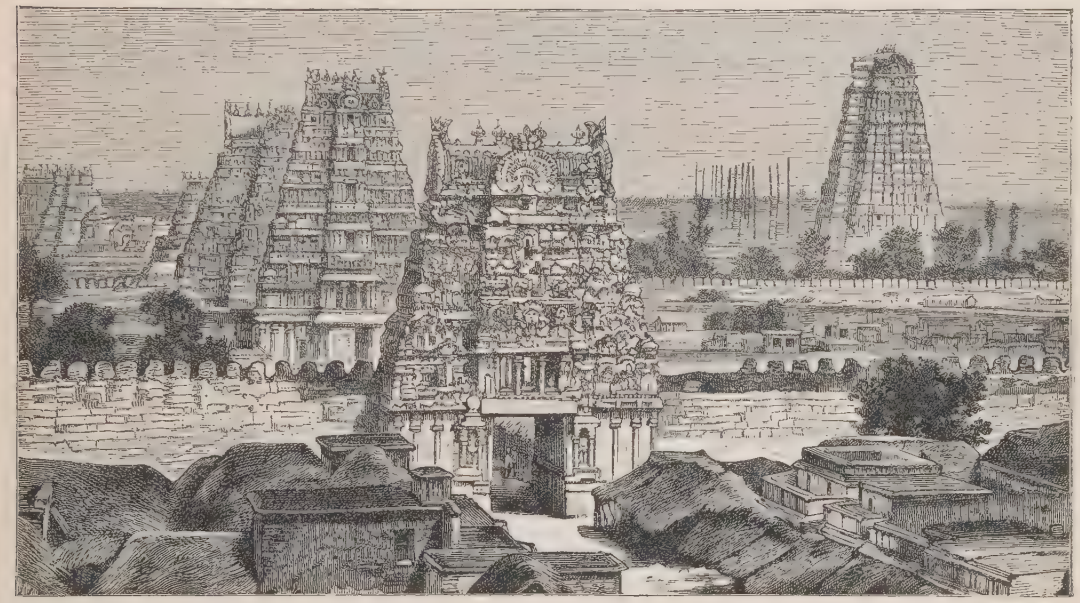
When the traveler arriving direct from Europe by sea, lands at Calcutta, he cannot but be vividly impressed by the first view of the great Indian metropolis. Emerging from the low ground, half inundated by water, which he has just crossed on landing, he suddenly perceives a stately line of palaces surrounding an immense esplanade; on all sides rise columns and belfries; enormous vessels crowd the harbor; the busy crowds press on the quays; carriages and palanquins pass backward and forward in picturesque tumult; in a word, everything reminds him that he has before him one of the greatest cities in the world, the capital

THE ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

of an immense empire. Nor is the impression dissipated by his entry into the city. He crosses squares that are worthy of London, and streets containing sumptuous shops, lined with houses having the portals of Greek temples. But he soon leaves all this magnificence; the streets change into muddy, dark lanes; and mean straw huts, without any upper stories, replace the palaces, and extend to the horizon of the plain.

The population is far from presenting the picturesque variety of types which render Bombay so remarkable. With the exception of some Chinese and Burmese, the inhabitants nearly all belong to the races of Northern India.

The inferior classes merit little notice. Ignorant and superstitious, they are especially distinguished by their defects—cowardice, cunning and fanaticism; and Indians generally may account for the libelous character ascribed to them, by the fact that, from study of the Bengalese, the erroneous conclusion has been drawn that all the nations of the vast Indian Peninsula must answer to the same type. The people of Calcutta are, in short, a sorry specimen of the Hindoo race; but it is not the same with the middling classes, who offer a very interesting subject for study.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF SERINGAM, INDIA.

The life which the upper English classes lead at Calcutta is only a copy of high life in London; they dance, dine, drink tea, and pay visits, tightly buttoned up in black coats, and wearing black hats, exactly as they do in Belgravia. In the evening all the European colony display their toilettes and their equipages on the Strand, a short promenade without trees along the banks of the river.

A Bloody Custom.

The Brahman fanaticism has succeeded in stamping on the fêtes a character that has nothing Vedic or Buddhist, by introducing the hideous butcheries of the procession of the Rattjatra. These processions take place three times a year. The idol of Juggernaut is set upon a car

MOSQUE ON THE HOOGLY, NEAR CALCUTTA.

measuring twenty-six feet long, and as many wide, mounted on sixteen wheels. This car is wood, plentifully covered with sculptures, and for the ceremonies it is adorned with cloth of gold and costly stuffs. The ponderous mass is set in movement by stout cables, to which thousands of pilgrims harness themselves, stirred to madness by the sight of their god. In the course of these processions, hundreds of wretched fanatics used to carry their excitement to such lengths as to throw themselves beneath the car wheels, and so get crushed, to win Paradise, which rascally Brahmans promised as the reward of this sacrifice.

The English have now forbidden that bloody custom, and the procession is escorted by mounted policemen charged to watch the vicinity of the car. In these circumstances the illogical character of the Hindoo is well shown, its strange mingling of cowardice and rashness. A man throws himself to earth before the heavy wheel; he has made the sacrifice of his life; he has dared without a shudder the horrible agony of slow crushing, for the wheels turn with difficulty; but an English inspector has caught sight of him; with raised whip he springs at the poor wretch, who, on sight of the bearded European, forgetting his vows and his courage, hastily jumps up and hides himself, trembling, in the crowd, like a school boy discovered in committing a breach of rules.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN TONQUIN.

XXIII.

CHINA, OR THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE

THE Chinese Empire comprises that vast extent of territory lying south and east from Asiatic Russia, and north and east from India. It is very loosely organized, its various sections being semi-independent and frequently rebelling against the lax government of their rulers. The various districts embracing the country, from the hot low flats by the seashore to the high cool uplands of Mongolia, produce everything that can be desired for the sustenance, comfort, and luxury of man; hence the disinclination of the Chinese to have any dealings, more than they can help, with the "outer barbarian," whose goods they do not require, though theirs are coveted by him.

Numerous Pagodas.

No one can visit China without admiring its numerous pagodas. These are erected in or near cities, often on the banks of rivers and streams. They are of various kinds. Those of the first class are lofty and graceful towers, consisting of seven or nine stories; in some instances, of thirteen. The towers, which are generally octagonal, diminish in height and width as they ascend, and above each story there is a projecting roof of tiles. These are generally glazed, and of a green color; and each corner of the roof is ornamented with a bell. As a rule, pagodas are built of brick, the facing being often of stone. In some parts of the empire they are made of iron. The ascent from story to story is made by a spiral staircase, consisting of stone steps, and constructed between the outer and inner walls, of which almost all pagodas

consist. One of the most beautiful pagodas is that at Woo-see, a city on the banks of the Grand Canal; one of the largest is that at Soochow, also on the banks of the Grand Canal. The circumference of the base of this tower is about 200 feet. It consists of two walls, an outer and an inner, between which the staircase winds to the summit. There are nine stories, each containing within the inner wall a spacious chamber, lined with limestone flags, and entered at each of its eight sides by an arch. These chambers remind one of so many churches of the Holy

PAGODA IN TONKIN.

Sepulchre. In the walls there are niches which were, probably, at one time, occupied by the idols of Buddha.

The origin of pagodas is still involved in more or less of obscurity, although much has been said and written upon the subject. From their being built so frequently on the banks of rivers or creeks, it has been supposed that they were designed to serve in the first instance as beacons to announce the approach of invading fleets or armies. This is a supposition, however, which need not be discussed. The importance of building pagodas as towers sacred to Buddha was probably in the

first instance impressed upon the minds of the Chinese by Indian bonzes, who came as Buddhist missionaries to China in the early part of the Christian era; and it appears that these structures were unknown in the empire until the introduction of Buddhism.

Marriages.

Marriages, among the people of China and Farther India, are all arranged for young people of any pretensions to family, by their parents, usually through the go-between, but sometimes directly. Negotiations are entered into. There are mutual sacrifices at the ancestral altars. The young man sends jewels and finery, and the maiden sends betel-nuts and cigarettes. When it is agreed that the two are likely to suit one another, which is settled by the old people—the young man being considered very naughty if he endeavors to satisfy himself by rude, vulgar, personal inspection—the betrothal day is fixed upon. This is done by a consideration of the respective hours and days on which the two were born. A lucky time must be chosen. Then the young man goes in great ceremony to the young lady's house. He prostrates himself before the family altar, lays on it a red paper, stating his aspirations, and suggesting a day for the next ceremony. Then red candles are lighted, and every one drinks rice-spirit, dyed red. Between this betrothal and the second formality, there are more presents exchanged, among which figures prominently a black pig. This is eaten at the second ceremony; there is more burning of candles and prostrations before the altars of the fair maiden's ancestry, and every one drinks all the rice-wine he can carry.

Now comes the hard times for the youth. He has to go to the house of his future parents-in-law and work there for his wife. It is the regular biblical, patriarchal business over again, except that, though he may have to work for years, he cannot have delivered to him any other than the veritable damsel contracted for. He may not like her, but if he draws back now he has to pay well for the privilege. Young Annamese are wont to complain that they have a real bad time of it, and have such a terror of the mother-in-law that they shun her from the moment that she becomes so by law, as much as Westerners do a couple of years after marriage.

At length, however, the marriage day comes. There are more presents, among which must be a white goose and gander. The "marriage money," usually a hundred ligatures (twenty dollars), must be delivered to the girl's father. Parents who value their daughters higher are supposed to draw down bad luck on the couple. Then the marriage contract is drawn up on red paper. It is signed by the chief parties, by the parents, and is also, in cases of respectable burgesses, furnished with the village seal. There is, therefore, something more than the mere publicity of the thing in the Annamese marriage rite. They are, therefore, per-

FLOATING VILLAGE, CHINA.

haps a little in advance of the Burmese and Indo-Chinese races, but divorce is just as common, for all the written act of marriage. On the marriage day, instead of putting on but one suit of clothes over his ordinary dirty apparel, the bridegroom decks himself out in several. The outermost coat has wide sleeves much too long in the arm, in the Celestial fashion. A young man who thinks himself very superior will often substitute for the usual black silk-crape turban, a turreted head-gear, something like a mitre.

The actual ceremony is very impressive. It takes place in the bride's home. Candles are placed on the family altar along with the usual plate

of betel. The girl's father delivers a speech, in which he announces to his forefathers that he is marrying his daughter, Huyen-Tran (the Pearl of Jet), aged so many years, to Nguu, the son of Doan-nhu-hai. He invokes ancestral approbation and long life for the happy pair, and then, with the young man's father, prostrates himself four times before the altar. The two mothers go through the same prostrations. Then it is the turn of the bride and bridegroom; but after they have shown due regard for the ancients of the family, they have to "knock their heads" before both the fathers, both the mothers, and a goodly number of their

THE MAIN STREET OF BAC NINH, TONKIN.

more elderly relations. Then the ceremony is over. All then go in procession to the bridegroom's house, the newly married couple at the head, under festive umbrellas, the bridegroom with his two best men, the bride with her two maids and the box with her trosseau. The road is barred by children with a red thread, reminding one of the "gold and silver cord" of Burmah. As in Burmah, its safe removal must be paid for.

The inhabitants of Tonkin are, for the most part, slight and below the middle height, resembling the Chinese in their features, though of darker complexion; their figures are more lithe and elegant; in this respect, they are more like the Malays. They are possessed of much intelligence,

A TONQUIN WOMAN.

and in diplomacy are more than a match for their Western conquerors; though in the field their ignorance of modern tactics, and the fact that they do not possess arms of precision, render their defeat, when opposed to equal numbers of well-armed and well-led troops, a matter of certainty. They are by no means destitute of courage, and, though defeated and driven out of positions, will return to the charge the next day with equal determination and *sang-froid*. Being entirely destitute of artillery, the Tonkinois deserve much credit for the way in which, armed mainly with bows and arrows, they have never hesitated to face the heavy cannon of the French gunboats, or the repeating rifles of the French blue-jackets.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Although followers of Buddha, the Tonkinois are not very bigoted in their religion. Women, amongst them, occupy a very inferior place, and polygamy is rife, especially in the northern districts. The houses of the poorer and middle classes are generally built of wood; the majority are thatched, but some few are seen with roofs neatly covered with tiles. It is rare to see a solitary house; they are generally grouped together, surrounded with bamboo hedges, which not only serve as a protection from the effects of the deadly tornadoes which devastate the country, but also as a very effective obstacle against the advance of human foes.

VILLAGE OF TENGAROUNG, BORNEO.

XXIV.

THE EAST INDIAN ISLANDS.

AS ONE approaches a village on one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, he sees a long line of native houses, built upon piles, stretching in front of him, partly in the water, and with the entrances facing the shore; at the other side, and above them, wave the feathery fronds of palm trees.

The main, or rather, only street in the native sea-shore village, runs along the sands of the bay sometimes for half-a-mile, the native huts being built upon the sea-side in such a fashion that, when the tide is high, they are nearly surrounded with water. These huts, well thatched with palm leaves, and firmly secured by rope-work fastenings, have only one outlet at either end. In front of each doorway, broad platforms, made up raft fashion and joined together with pieces of timber, are raised on the piles, the whole being, on the land side, five or six feet from the ground.

Picturesque Houses.

As the shore slopes upward between eight and ten feet above the level of the flood, each house is separate from the others, yet all are so closely adjoining that it is quite easy for one neighbor to pass from his platform to the one next door, and so on along the whole village. Each house has its own rustic ladder placed against the platform and doorway. They are all substantially built, the piles being very closely placed together, some straight, some twisted and forked; all being rough, undressed limbs and branches of gum and cotton trees. The effect of the whole is decidedly picturesque. The small canoes float upon the water,

or lie grounded between the piles when the tide is out. These canoes are made from trunks of trees, and are from ten to twenty feet in length, with the inside chipped and hollowed out.

Inside the houses it is always twilight, for there are no windows, and as you look in at the doors—a thing the inmates do not like strangers to do—you see, as soon as the eye gets accustomed to the dim obscurity, that everything is clean and neat. Mothers and children are sitting or reclining on the bamboo floors, with spears and shields, etc., ranged along the walls, making delightful Rembrantesque pictures.

On the other side of the street are planted thick groves of palm and banana trees. In these groves—or rather by the side of the street, sometimes in the very centre of it—you may stumble upon little bamboo-protected mounds with planks laid across, and palm leaves covering them. These mounds are graves, placed opposite the houses which the deceased occupied when alive. It is from these mounds that the odors issue that so constantly remind the stranger of the family bereavement. Long-snouted pigs, assisted in their investigations by hundreds of mongrel-looking native dogs, snort and burrow about the graves until they are driven from their pastime by the ash-blackened widow, husband, son, or daughter, left behind to mourn.

Funeral Ceremonies.

When a death occurs in a family, the friends assemble and lament. Then they dig a hole, either under the house or in front of it. If near the water, the grave is dug about two feet deep. The bottom of it is spread with palm leaves, upon which the body is placed; more leaves are added, and over these twigs and plants are laid. This is the custom of the Motu tribes, and along the coast. Inland, the survivors hang dead bodies upon trees, and observe practices which are too horrible to be related. The funeral ceremonies have been described as follows:—"About three hundred natives were assembled. Two men and two women carried the body, which was that of a woman, out of the house to the grave, which was a few feet in front of the house, and only eighteen inches deep. There was a mat laid in the grave, upon which the corpse was placed. The husband was then dragged out of the house in great grief and, throwing himself on his dead wife, wept piteously. Her daughters

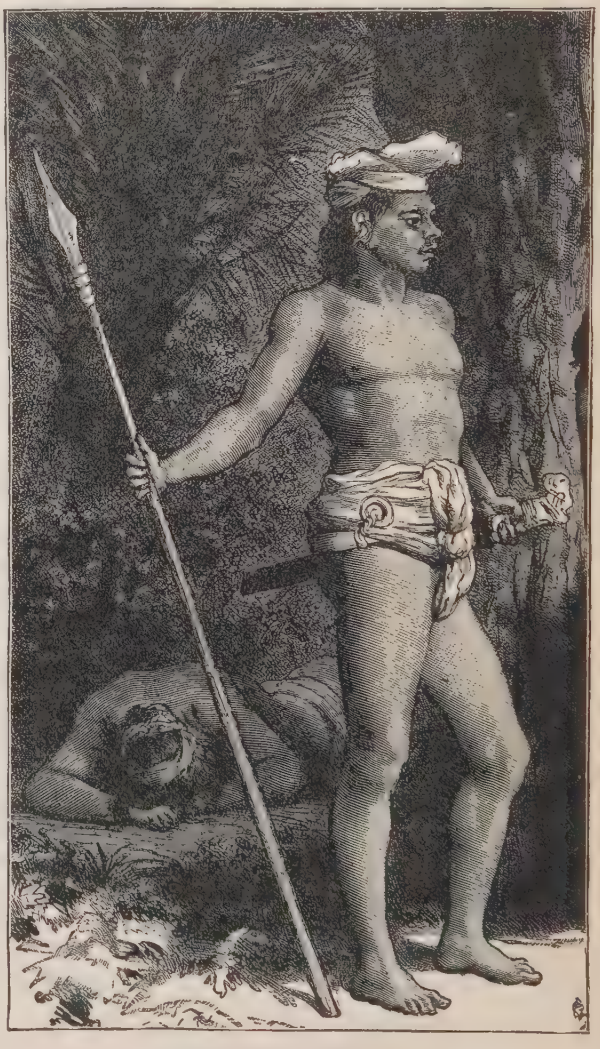
and near relatives stood over the grave crying with great violence, and tearing their hair and faces with their hands. The other natives stood quietly looking on; that is, with the exception of about twenty young men, who were ranged in a straight line with drums in their hands, beating time to a very solemn chant which they sang. After about an hour of this ceremony, the relatives were removed and the body covered with matting, two heavy boards of old canoes being laid on the top, so that the pigs might not get at it, and so the dead was, for the time, left

VILLAGE OF MINDANAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

alone. The near relatives went into mourning, blackening their bodies all over with ashes. As soon as any one dies in the village, a large drum is beaten at regular intervals, something like our village bells at home." A recent traveler met a boy going into the woods at sundown. His body was smeared over with ashes, and in his hand was a firebrand, which he was blowing to keep alight as he walked along. He looked miserable in the extreme, and upon being stopped to inquire what was the matter, replied that his father had recently died, and being the oldest son, he was compelled to go and sleep in the woods alone every night

for six months. The firebrand was to light a fire when he got there, to keep away the wild beasts and ghosts. He confessed that he was horribly frightened at the idea of ghosts, and he looked it.

Danger of fever lies along the seashore, and in the valley swamps; but on the mountain ridges it is impossible to catch malaria, while the tribes to be met here, like all mountaineers, are free from some of the vices of the lowland natives, more honest, and also truthful, and generous in their intercourse with strangers. Hunters who have gone up in search of game have felt no insecurity when amongst these hill tribes; they were tenderly looked after, and all their goods guarded jealously during their absence, and restored to them intact on their return. Furthermore, the presence of a white man with firearms is regarded as a boon to be appreciated and taken great care of. Constantly in danger, as they are, of surprises from hostile tribes, they look upon the visitor as a protection, since he is dreaded by their foes. Apart, therefore, from the unavoidable risks which attend the ignorance of language and customs, a man who trusts the natives implicitly, and sets aside fear of treachery, will find that the farther inland he travels the greater is his safety.



MALAYS, BORNEO.

Whatever may be said against the burial customs of the natives, enough cannot be told in praise of their treatment of their women, or of

the high standard of morality between the sexes. Before marriage, woman is treated as a queen; her will is paramount, and often she abuses her privileges, and behaves very badly to the humble aspirant to her hand. Young men have to stand back, and wait till she shows her preference, and after the happy youth is so far favored, and has then shown, to the satisfaction of the family, that he is rich enough to pay what they demand for the bride, he must go through a month of probation, obeying all the lady's whims and caprices while she is examining his points critically, and studying his character. Doubtless, at times, love sits in the scales and favors him during his period of probation; but the ladies seem, as a rule, to go into the contract with the sedateness and method of a French courtship, except that the woman has the principal "say" in the matter, and seems to calculate with a coolness and acumen which seems almost incompatible with partiality or passion.

An Amusing Incident.

Here is an amusing incident which illustrates this very methodical method of courtship. A youth, whom we called the "Larrikin," because he was always in mischief, fell in love with one of the belles of Hanuabada; and, selecting him from all her other hibiscus-adorned suitors—for the village dandies decorate their dyed and frizzled "mops" with hibiscus blossoms—she graciously permitted herself to be engaged to him, that is, she took him on approval. According to the custom, Larrikin became a guest in the house of the maiden, ate with its inmates, went out fishing with her, and made himself generally useful and agreeable to the intended father-in-law. In fact, he became both a slave and a prisoner in the house of his lady love; the father going about with the lovers constantly, never leaving them for an instant alone together, and devoting his whole time to the task of watching over his daughter. For three weeks all went fairly well, Larrikin much subdued and snubbed during that interval. A splendid fellow he was, worthy of the love of any maid, and as a specimen of humanity worth twenty of the girl he was fawning upon, for she was undersized, and as nearly ugly as a New Guinea girl of sixteen could be; and he was just congratulating himself that his troubles were nearly over, when the maiden suddenly discovered a wart on his little toe, and ignominiously dismissed him from her

presence, taking straightway the next best-favored rival on the same terms. Poor Larrikin, for this slight and only blemish, became an outcast, without the chance of getting a wife in that village, for no other girl would have him after his rejection. Jeered and scoffed at by every one, wherever he appeared, he was forced to take up with the whites for company; and he retaliated by playing pranks all around. He was a good-tempered young Adonis, and was only humorously cynical toward the scornful fair one, pretending that he did not care much about his rejection, and wearing more hibiscus flowers in his hair, out of bravado; but he smoked a good deal at the bau-bau, and chewed, nearly constantly, the betel-nut.

When all has gone well, and in a manner satisfactory to the young lady, the final ceremony takes place; that is, the young man brings his pig, and what else has been demanded as a purchase-money for his wife, and a feast is held after the ceremony of blessing the two made one. But the troubles of the poor bridegroom are not yet nearly over. He has got the daughter, but the father has to be conciliated. He is the master of the husband, who must reverence him, and bend before him each time he passes, and obey all his orders, until he receives permission to take home his wife, and fall into the ordinary routine of life, but even after that, a quarrel will send his wife home to her parents, and more presents have to be rendered up before he can have her home again, so that the husband who would not be ruined. must be affable, and stand always on his good behavior.

Idleness Regarded as a Vice.

The women all work, and do not consider this a hardship, for industry is one of the virtues they practise, and idleness would be regarded as a vice. After the little period of petty tyranny which has been described, husband and wife settle down to the duties of life, rearing children, accumulating property, and raising pigs. The natives are very fond of pigs and dogs, and sleep with them, attending to them with quite as much tenderness as they show towards their offspring.

Young girls tattoo one another by degrees until they are completely covered to the waist with scroll-work; they also, when in a genial mood, frizzle the locks of their young men and brothers. Only the

women are tattooed or dressed, the men and boys being perfectly nude, with the exception of a cord around the loins.

An Obnoxious Habit.

To strangers, the habit of betel chewing is very obnoxious. You will meet old and young, male and female, with the lime calabash hung about the neck, and with teeth jet black and lips blood red through this indulgence. Probably, if you are in favor with some native, he will present you with a nut and a bite at his pepper stick, and then, as

THE VILLAGE OF PARA, NEW GUINEA.

naturally as an old Scotchman may hand you his snuff-box, he will pass over his little calabash, with spoon attached, this spoon most likely cut from some small human bone, in order that you may help yourself to a lick or two of the lime powder. They will tell you that it is good for the fever. Perhaps it is; but that it is not good for the teeth, a look at the mumbling, toothless old men and women will at once convince you. Yet it is astonishing how quickly the European gets accustomed to betel chewing and bau-bau smoking, many of the traders presenting the same appearance about the lips and teeth as the natives.

BOTTLE TREE, AUSTRALIA.

XXV.

AUSTRALIA.

IN JANUARY, 1788, the first settlement was made in Australia. On the 22d of that month there came three small boats sailing north from Botany Bay, and keeping almost under the shadow of those rugged sandstone cliffs, until, as they rounded the South Head, they left behind them the heavy swell of the Pacific Ocean, and glided smoothly to the west and south, over the tide-waters of Sydney Harbor. These boats were the advance-guard of that fleet, consisting of the Sirius, man-of-war, and ten other vessels, which in May of the preceding year had sailed from Portsmouth with the express object of founding here a new penal settlement.

Without any delay the disembarkation was commenced, and all persons able to work were set to clear the ground for the camp and to cut wood for the buildings. The clearing of the brush was then, as it has always been, a task of great difficulty. "The labor," says the Governor, "which attended this necessary operation was greater than can easily be imagined by those who were not spectators of it. The coast, as well as the neighboring country in general, is covered with wood, and though in this spot the trees stood more apart, and were less encumbered with underwood than in many other places, yet their magnitude was such as to render not only the felling but the removal of them afterwards extremely difficult. By the habitual indolence of the convicts, and the want of proper overseers to keep them to their duty, their labor was rendered less efficient than it might have been."

A New Colony.

By the end of February or beginning of March, the settlement was in fair progress. The public storehouses had been well begun, and although the stumps of the trees had not been removed, the ground was cleared over a considerable extent, and Sydney town was no longer a mere hope, but had become an accomplished fact.

Before this time, that is, very shortly after the disembarkation, several of the convicts had attempted to escape. On the morning after the reading of the formal proclamation, nine convicts were found to be missing, and at various other times, owing to the want of overseers, small batches of prisoners took themselves off. Being without provision, and amongst hostile natives, the fugitives must soon have perished.

As to the dangers arising from the natives, many instances occurred to warn the settlers. One evening a convict who had been working as a laborer on the farm was brought in seriously wounded. A barbed spear had entered his back between the shoulders, to about the depth of three inches. The account he gave of the occurrence was, that having strayed beyond the limits of the farm with another man, he had suddenly felt this wound in his back, but had seen no natives. The other European had immediately run away. A day or two afterwards, the clothes of the missing man were found, torn, bloody, and pierced with spears.

Marvelous Animals and Strange Trees.

The new colony had been begun in a strange country, seemingly constructed by the rule of contraries. It was winter, during the English summer; here all sorts of marvelous animals abounded, the kangaroo, various species of opossums, and a remarkable quadruped, with head and bill like a duck. Strange trees, too, the great gum trees, the fragrant acacias, a wonderful nettle tree which quickly destroys horse or man that runs against it, the strangely-shaped bottle tree, shown in our illustration, the tea tree, and the exceedingly offensive stench tree.

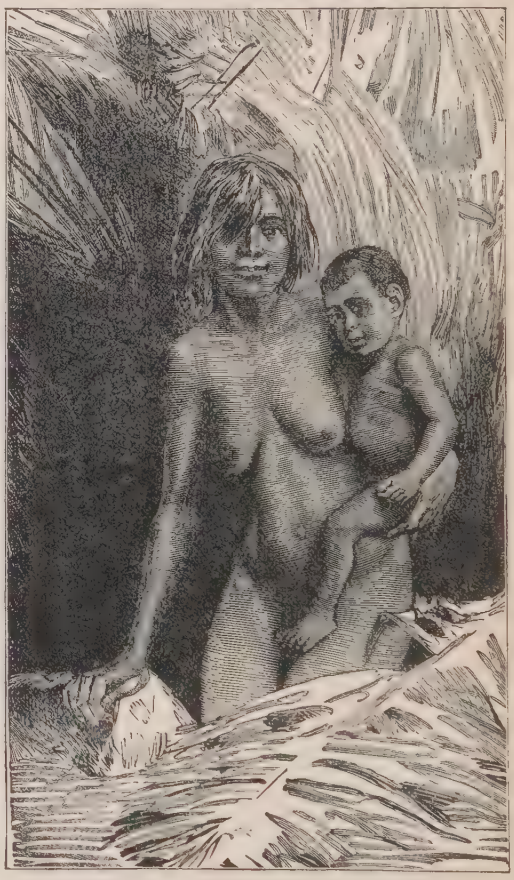
The natives of Australia are black, and have curly hair, but not the kinky wool of the negro. They are exceedingly strong and capable of great endurance, and have been described as the ugliest and most debased of the inhabitants of the earth. They are said to have been ignorant of the use of fire, and to have built no huts. Other travelers

report them as kindling fire by the friction of two sticks; so it seems likely that in different sections of the country they differed in this respect. They have wonderful power of climbing trees, their toes having been so developed as to be extremely useful in grasping rough portions of the bark. They frequently eat their food raw, and their mode of cooking an animal is by building a fire in a hole in the ground, putting in the animal, and covering it with earth until the fire is out, when it is regarded as ready to be eaten. They go entirely naked when not in contact with the whites, but in deference to the prejudices of their civilized neighbors, they wear sheepskins or blankets, or cast-off clothing of the whites. Their weapons are the spear, which they hurl with great force by means of a throwing-stick; the club or waddy; and the boomerang, which resembles a double-edged wooden sword; it is of hard wood, of a bent form; the shape is parabolic. This strange weapon seems to be peculiar to these people, and indicates a higher degree of intelligence than is shown by many of their manners and customs. When thrown to a distance it strikes the object aimed at and rebounds toward the thrower, and in unskillful hands is very likely to do more harm to its owner than to the object of attack.

CANNIBAL OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.

Cannibals.

These people are cannibals, eating flesh of men, not particularly as an article of food, but in celebration of their victories, or on other important occasions. The women are not so numerous as the men, and as some of the leading chiefs practise polygamy, it is quite difficult for a young man to obtain a wife. He sets about this delightful task by simply knocking down and carrying home the woman whom he desires to wed, without reference to any prior matrimonial engagement on her part. The wronged husband may resent this process, but as the skulls of these natives are usually thick, and a battle is considered as decided when one combatant has been knocked down, the contest is not a very dangerous one.



CANNIBALS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.

The natives of those regions adjoining the settled portions of Australia have been the objects of much missionary and educational labor, and, not entirely in vain, but in the north, where there are no settlements, and where the country, indeed, is very little known, they are in their primitive condition.

The Principal Business of Australia.

The principal business of Australia, aside from mining, is the raising of cattle and sheep. As a rule, the country, when first occupied, is used as a cattle range, and as things are gradually got into order, sheep are either wholly or in part substituted, being at first shepherded and afterwards allowed to roam at large in enclosed paddocks, from a few acres to many square miles in extent. Accordingly a greater degree of comfort is usually found on a sheep than on a cattle station. The term "station" or "run" is a pretty comprehensive one, and may include

nearly anything, from the large country house and estate in the neighborhood of Melbourne or Sydney, almost English in its comfort, and even luxury, to the "slab" or "wattle and dab" hut far away in the back country, where the pioneer squatter who has just taken up fresh land, with perhaps two or three assistants and a few blacks, leads a life of unceasing toil and watchfulness, and carefully tends his sheep in the wilderness. Then, again, it may be either a sheep or a cattle station, or a combination of the two, and the life on each of these differs considerably from that on the others. The homestead, or "station" par excellence, is generally a wooden building, large and straggling, and, in parts where the heat is extreme, supported on piles driven into the ground. It is usually built in the shape of a hollow square, with the fourth side open, or closed only with a low fence. It is almost invariably surrounded, on two or three sides at least, with a broad veranda, beneath which the greater part of the "indoor" life is spent, especially during the summer months. Besides this, there are generally numerous detached buildings, the kitchen, bachelors' quarters, billiard, play, or lumber-rooms, stables, a store, offices, men's hut, and a wool-shed, at distances from the main building varying from a few yards to a mile or more. All these are almost invariably of a single story. A two-storied house in the bush is a veritable *rara avis*, and is evidence of a high degree of civilization.

A Busy Life.

Life at one of these stations is by no means idle. In the morning, immediately after breakfast, the horses are run in from the horse-paddock into the yard—for no one in the bush will walk if he can help it;—he will rather spend half a day trying to catch a horse in the paddock, under a broiling sun, than walk a couple of miles. Once in the yard, each man catches his horse, and having bridled and saddled him, sets out on his day's work, often remaining out from daylight till eight or nine at night. Only the ladies, and perhaps a man or two, who have work about the place, remain at home. The rest will, in an hour's time, be scattered in all directions—some riding along fences to see that they are sheep or cattle proof; some off to distant paddocks, to draft sheep, or to run in fresh horses for the work of the station; some to clear out water-holes, or to distribute the rock-salt for the stock. Occasionally,

MUSTERING SHEEP.

when "mustering" has to be done, you will see ten or a dozen mounted men start off at daybreak, and see them return at nightfall with jaded horses, driving before them, with "a running fire of stock-whips," a mob of perhaps five or six hundred cattle. These stock-whips, by-the-by, are very formidable weapons in the hands of a man who knows how to use them, though a "new chum" is more likely than not to cut out his own eye, if he attempts to crack one. With about a foot and a half of handle, and a lash from ten to sixteen feet long, they can be made to resound with a crack considerably louder than the report of a pistol, so that the noise can be heard, under some circumstances, at the distance of a mile or more, whilst on occasion the stockman can literally "cut a piece out" of a refractory beast. The reader can imagine the noise that is made when a dozen of these whips are all being cracked at once. For it is the sound, and not the lash, that is chiefly relied on, the cattle fleeing from the crack of the whip, far more than from its sting.

This great wool industry gives occupation, directly or indirectly, to a considerable proportion of the people scattered over the length and breadth of the country. In days of yore, sheep were watched by shepherds, and a very dreary, lonely life the shepherd led in Australian back blocks. For days and days together—nay, for weeks and months —he was left to the companionship of his dogs and his sheep. But shepherding is now defunct. It was found cheaper to expend a great deal of capital on fencing, either with timber or with wire, in order to save the outlay on shepherds. Many paddocks are of enormous extent, but they are securely fenced around; and in the life of a sheep run the place formerly occupied by the shepherd is now taken by the boundary rider.

Our glimpses of Australia may well close with a view of Brighton, an attractive suburb of Melbourne. Brighton is generally a quiet place, covering a large area, but with houses somewhat sparsely scattered over it. A man might still move out from a crowded suburb to Brighton to enjoy "three acres and a cow." No less than five suburban railway stations use the name of Brighton—surely a mark of poverty of invention. The parts of the Brighton district that lie farthest away from the sea are much affected by market gardeners, whose carts move marketwards in the night, especially of Fridays, returning laden with

BRIGHTON BEACH ON A PUBLIC HOLIDAY.

stable manure on Saturday afternoons. But the time to see Brighton is on a public holiday, when it is the favorite place of popular resort. The beach thronged with holiday-makers is a subject for an artist. The Chinaman in the foreground of the accompanying view is an Australian specialty; otherwise the scene might well be laid at some English watering place. By-the-by, the term "watering place" is not generally used in this sense in the colony, but literally for a place where horses are taken to drink. A thoughtful boy once asked his master whether horses in England drank salt water, because he found in his geography that the watering places were at the seaside.

New Zealand.

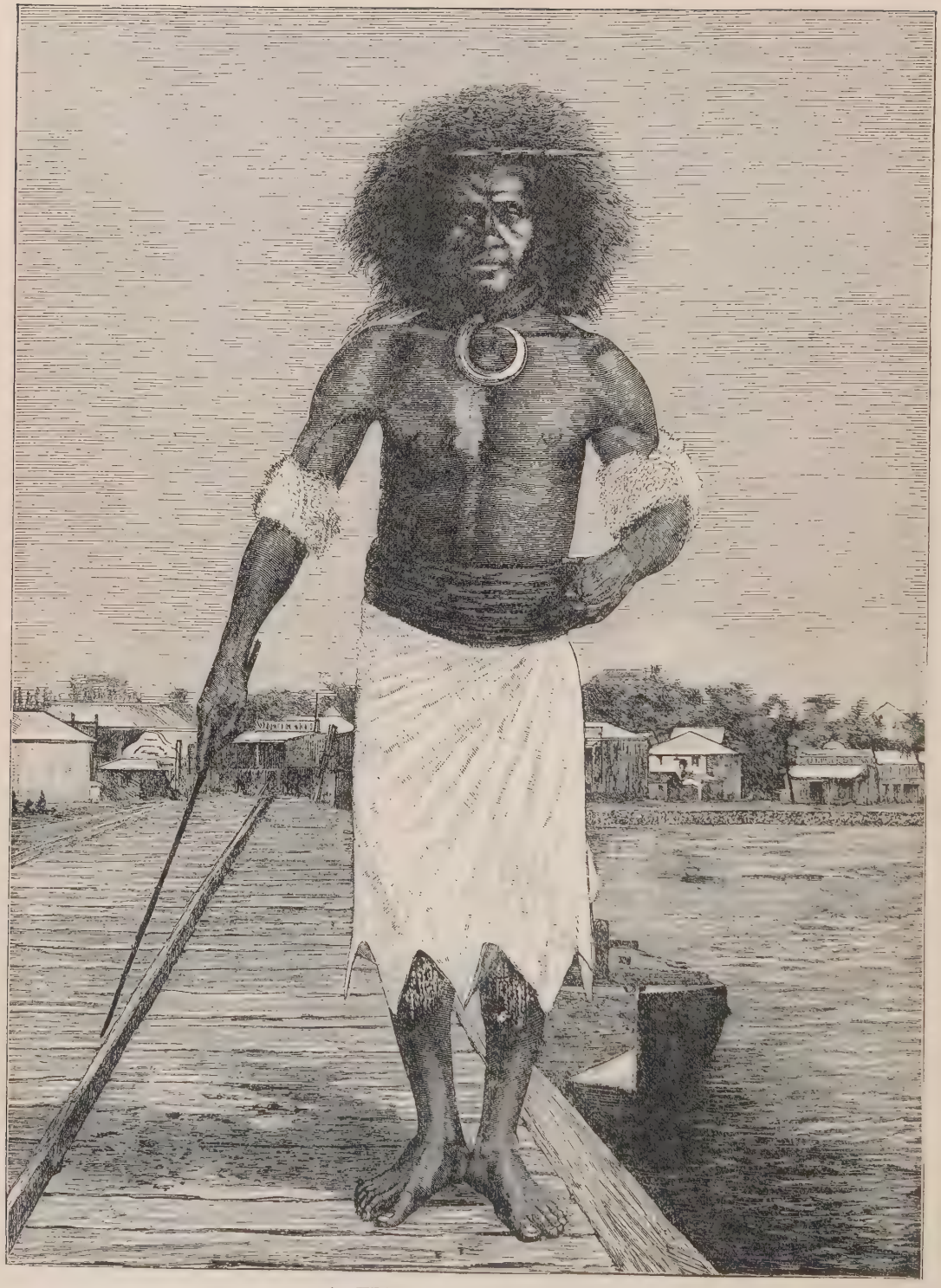
Captain Cook sailed from England in August, 1768, and reached Otaheite in the April of the following year. The transit of Venus having been successfully observed, he sailed south into unknown seas, and after a six weeks' voyage fell in with land, which at first sight he took for Terra Australis Incognita, but which was in reality the North Island of New Zealand, just about the part now known as Poverty Bay. The first appearance of the country was very striking. As they sailed into the bay, the voyagers saw range after range of pine-clad hills, rising one above the other, and behind all a chain of mountains, which appeared to rise to an enormous height. As they came closer in shore, they saw among the densely wooded hills many signs of human habitation, and soon houses, small but neat, were seen peeping out from among the foliage, and the top of one of the high cliffs which bounded the bay was crowned with "Lao ri pah," or fortification, which was the subject of much discussion among the strangers. That the land was thickly populated was evident, for the natives crowded down to the beach to obtain a closer view of the strange ship that had come to their shores. They were reckless and daring to a surpassing degree, for, on the Englishmen attempting to land, these natives, who seemed to know no fear, vigorously opposed them, and boldly faced the well-armed strangers, although they had only their battle-axes and "merais." It was impossible to come to an amicable understanding, and before the retreat to the ship could be effected one of these courageous natives had to be shot. Next day Cook discovered that a South Sea Islander he had with him could

A NEW ZEALAND FAMILY.

make himself understood, and accordingly he explained through him that their errand was one of peace.

After sailing south till he reached a high headland, which is still known by his name of Cape Turnagain, Cook veered round and sailed up the coast once more. On his return voyage he found the natives much more inclined to be friendly, coming off of their own accord in their canoes, and not only trading, but even staying all night on board the Endeavor. While at Tolega Bay, the Englishmen actually ventured ashore, and even entered the huts of the New Zealanders, and observed them at their meals. These huts, Cook says, were of slight construction, but clean and neat; and the meals of the inhabitants, as a rule, consisted of fish and the fibrous roots of a fern, which were bruised and roasted. There was no wild animal in the country larger than a cat, they were told, and though they saw some dogs, these were kept as domestic animals and used for food. There seems great probability that the now extinct "moa" was then in existence, for some of the "patus"—a kind of battle axe, or more correctly speaking, war club—presented to Cook by the chiefs, and now in the British Museum, were adorned with tufts of the feathers of this bird, showing how recent must have been its extinction.

These Maoris were far removed from the savages whom the voyagers afterwards met in Australia and Van Diemen's Land, for Cook mentions that they had large enclosures neatly fenced with reeds and planted with yams, sweet potatoes and other edible plants; while if the deeply tattooed faces of the warriors astonished and slightly horrified the explorers, their graceful canoes and handsome "Whares" excited their wonder and admiration. The New Zealander was and is a true artist. In those days his only tool was a sharp stone, and yet every implement, canoe, weapon or house, was cleverly ornamented with intricate and grotesque faces; and so artistic was this carving that the discoverers doubted what has since been proved, that the Maoris had no other tools at their command but what were shown them. Though Captain Cook suggested the colonization of New Zealand, it was not till seventy years later that any steps were taken to carry out the idea.



A FIJI ISLAND CHIEF.

XXVI.

THE FIJI ISLANDS AND THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

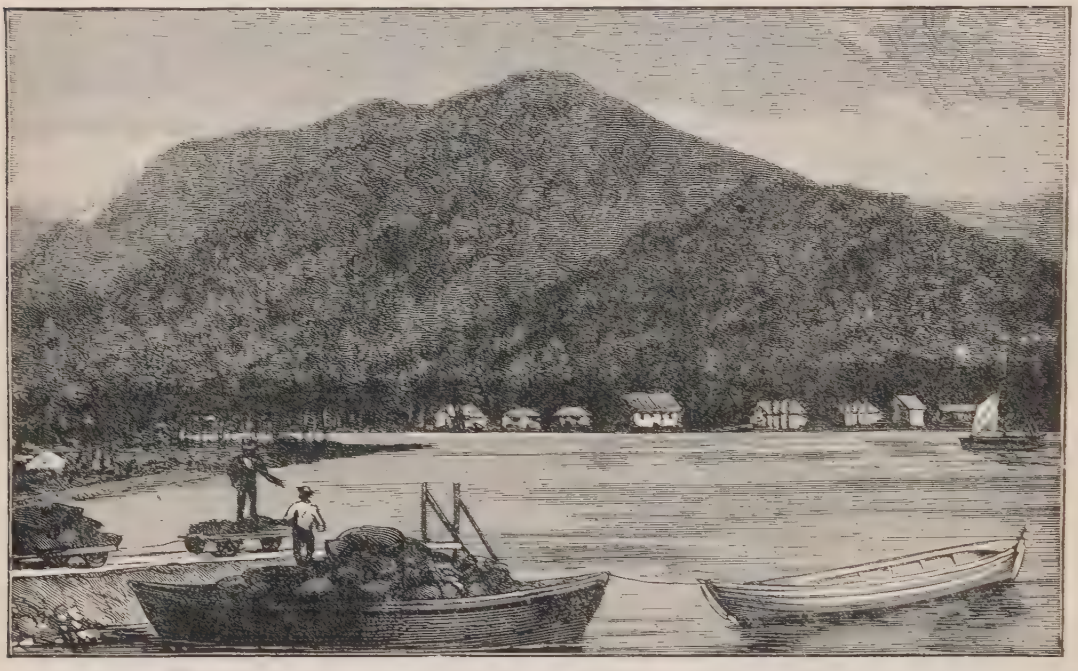
THE Crown Colony of Fiji consists of over two hundred and fifty islands, nearly a hundred of which are inhabited, situated in the tropics between 15° and 22° south latitude, and 177° west and 175° east longitude, the opposite meridian to that of Greenwich passing through the middle of them. They are dotted about over an area of two hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred from east to west, and are midway between New Caledonia and the Tongan (or Friendly Island) group. Their estimated area is a little over eight thousand square miles, or rather larger than that of Wales. Viti Levu, the principal island, in which the present capital, Suva, is situated, contains about half this area. The population of the whole is estimated to be nearly 127,500, of whom about 115,000 are Fijians, 5,700 Polynesians, 2,500 Asiatics, 800 half-castes, and 3,500 Europeans.

A recent traveler in Fiji thus describes a visit to a native village. "Round the town was a high bamboo fence, but over the entrance one or two bamboos were tied at a height of about four or five feet. I thought this an inconvenient sort of entrance, but was told it was to insure everybody's stooping on entering, as a mark of respect to the chief. We found the latter—the Roko of Nandronga is his title—and the principal men of the town sitting on the ground, or on their heels; on the Administrator approaching they 'tamaed' to him. The 'tama' is a mark of respect, and varies in different parts of the colony. Here

the natives give guttural noises like 'Oe, ugh,' pronounced slowly and then hit their hands together—I can hardly call it clapping them—striking the palm of the left hand rather slowly, and all at the same time.

A Visit to a Native Village.

"The Roko rose and shook hands, a custom to which the natives have taken very kindly. Sometimes it is amusing to see them shake hands



VIEW OF APIA AND THE FRENCH MISSION, SAMOAN ISLANDS.

with one another, and also to see them dawdling down the streets at Suva or Levuka, one man with his little finger linked in that of another.

"After the interchange of a few words we went to the Roko's house and shook hands with his wife, who was lying full length on the floor with her little boy beside her; and then we all sat down on the floor, or lay down, and gazed up at the roof. There are quantities of cocoa-nut leaves under the mats, and on a hot day one can lie there, taking no notice of anything for an hour or two, with great comfort, and at the same time with the happy consciousness that he is doing the right thing. One of the party conversed with the Roko, and some of the older

men came in and sat at a respectful distance and listened. Smoking goes on on these occasions, with the aid of seleukas, as they are called, of native tobacco, rolled up into a piece of banana leaf, and handed to you in a split reed; one often sees a native with one or two ready in advance, stuck through the hole in his ear. The house is built on a very high platform of stones, eight feet above the ground, with a log placed at an angle of about forty-five degrees reaching up to the entrance. There were niches cut in it for the feet, and in this case the unusual help of a long pole stuck in the ground was provided, but even thus one had to be careful, for a fall from near the top would be no slight matter.

A Fijian's Hair a Study.

"Some of the men had their faces painted: one had all his face below the eyes black, with a broad streak of black down the middle of his forehead; another appeared with his nose painted red, red spots on his forehead, and the rest of his face black. Most of the men shave; they take a great deal more trouble with their hair than any other men I ever met, and are very particular about polishing up their arm-rings of shell, which they wear just above the elbow; and there is a great deal of quiet swagger in the way some of them walk. I was told that they shave with flakes of glass, and the following petition, which I saw on a slate, was translated to me:—'Be of a good mind like unto a dove, and give me a razor to shave myself with, as it hurts me to shave with glass.' A Fijian's hair is a study, and one sees numerous varieties of ways of dressing it. Many have huge shock heads of hair, but most carefully combed, sticking out all around, and beautifully trimmed at the ends. There are many colors of hair, from red to dark brown, and sometimes, owing to the use of lime, two or three tints are to be seen on one head. Very often you notice a man or woman with hair like a well-powdered flunkey's, being plastered close to the head with lime, while others have a powdered appearance."

Fijian canoes are long and very narrow, with upright sides, and perhaps, a breadth of only a foot or eighteen inches, while a platform stretches out on one side six or eight feet, with an outrigger, consisting of a log of wood pointed at the ends. They are built alike at both ends, so as to sail in either direction, and are capable of great speed.

The Samoan Islands.

No better description of the Samoan Islands can be given than that by Senator Sherman, in a speech in the United States Senate, in 1889: "The Samoan Islands, formerly called the Navigators' Islands, are situated in the South Sea, almost midway between San Francisco and Australia, on the direct line of commercial intercourse from every part of America to the Australian or Polynesian Islands and settlements. Their locality commands the natural interest of many nations. In extent they are comparatively insignificant, containing but about a thousand and forty-eight square miles, composed of eight or ten different islands, separated from each other by short distances. They are peopled by 32,500 innocent, harmless, tractable, and good-humored natives of the Polynesian race, about 1000 blacks, taken there as laborers, and about 300 foreigners, nearly all of whom are either Germans, Americans, or English, occupying various commercial establishments there. These islands were first explored and surveyed in a scientific way by Admiral Wilkes, in his famous exploration in 1840.

On March 15, 1889, the harbor of Apia was visited by one of the greatest disasters in naval history. A hurricane arose which destroyed or disabled all the American and German war-ships in that harbor, and fifteen merchant vessels were either stranded or sunk.

A Long-to-be-Remembered Yankee Cheer.

It is in times like this that men lose sight of their differences and remember only that they are brothers. The Samoans worked with equal zeal and bravery to rescue the Germans, with whom they were at war, and the Americans, whom they considered as their friends and defenders. During the height of the storm, the British corvette "Calliope," having very powerful engines, was able to let go her cable and, notwithstanding the narrow entrance to the harbor, to steam out to sea. It was an example of magnificent seamanship, and the American sailors, unable, by reason of their inferior engines, to follow, forgot their own imminent danger, in sympathy and admiration. They gathered on the deck of their almost sinking vessel, and sent up a Yankee cheer, which reached the ears and strengthened the hearts of the brave Britons, on their doubtful way to the open sea and safety. That cheer will be long and well remembered in the British navy, and in the hearts of those who heard it there will always be a warm place for the American seaman.

XXVII.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

AMERICA and Americans are titles which we who live in the northern half of the western hemisphere are prone to regard as belonging especially to ourselves and to our country. We have persisted in this egotistic practice until even our neighbors are frequently willing to forego their own equally good claim to these names, and apply them distinctively to our land and to us. But the navigator who gave us his name never saw the northern continent of the new world, and if any particular country could rightfully claim a special right to be named for Amerigo Vespucci, that country would be Brazil. South America filled a large place in the minds of the early explorers of the new world, and the energetic Spaniards had founded towns on its northern coast, nearly a hundred years before the English effected any settlement in what is now the United States. The history of the South American countries is an eventful one; it begins, in almost every case, with bloody and merciless conquest, and continues through a variety of revolutions and political upheavals up to the present time. But these people are no longer willing to be left behind in the progress of the world; they are disposed to pay more attention to business, and to the building up of their industries; they invite immigration and foreign capital; they are anxious for better means of communication with the rest of the world, and particularly with their great sister republic of the north; all but one were willing to enter into a treaty to abandon war as a means of settling international difficulties, and substitute arbitration in its stead, and the time seems to be at hand when the Spanish-American States will assume an honorable and important position among the nations of the world.

In the Sub-Antarctic Zone.

"Patagon" is a Spanish word, augmentative of "Pata" a paw, and therefore signifies "large-pawed," a term applied by the early Spaniards to the Indians of that region when they first beheld them with feet swathed in Guanaco-skins; Patagonia, then, is the land of the large-pawed.

The story books relate that the Patagonians are of extraordinary stature, and some of the tribes are so; but they are chiefly remarkable for enormous busts, and fleshy features which, laid over projecting upper

MISSION AT ORANGE BAY, CAPE HORN.

and square lower jaws gives immense breadth and solidity to the face. The upper limbs are of great power and size, but the lower do not correspond to the bulk of the trunk. Thus, seen on horseback, they appear veritable Titans, an impression which inspection a-foot, although it subdues, yet cannot altogether dispel, as they are undoubtedly very large men, who strike the beholder rather for their extreme breadth and fleshiness, than exalted stature, which, however, not uncommonly does reach six feet and upward. These huge Macropods, with hair long, dank and straight, and jet-black; dark eyes and teeth superlatively white, impress one, on the whole, more as good-natured giants than savage Indians.

The Athens of South America.

Buenos Ayres stretches for four miles along the right bank of the mighty La Plata, and as the now acknowledged capital of Argentina aspires to the title of the Athens of South America. As in all cities planned by Spaniards, the streets run at right angles to one another, one set parallel to the coast line, thus cutting up the site into so many squares, like a chess board, each side of which measures 150 yards, and many of them bear the names of Argentine heroes, or record political events. Buenos Ayres covers an area of six square miles, which, although the streets are usually no more than twelve yards broad, is considerably more than the same number of inhabitants would occupy in Western Europe. The public buildings of the city and suburbs, although not remarkable for architectural beauty, are at least lofty, spacious and imposing; but the best points of some of them are altogether lost by virtue of the narrowness of the streets. Owing to the lack of proper stone, they are built of brick, plastered, and soon become covered with fungoid growth, which disfigures them and necessitates constant color washing. The present population of the city of Buenos Ayres is very cosmopolitan. The native population consists of the descendants of the old Spaniards through Indian marriages.

A Perilous Subject.

It is time now to speak of the ladies, but the subject has its perils. To say that the Portenas are sprightly, gay, especially brilliant at repartee, fond of pleasure, fashion and the toilet, very amiable and charming, strictly observant of religious duties, and exceedingly charitable, is no more than their due; but their culture, chiefly of the exterior, lies in the accomplishments, above all, in music and the study of the English, French and Italian languages. It is a great pity that there are no Madame Rachels here to endow the ladies with the eternal bloom of youth, for at that period the figures of these ethereal beings are remarkably fine and supple, their complexions lustrous and their features regular; with full, flashing, dark orbs and wondrously lavish silken black tresses, which no particle of grease or oil ever defiles, waists of gossamer, and tiny hands and feet. As they advance in age, however, they rapidly lose their form, and accept embonpoint as their lot.

INDIANS ENCAMPED ON PLAIN, PERU

XXVIII.

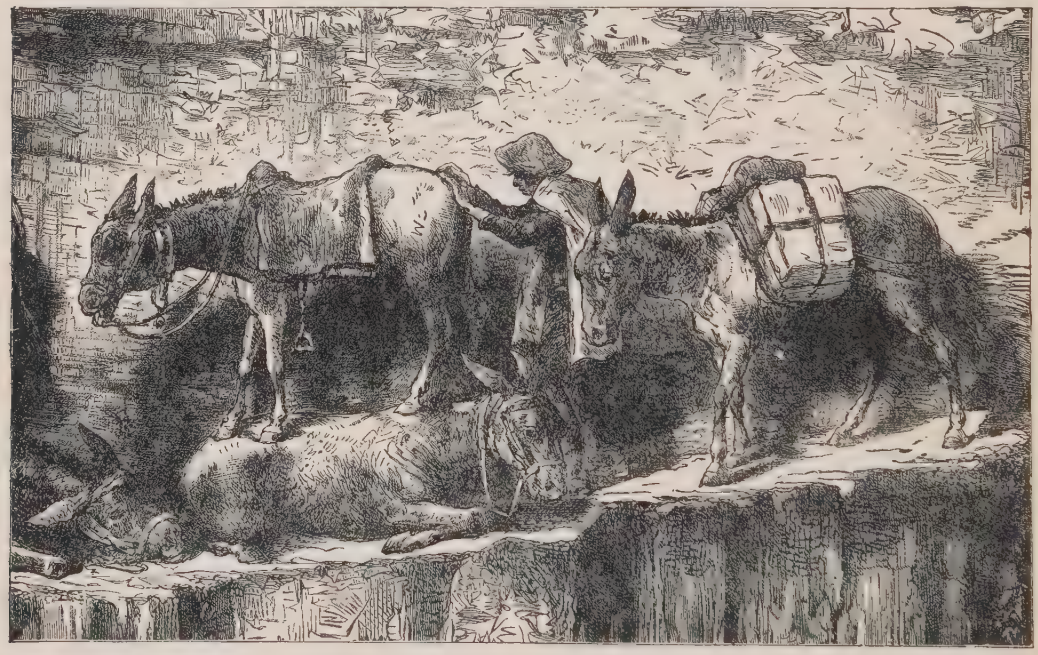
EAST AND WEST OF THE ANDES.

Bolivia.

HAMMED, as it were, between Brazil on the north and east, the River Plate Republics on the south, and Peru on the west, lies the Republic of Bolivia. Rudely triangular in shape, with its centre on the watershed between the Atlantic and the Pacific, drained on one side by the great tributaries of the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata, and on the other by the shallow, half-hearted streams that fail to find their way to the sea from the western slopes of the Andes, it has scarcely any communication with the ocean, to whose waters it contributes so bounteously. On the east and south, Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic bar the way to the Atlantic; and on the west, Peru and Chili occupy the seaboard, with the exception of a short break between La Chimba Bay and the Rio de Loa, which is apportioned to Bolivia. Yet this slip of sea-coast is of scarcely any value to the republic of the Andes, for it possesses not a port worthy of the name, and the streams which run through the district west of the mountains are miserable representatives of the noble rivers which, toward the north, unite to swell the flood of the Madeira, and in time, the Amazon, and in the south, in the shape of the Pilcomayo, Vermejo, and a score of other rivers, fight their way through the mountain valleys, to give strength to the Parana, and its outlet, the Rio de la Plata, nearly 2000 miles to the south.

With the centre of the country almost on the crest of the Andes or its spurs, Bolivia is essentially a mountainous country, though towards the

east it gradually gets flatter and flatter until it shares in the plains of Southern Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. Geographically, Bolivia is really a portion of Brazil, or of the River Plate valley, to which viceroyalty indeed, under the Spanish Government, it belonged. The department of Atacama on the Pacific, is, however, topographically a part of both Chili and Peru. It is an arid tract, full of volcanoes, and so badly watered that the mules conveying freight from the little port of Cobija to the interior often suffer much from thirst. Hence, though great privileges are accorded to it in order to encourage merchants to import



A DANGEROUS PASS IN THE ANDES OF BOLIVIA.

goods by this route, most of them prefer to use the ports of Peru rather than incur the hardships of this sterile region. As a natural result, it is almost without inhabitants, except in the spots where the guano and nitrate of soda deposits are found; and of late years, the discovery of the rich silver mines of Caracoles have attracted a considerable population to that part of the region. These mines are from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and hence, in a region comparatively healthy. The western department of Bolivia is an extensive plateau, with numerous valleys, the climate and products

of which vary according to the elevation, though as a rule, they are more remarkable for their mineral riches than for their vegetable products, a coarse grass on which the llamas feed being the most marked feature in that department. The lower elevation to the east is the greatest grain-producing region of Bolivia, and woolen and cotton manufactures have now attained some degree of perfection. From thence eastward the country gets lower and lower, its climate changing with every degree of longitude, until in the lowlands a tropical temperature and tropical products appear. In Chuquisaca, a part of which lies in the elevated regions, there are found all the products of temperate regions as well as rice and vines, while cattle and horses, which cannot live in the Upper Andes, flourish; and as the tributaries of Paraguay are approached, forests of fine timber cover great portions of this department and the neighboring one of Tarija. The lowlands of the east yield tropical products, and interspersed with much pasture land possess considerable forests containing valuable timber, though, as a rule, the climate is damp, hot, and, where there are swamps, very unhealthy.

Peru.

Most countries strike the traveler who sees them for the first time, as something very different from the ideal which he had formed regarding them. Peru is especially disappointing. The first aspect of the country, to one approaching it from either the north or south, is a long range of "sandy or rocky shores, with scarcely a sign of vegetation, reminding the traveler of the countries bordering on the Red Sea, and yet, every now and then, where streams descend from the snow-covered mountains, there are valleys of surprising fertility, whose products can only be limited by the amount of labor procurable and the extent of irrigation. Still, as no rain falls on the coast, even the most verdant spots have a dusty and dry look." A walk through Lima, or any large Peruvian town, must impress the traveler with the belief that the population of the country is as varied as its physical features. Black men and brown jostle each other, and in some localities the yellow almond-eyed Mongol seems as numerous as the rather swarthy Caucasian. The number of the Indians can only be guessed at, but it is known that the whites bear to the other races but an insignificant proportion.

OUITOTOS INDIANS.

XXIX.

BRAZIL.

THE Republic of Brazil, literally the land of the "live coals," occupies three-sevenths of the South American continent, and covers 3,287,964 square miles of contiguous territory, a greater extent than that directly under any government except Russia and the United States, though, of course, indirectly, England covers an infinitely greater portion of the world, if India be taken into account. The territory is well-watered, the four great fluvial basins being those of the Amazon, the Tocantins, the Parana, and the Sao Francisco. The Amazon and its tributaries drain nearly 2,500,000 square miles, or more than a third part of South America, including about one-fourth the area of Brazil, and it has a course through the republic of nearly 2300 miles.

Physically, as well as politically and socially, Brazil is in many respects widely different from the other parts of South America. It is, in the first place, the largest political division of that part of the continent. It is physically remarkable in so far that it is exempt from the volcanoes and earthquakes which are so familiar to the regions lying north of it, and it is equally free from those long and widespread droughts which make, at times, so much of South America little better than a desert. Moist winds always blow from the Atlantic, hence most of the country yields rich harvests to the agriculturist, though some parts of the vast republic are arid, and unfavorable to vegetation. Its rivers, moreover, though greater than those of the rest of the continent, are yet, in some cases, not suited for the purpose of commerce. With the exception of the Amazon, most of the Brazilian rivers are impeded by shallows and cataracts, and, moreover, the best of these do not flow

into the ocean direct, but as tributaries of other rivers. The humid atmosphere causes a luxuriant vegetation, and these two combined make the ordinary roads all but impassable, so that with all its teeming riches, the vast republic is not so well supplied with means of reaching the interior as some other parts of the continent less well-watered, and poorer in resources.

The Plant and Animal Life.

The plant and animal life of Brazil is remarkably luxuriant—perhaps the most luxuriant in the world. Prof. Agassiz reports having seen one

A FARM ON THE RIO DAULE.

hundred and seventeen different kinds of valuable woods cut from a piece of land not half a mile square. The chief ornament of the forests is the palm, represented by from three hundred to four hundred species, which supply the Indians with all they need in this life, including food, drink, raiment, shelter, weapons, tools, medicines, etc.

The chief agricultural products are coffee, sugar, rice, cocoa, cotton, tobacco and herva-mate, and corn, wheat, and oats yield enormous returns to the husbandman, but have not yet become articles of export. Fruits are most abundant, and include those of nearly all climates.

XXX.

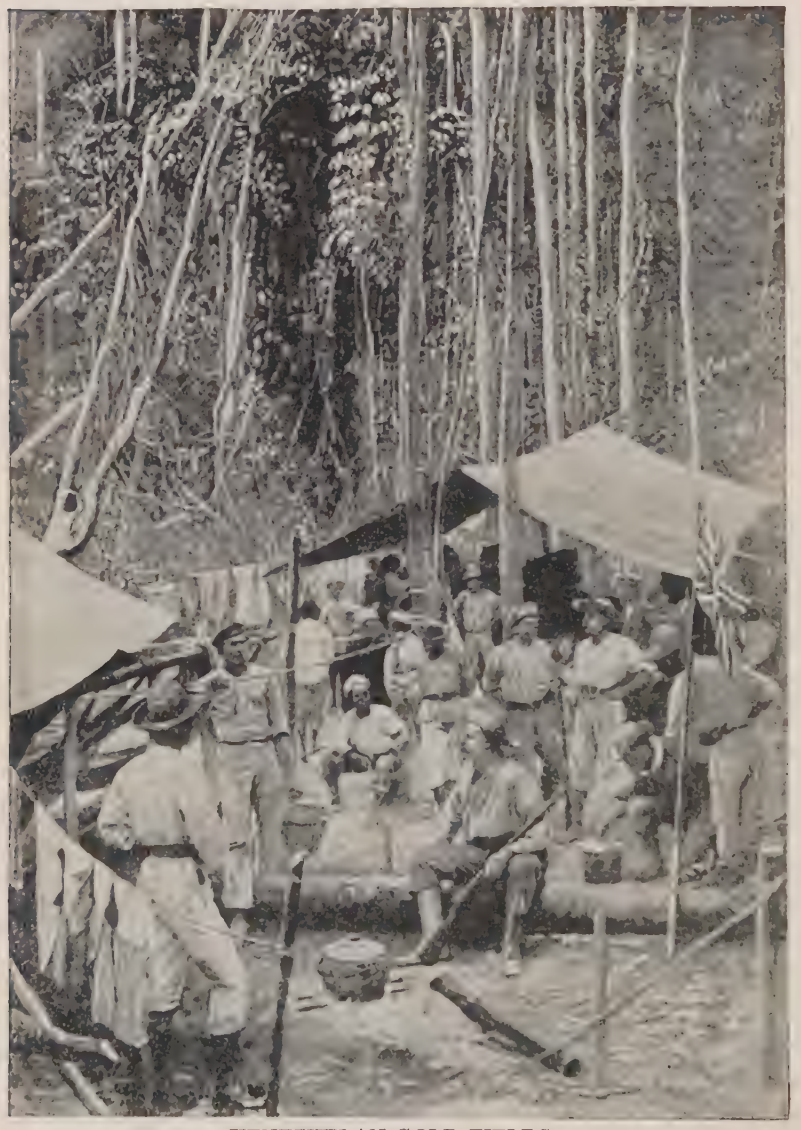
VENEZUELA AND HER NEIGHBORS.

QUITO, the capital of Ecuador, is one of the most remarkable cities in the world, in so far that it is situated at a height of 9492 feet above the sea. Here the climate the whole year round is one perpetual spring. The scenery of the snow-capped mountains in the vicinity is magnificent, and there is no more charming region in the world than the lovely gardened valley of Chillo, to the south of the city. The best houses are built of stone; the others of adobe, or sun-dried brick, roofed with tiles. Quito is, moreover, a most religious city. Convents, monasteries, and churches abound, and the cathedral is one of the finest of those in the northern part of South America. In 1859, a great earthquake nearly destroyed the town. But it has now recovered from this disaster, and has at present a population numbering about 80,000. Artificial means of communication are still, for the most part, in a very primitive condition, though few countries have so little reason to be content with the natural highways by land or water. Many of the roads, even between important centres of population, are mere mule-tracks, altogether impassable in bad weather, it may be for weeks or months at a time, while the violent torrents, which have so frequently to be crossed, often present nothing better than more or less elaborate bridges of rope similar to the jhuler or zampur of the Kashmirians. Wheeled conveyances are almost unknown, especially in the inland districts, the transport of goods of every description being effected by

porters or mules. The first carriage was introduced into Quito in 1859, and the owner had to pay a tax for his innovation.

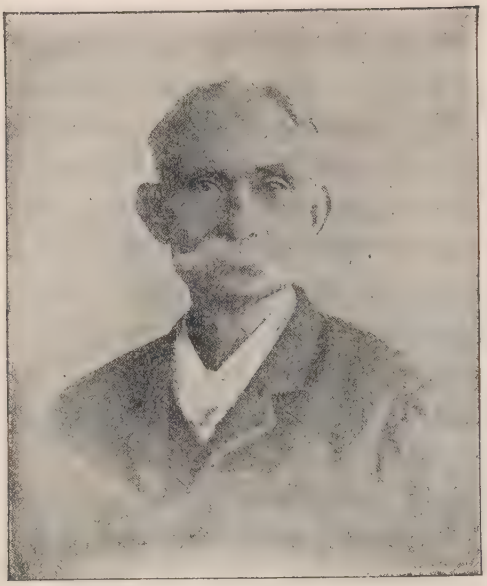
Venezuela.

Venezuela is entirely tropical, and is misnamed. It has nothing at all of Venice about it, and even if it had, is not "little Venice," as its name signifies, for a region full of piled-up mountains as great as the Alps, containing forests larger than France, steppes as great as those of Gobi, and an area altogether four times that of Prussia, can have little in common with the picturesque city on the Adriatic. But like many other designations, that of Venezuela originated in a mistake. The Conquistadores, when they first visited it, found the Indians of the shallow "Lake" of Maracaibo living in "lake dwellings"—huts built on poles in the water. This suggested a likeness to Venice, and hence the name and the misnomer.



VENEZUELAN GOLD FIELDS.

The gold mines of the Yuruari, in the Caratel district, yield considerable amounts of the precious metal, both from alluvial and quartz mines. The appearance of the country is flat in the extreme. Near the mouth of the river the forest seems to rise almost out of the water, so little is it elevated above the level of the bed. Here there are scarcely any open spaces, dense forests being the rule, and llanos the exception. Birds are frequent in this primeval jungle, the commonest being a species of kingfisher, called chequaku by the natives, while the scarlet ibis is a frequent object by the water's edge. A few Guarano Indians have their homes in the unhealthy delta, and slender-looking houses their homes are. "A roof of thatch, supported by four or six upright poles, constitutes the dwelling-place of the redskins. Here they sling their hammocks, on which they lounge by day and sleep at night. They cultivate a little sugar-cane, and a few plantains, fish, or they sit in their canoes and 'loaf' about, without any other settled occupation. Their clothing is most scanty—nothing more than a few square inches of calico fastened by a string around the waist. A yard or two of calico, and a ball of string would furnish the clothing of an entire family. Their personal appearance is not prepossessing; the skin is of a reddish-brown color, the cheek-bones projecting, the nose aquiline, and the hair black and straight." There is nothing except these Indian hamlets and a few plantations to interrupt the serried mass of forest, on each side of the river, and the laborers who turn out to see the steamer pass, or the few boats making their way up and down the current, are about the only objects connected with man to show that an attempt has ever been made to "spoil" Guayana. Higher up the river, towns begin to appear—Barrancas, with a wooden cross in front of the water's edge, and behind a few wooden houses and palm-trees, Guayana, Vieja, La Tablas, and higher up, Angostura, or Ciudad Bolivar, the Capital of the province. Still, the scenery is not striking; low hills bound the view, some showing grassy slopes, with a few trees, and others covered with forests; but the river itself is a magnificent stream, muddy, it is true, but a mile or two in width, and impressive from its magnitude, if not from the beauty of its banks. Ciudad Bolivar is not a place to haunt the memory, though for Guayana it is an important town.



MAXIMO GOMEZ,
General-in-Chief of the Cuban Army.

JÓSE ANTONIO MACEO,
Lieutenant-General of the Cuban Army.

XXXI.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

CUBA, the largest of the Antilles, and the most important transmarine possession of Spain, has a length of rather more than 750 miles, and an average width of 50 miles, its area being about 45,700 square miles. The surface is mountainous at the southeastern coast, where the mountains rise in some places to an elevation of 8000 feet. What remains of the country, although undulating, consists chiefly of well-watered plains, which everywhere support a luxuriant vegetation. Earthquakes are frequent. The cultivated portions of Cuba produce in abundance sugar, tobacco, maize, rice, yams, bananas, coffee, and all the products of the tropics; while in the districts left in a state of nature are reared countless herds of cattle. Sugar is, however, the chief product of the island.

The exportation of tobacco is a large item of the exports of Cuba. The chief imports are flour, salted fish, manufactured goods, hardware and machinery.

By far the most important city in the West Indies is Havana, the capital of Cuba. It has a population of nearly half a million. It stands

on the west side of the entrance to a magnificent harbor, capable of holding 1000 vessels, which may anchor alongside the quays. The principal buildings, which are built entirely of stone, are the cathedral, the government house, general post-office, etc., and 90 male and 66 female schools, and a university and law school.

DARING ATTACK BY THE PATRIOTS OF CUBA UPON A FORT NEAR VUELTAS.

The struggle in Cuba comes nearer "home" to us in every sense of the word. There are few Americans, indeed, whose warmest sympathies do not go out to those gallant patriots struggling to throw off the galling yoke of one of the most tyrannical governments that ever devastated any land. The war for independence in Cuba resembles in many respects the sufferings, hardships and sacrifices of our own forefathers in the dark days of the Revolution. The atrocious rule of Spain in America, where she once overshadowed all the other nations, has caused her colonies to writhe from her grasp one by one, until the "Queen of the Antilles" is the only one left, and that sooner or later she, too, will be free, is one of the absolute certainties of the future.

THE ROYAL GORGE, COLORADO.

XXXII.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

THE limits of this volume will not permit an exhaustive review of the beautiful scenery, the thriving cities, or the other manifold objects and places of interest in the United States. A glimpse of the Pacific coast, a short stay among the wonders of the Rockies, and a glance at the more commonplace, but not less attractive surroundings of life in the east, are all that can be accomplished.

The foreigner finds in our country much to admire, much that astonishes him; he is lost in wonder merely at the distances which must be traversed; he finds here scenery which equals in beauty and in grandeur the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Himalayas; rivers which rival the Rhine; failing that flavor of antiquity which gives a peculiar charm to Egypt or to Greece, and the halo of legendary or historic story which makes a tour in Italy or Germany so delightful, he finds in our cities and our people an equal, though a widely different interest. But to Americans the sense of ownership adds a peculiar pleasure in admiring the beauties of this, our country. Between the Elms of New Haven and the beautiful Golden Gate lie three thousand miles of mountain and valley, farm and city, forest and prairie, which owns the title of Picturesque America, but rejoices rather in that of the Land of the Free.

San Francisco.

Whatever route the traveler follows to the Pacific slope, be it the Northern, Central, or Southern Pacific Railway, he is certain, sooner or later, to find himself in San Francisco, the metropolis of California;

although, as elsewhere, the relatively unimportant town of Sacramento is the State capital. The city occupies the northern end of a peninsula, washed by the Pacific Ocean on the west, and by the waters of San Francisco Bay on the east. The original site presented a most unpromising appearance; it was occupied by a cluster of low, sterile hills, separated by valleys filled with rock and sand dunes. The final selection of the place as a settlement was due to the splendid harbor afforded by the

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

bay, the only really good one on the Pacific coast for hundreds of miles. Although there are traditions of earlier visits, the actual discovery seems to have been made by Spanish monks in 1769. In 1776 a permanent lodgment, consisting of a presidio or fortified settlement, and a mission, was made, and named San Francisco de los Dolores. In 1830 it had a population of about two hundred, composed of Spanish soldiers and adherents of the mission. By December, 1850, it had reached twenty-

five thousand. From that time to the present the growth has been steady, the census of 1890 giving a population of 306,000.

The features of San Francisco most likely to arrest the attention of the visitor are the Harbor with its beautiful entrance, the Golden Gate, and China Town. As already noted the harbor is the finest on the Pacific coast. It is a large bay, extending north and south, entered from the Pacific Ocean by a strait, five miles long and about one mile in width.

The most remarkable scenery within the limits of California centres in three notable districts: The numerous domes and granite pinnacles which overhang Owens Lake on the south; the glorious, solitary, snow-crowned peaks of Mount Shasta on the north; and the Yosemite Valley, midway between.

The upper part of the vast mountain range consists of a series of stupendous granite table-lands, from which spring the giant peaks of Mount Whitney, Mount Lyell, and many others. The Yosemite Valley presents the appearance of a gigantic break or fault in the great back-bone of the chain. If the reader can imagine cliffs varying from 3000 to 5000 feet in height to have slowly receded from one another until they stand from half to three-quarters of a mile apart, with a nearly level valley floor between, through which a mountain stream slowly winds for a distance of about six miles, he will gain a fair general idea of the valley. It is situated about 140 miles to the southeast of San Francisco, but the route usually followed—by railroad to Raymond, and thence by coach—is over 250 miles.

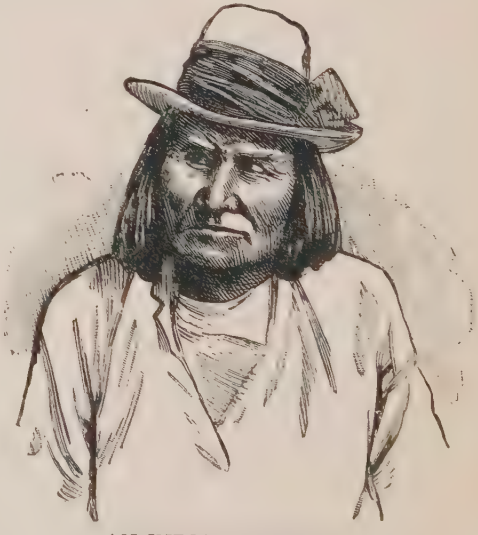
The finest route from Denver to the West is the Rio Grande Railroad, which, with a not altogether unjustifiable enthusiasm, is described by its proprietors as "The scenic line of the world." This runs first in a southerly direction, parallel to the great mountain chain, and at Colorado Springs and Manitou Springs possesses health resorts of a very high order. Colorado Springs lies out upon the plain, in full view of some of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Manitou Springs is nestled in among the foot-hills at the base of Pike's Peak. It is very well supplied with hotels, and is within the reach of much lovely and unusual mountain scenery. From it, Pike's Peak, about 14,000 feet, can be easily ascended; and now the summit can be attained by a railroad.

The chief excursion of the district is to a place rejoicing in the somewhat exalted title of the "Garden of the Gods." This is a tract of country shut in by the mountains, and remarkable for the extraordinary forms which the red sandstone has assumed under stress of time and weather. To these weird and curious rocks all kinds of fanciful names are attached. The traveler is shown the Mushroom Garden, the Ante-ater, the Camels, the Lion and a host of others, all more or less resembling the objects after which they are named. Perhaps the most interesting group is that known as the Cathedral Spires.

MOTHER AND INFANT.

After leaving this district the train passes through Pueblo, the junction for Santa Fé, and then turns sharply to the west, and begins the great task of penetrating the vast mountain chain.

From one or two of the highest points on the line can be seen the Mount of the Holy Cross. Its foot is hidden in green hills, but it carries its crown high above the snow line. Two cañons, crossing at right angles, and marked by perpetual snow, make the perfect figure of the symbol which gives the mountain its name, and add another to the wonders of this marvelous region.



AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

After leaving Pueblo the railroad runs up the left bank of the Arkansas to Cañon City, and two miles beyond that point enters the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, for eight miles. At this point the river cuts its way through

almost perpendicular walls of granite, which tower up almost straight from the river's edge to a height of from 2000 to 3000 feet.

Soon after leaving Grand Junction the line crosses the Green River, a branch of the Colorado River; and along the course of the latter stream, unfortunately inaccessible to any but the leisured, wealthy, and adventurous traveler, lies the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, by far the most extensive and imposing on the continent.

The mines, the railways, and irrigation have wrought a wonderful change in Colorado and Utah. The deposits of precious metal drew enterprising men into the most inaccessible portions of the mountains. The railways followed, not only to connect the cities of the Mississippi Valley and of the East, with those of

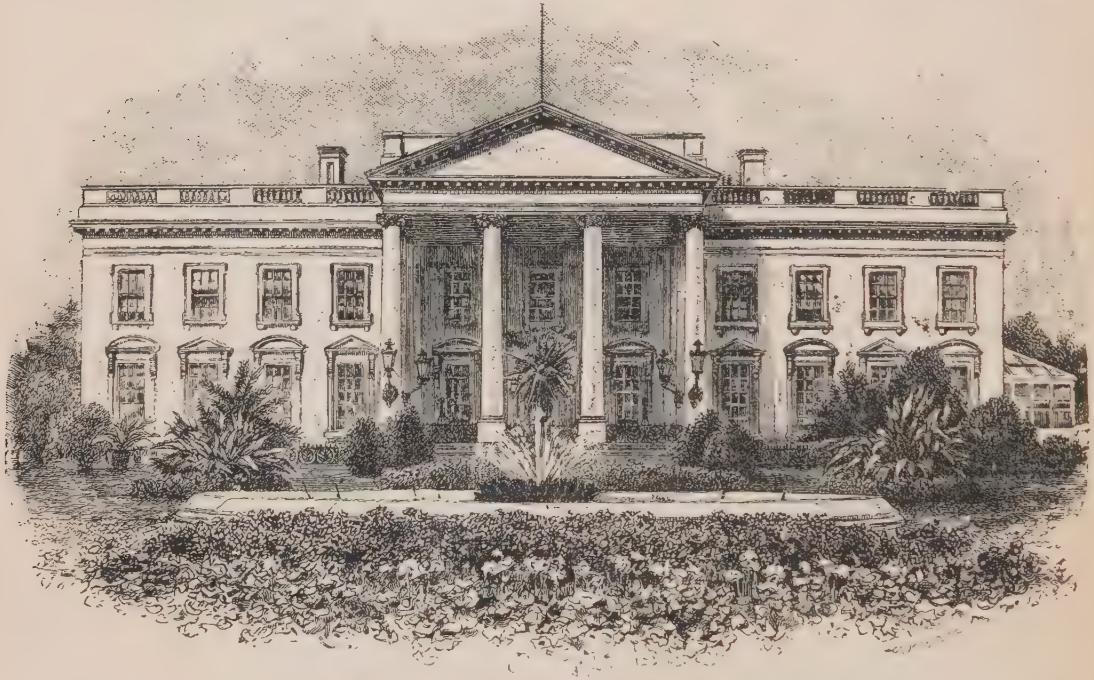
THE MONUMENT ON BUNKER HILL.

the Pacific slope, but to make the mines accessible; and it was presently discovered that the Great American desert was the most fertile land in the country, and that it wanted only a reasonable and regular supply of water to make it productive almost beyond imagination. The con-

struction of irrigating ditches was begun, laws adapted to the circumstances were framed, and the result is that thriving communities of farmers occupy the former sterile alkali plains.

But the mineral wealth of these States is enormous. The production of silver has been so great as to seriously modify the monetary systems of the world, and in a single year a single mining company has paid in dividends a larger sum than is derived from all the metallic mines of England and Wales together.

But we can spare no more space for the wonders of the western



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

highlands. Not even the Yellowstone Park can crowd its beauties into our pages, so little space have we remaining.

Had we not preferred to fill our book with pictures of less familiar places and people, material would have been abundant in a single city to make it no less beautiful or instructive. Boston, or Philadelphia, with the relics of revolutionary times, still carefully guarded in either; New York, the commercial metropolis, or Washington, the city of magnificent distances, each might well claim a volume to itself. We have space for but a couple more pictures.

New York is the Clearing House of America; it is the great fair, or market, in which whoever has what he does not need is most likely to find a customer, and whoever is in need of anything the world produces may either find a man who has it to sell, or one who knows where and how it may be obtained. On the prairies or among the cañons of the West, or even in other cities of America, the old world is far off—almost a dream—in New York, London is next door, Paris just across the street, Smyrna or Alexandria, or far-off Bombay, only a vacation journey distant.

Few great cities are so easy to master topographically as New York. Comparatively narrow, and in the northern section laid out with mathematical regularity, a quarter of an hour spent in the careful study of a good map will enable any one to fix permanently in his mind the leading thoroughfares and districts. Starting at the Battery, and bisecting Manhattan Island through its whole length of twelve and a half miles, runs the great thoroughfare of New York, Broadway. This is a handsome, wide street, enriched along the first seven miles with very fine buildings, consisting almost entirely of business houses, hotels, public offices, and structures of the various kinds which cluster in the main street of a great commercial metropolis. Many of them possess architectural pretensions of no mean order, handsome façades of white marble and different kinds of stone being very numerous.

Just beyond Fulton street is a wide open space, formed by the junction of Broadway and Park Row, which here makes an acute angle with the great street. In the angle formed by Park Row and Broadway formerly stood a fine open park in the shape of a triangle, called City Hall Park. But at the close of the Civil War part of this ground was set apart for the new Post-office, a very handsome granite building of four stories.

In the rear of the Post-office, and nearly in the centre of the park, stands the City Hall, a three-story building in the Italian style, faced in front and at the sides with white marble. Here is the seat of the municipal government. At the north end stands the new Court House, which, though begun in 1861, and occupied since 1867, was not completed until about 1885.

At Astor Place we reach the district known as "up town" and enter

upon one of the great literary and philanthropic districts of the city, and also reach the point where the old and irregular arrangement of streets gives way to the severely modern and rectangular method. The streets which run north and south are known as Avenues. Fifth Avenue, which begins at Washington Square and runs up the eastern side of Central Park, has long been known as the fashionable centre of the New York residential portion. Many of the most splendid private edifices of the city are situated here, and in no quarter are to be seen more evidences of wealth and luxury.

Washington, whatever may have been its early state, and however slow its development, is now, without question, one of the handsomest cities in the United States. It was laid out on a magnificent plan, a plan which remained for over fifty years only an ideal; but in the last twenty-five years much has been done in the way of realization. The centre of the city is the Capitol, a large and imposing building standing upon an eminence, and forming the most conspicuous object in the city. From it radiate three great streets running north, east and south, known respectively as North, East and South Capitol streets. Most of the streets run due north and south, or east and west, the former numbered, the latter called by the letters of the alphabet. Besides these, a system of avenues, named after the States of the Union, run diagonally through the city. The thoroughfares in Washington are the widest in any large city of the world. In the residential sections the houses are handsome and well-built, often exhibiting very considerable architectural skill and boldness of design, and many of them stand in spacious grounds embowered in trees. The best time to see Washington is in May or June, when the trees are out in their early summer beauty.

Visitors to Washington addicted to scientific pursuits make a point of visiting the Smithsonian Institution, a very handsome, red stone building standing in lovely grounds, fifty-two and a-half acres in extent. It was founded by James Smithson, an Englishman, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." It contains a natural history museum, together with metallurgical, ethnographical and geological collections. Connected with it is the National Museum, in which are preserved in permanent form many of the exhibits of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876.